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The Golden Book

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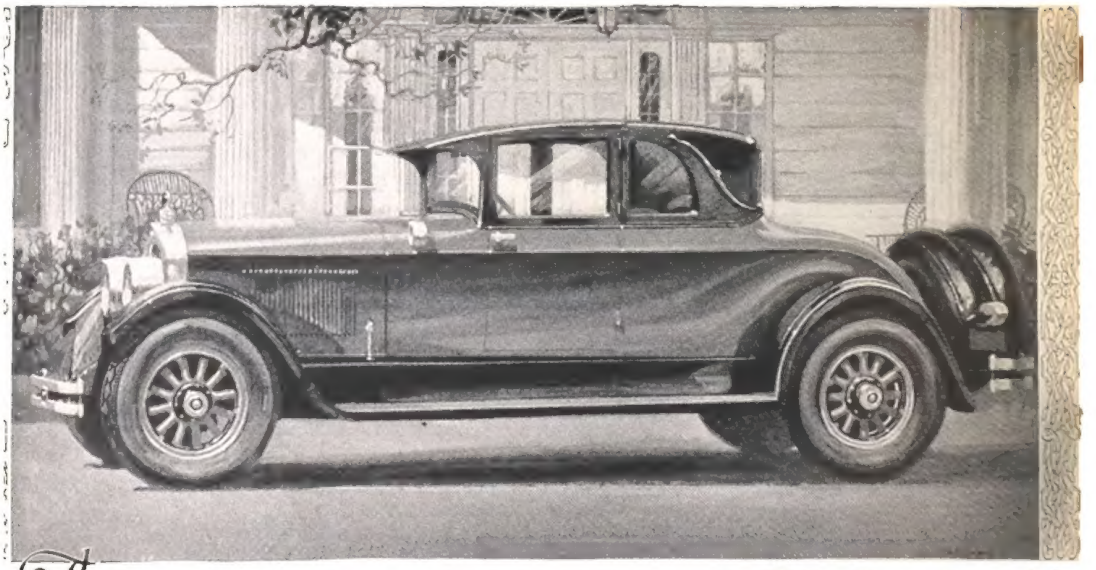

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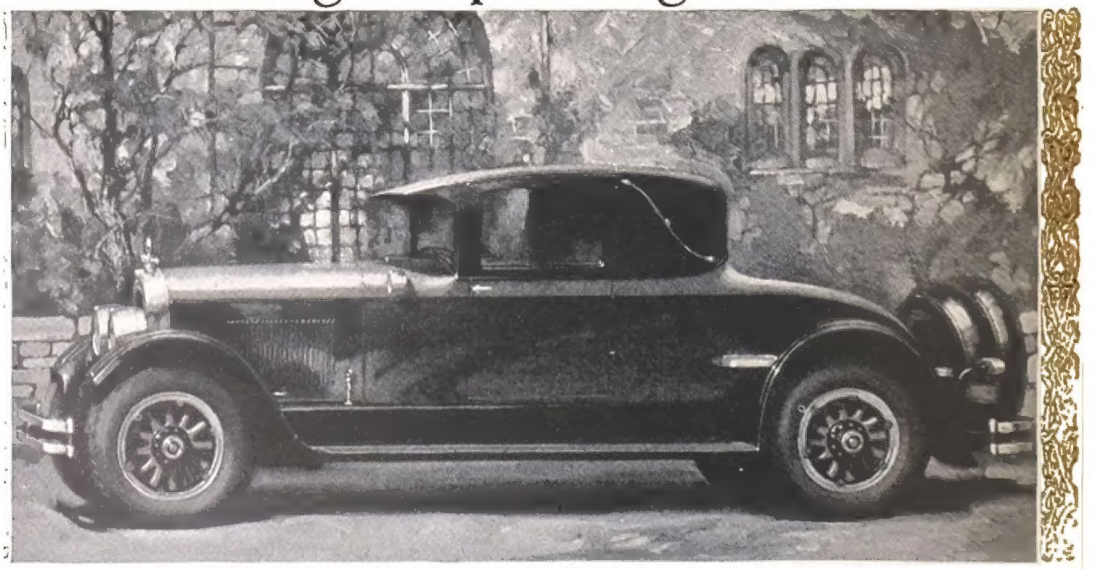

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VOLUME III
Number 18

JUNE
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

WM. LYON PHELPS • STUART P. SHERMAN • JOHN COTTON DANA • CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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Some Persons of Importance

OUT of a thousand or more letters from readers (perused with keen interest during the last few months) there have been a few which seemed to suggest a "certain condescension" toward any "fiction magazine"—and a classification of THE GOLDEN BOOK in that category. These correspondents clearly felt that their limited reading time would be poorly spent if any considerable portion of it were devoted to novels or stories, no matter by whom.

That gives pause to a man tempted at times to believe that a universal ability to read may be as doubtful a blessing as the ability to vote or to buy a motor-car on instalments—unless there be somehow an accompanying wakening of a desire to read what's worth while. And every professor consulted thus far stoutly denies this as a perceptible result of school or college courses in literature. In fact, there are moments when perspective is so lost as to produce a conviction that the colossal, ramified effort for national education in these United States would have progressed a half-century at a stride if some minute fraction of the brains and millions devoted to it had gone into just such an effort as this commercial product has blunderingly attempted—only hiring the best man in the world, some flaming genius for this particular job, and turning him loose to show everybody who can read that the best things in literature really do contain the most interesting and gripping things for any normal human being, to-day, in this particular country.

For—put into one balance the recognition of certain names and associations and facts, that smattering of familiarity with the great writers which does seem to constitute the net result of eight or ten years of literature courses for the average youngster; and in the other a large ignorance at twenty-one of these specific matters, *but* a lively realization that at least some proportion of the things one "ought to read" are really the things one wants most to read: and take your own choice. Which equipment will produce the "cultivated" man or woman ten or twenty years later?

And there's just one way to produce that appetite: to lay before the individual real stuff which has flavour and zest for *him*, regardless of where or when or how or by whom it was produced.

Perhaps you may have begun to suspect that, however inadequate this particular embodiment, the idea back of THE GOLDEN BOOK seems to me by no means unimportant.

Then, this matter of fiction. (Though, heaven knows, there is much besides in these pages!) Just what is the relative importance of novels and stories, as opposed to the more "solid" reading upon which some pride themselves?

We'll grant at the outset (especially in these days of "mass circulation" when authorship is a wide-spread, well-paying trade) that there's plenty of machine-made fiction turned out at ten cents, or fifty cents, a word, which has no importance whatever. Of course, though, its futility can be easily matched by that of the conventional three-volume "life-and-letters" biography, the gossipy memoirs, the cocksure, smart-aleck history.

Isn't fiction at its best the most illuminating study available of our fellow men and women, and what makes them act as they do?

So far as one can understand human nature from books, is it not in novels and stories that one must look? Are they not almost exclusively devoted to portraying every type of character, from a thousand different angles—with the writer acting the part of creator and making clear the hidden matters which so puzzle us in real life?

I'm quite sure I got a more vivid sense of the people of the Middle Ages from "The Cloister and the Hearth" than from all the medieval history I ever read—or from anything else, except perhaps Henry Adams's "Mt. St. Michel and Chartres"; if the people and the country of India are at all comprehended by us Westerners, it is surely due mainly to "Kim" and to Kipling's other lightning-flashes in dark places; rightly or wrongly, it is from

(*Continued on page 6*)

For "best thoughts" in sweets consult the Sampler!

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(*Continued from page 4*)

de Maupassant and a few other French fiction-writers that most Americans have formed a picture of the French people; through Sienkiewicz that we visualize the Pole of other days.

And Dickens, Thackeray, Hugo, George Eliot, Meredith—can anyone bury himself in those pages without emerging some years ahead in perception of his fellows and of the great dominating factors of human character and emotion?

No, no! Entirely apart from any "Apologia pro Sûa Vîta," I know that the man who omits the better works of fiction from his reading has a highly unbalanced diet. It is the real Book of Man, at which these keen eyes and alert minds and tireless pens have been laboring. There is entertainment and comprehension and inspiration in it. There is the basis of most successful effort, and of truly successful living: for to understand one's self, to understand humanity, is a power more basic than learning or great money capital or that magnetic personality which so many experts now offer you in the advertising pages.

Only—don't expect to get precious revelations from cheap, ignorant, superficial observers, from writers merely pounding out a commercial product at so much per word, from anybody except the man or woman who *is* something, has felt something, accumulated something, and who must get it out of his system. If he happens to be a great man, one needn't worry about the fact that he is expressing himself in fiction: the stuff is there if one can and will take it.

Owen Wister is one of our American writers who seem to me to have brought to story-writing this quality of mind and feeling which makes for insight.

From the point of view of heredity, he ought to have something distinctive: his grandmother was Fanny Kemble, who delighted England and America nearly a century back as a Shakespearean actress, and whose lively "Journal" of her travels here, and tales of her life on a Georgia plantation, are full of the charm of her rich personality. On the other side he goes back to a great-grandfather Irish baronet of the Ormond family.

Born in Philadelphia in 1860, he spent some boyhood years abroad, graduated at Harvard, and went to Paris to study musical composition. Called home, his health sent him out to Wyoming and Arizona—as complete a foreordained tenderfoot as training could make him. But he found something in that life, and in those men, which belonged to him and brought him back again and again. So that while he returned a well man, graduated at Harvard Law School, and began to practice in Philadelphia, it was not long before he began to write those stories of the frontier which appeared as "Red Men and White" in 1896—and still challenge comparison with anything yet written of Western life. For my part, Wister at his best gives me a more satisfied sense of having gotten at the inside works of the Wyoming cowboy than any other writer I know—not to mention a quality of humour that is peculiarly irresistible. (As witness "The Drake Who Had Means of His Own" in the following pages.)

Dallas Lore Sharp was for some years a Methodist minister in different Massachusetts churches, but since 1902 his main work has been in the English department of Boston University. He is the author of more than a dozen volumes of sensitive and intimate studies of nature and essays, such as "Wild Life Near Home," "The Watcher in the Woods," "The Face of the Fields," and so on. The humour of his "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz" remained for fifteen years in the mind of one reader—so vividly that it became necessary to find the tale and reprint it here for your delectation.

"Why Marry?" appeared first in book form under the title of "And So They Were Married." Its stage début was in Columbus, Ohio, in 1917, and it has not only won a high place in popular favour but was awarded the Pulitzer prize as the best American play of that year. To me it seems an admirable specimen of that comedy, much-needed in these United States, which assumes an intelligence on the part of its auditors.

Mr. Williams began, back in 1895, with a volume of "Princeton Stories," and his stories and plays have gained steadily in significance; for they are a very direct expression

(*Continued on page 8*)

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name .....

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(*Continued from page 6*)

of his own attitude to life, and his own observation and experience—unpretentious, deft, shrewd, dealing with every-day matters as a man of the world, yet gaily piercing some cherished humbugs.

Samuel Lover (1797-1868) made his first public success as a portrait painter, especially of miniatures. But from the time, in 1818, when, at a banquet to Tom Moore, he sang a song of his own composition, he had an ever-growing reputation for rollicking verse and tales of Irish humour. His first volumes of "Tales and Legends," illustrated by himself, appeared in 1834; and two years later he produced a three-decker Irish Romance, "Rory O'Moore,"—later adapted to the stage and produced at the Adelphi, with Tyrone Power in the leading part. Several other volumes followed, with "Handy Andy" reaching perhaps the widest and most permanent public. In his own country, certainly, it is his humorous poetry and songs—two hundred and sixty in all, for two hundred of which he wrote music also—that represent his highest achievement. And "Molly Bawn," the "Low-backed Car," and "Rory O'Moore" surely have hit the popular heart ever since he first sang them.

Lover came to America in 1846, and spent two years in traveling all over the United States and Canada. He was given an ovation wherever he went, his hotel room at Washington being so crowded with senators that "it looked like an adjourned meeting of the Chambers."

"The Distracted Preacher" was written nearly forty years ago, when Thomas Hardy was in the full swing of his depiction of his Dorsetshire folk. His first anonymous novels, "Desperate Remedies" (1871) and "Under the Greenwood Tree," had been almost unnoticed; "A Pair of Blue Eyes" also attracted little public attention. But when "Far From the Madding Crowd" appeared serially in the *Cornhill*, literary England woke to the fact that a new name must be inscribed on the roster of notables; and in the next dozen years the importance of this newcomer increased with each fresh book—"The Hand of Ethelberta," "The Return of the Native," "The Trumpet-Major," "A Laodicean," "Two on a Tower," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and "The Woodlanders."

There's no arguing about Hardy. The many who get from him something beyond the flavour of any other living novelist only smile pityingly at those who find him "gloomy."

This particular tale is of the soil but hardly gloomy: the dilemma of the preacher with a cold, cured by the woman he's begun to like, with brandy from a smuggled store hidden in the church tower, is somewhat worse than the social dilemma so triumphantly severed by Gen. Smedley D. Butler.

Our smugly parochial West has been discovering of late years that Li Po was a world poet—a fact accepted as axiomatic by the Orient for the ten centuries during which he has been the best-known poet in all the vastness of Chinese literature. (Though Chinese scholars place Tu Fu ahead of him.) He was one of that great trio (Li T'ai-po, Tu Fu and Po Chü-i) who made the reign of the Brilliant Emperor, Ming Huang, 712 to 756 A. D., a Golden Age of Chinese letters. Since the appearance of Obata's volume containing 124 translations of his poems—about a tenth of what he wrote—we can see what a rare gift his was. As the Old Book of Tang put it, he "possessed a superior talent, a great and tameless spirit, and fantastical ways of the transcendent mind."

"Fiona Macleod" was the pen-name adopted for the most imaginative portion of his work by the Scotch novelist and critic William Sharp, 1856-1905. The first of these rather mystical poems appeared in 1895, and Sharp concealed his identity for years, even adopting the ingenious expedient of writing a mythical biography for *Who's Who* of the imaginary lady author, and, through his sister, corresponding with admirers who were moved to

(*Continued on page 10*)

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express their appreciation of the work. He had spent part of his younger years in the Hebrides, and in the islands of Iona and Arran; and there is a wild Celtic strain through these verses which is full of nature music.

Can any statistically-minded friend furnish me with some figures as to the number of maiden aunts in America?

This is by no means an idle query, if the following communication proves as correct as it is positive:

San Juan, Porto Rico.

DEAR SIR:

I regret having decided against renewing my subscription this year. THE GOLDEN BOOK is certainly one of the most intelligent efforts at providing literature worthy of the name to the public at large, but as I realized from the beginning, the greater the success from a circulation standpoint the more restricted would become your field of action. It seems to me you have now reached the point where you have to consider the mentalities and prejudices of certain large groups of subscribers—Methodist ministers, teachers, Babbitts, old maids, both male and female, etc., etc.—and the more this invisible but none the less actual domination grows, the more you have to put your ear to the ground and sense the possibilities of antagonizing a majority of your subscribers, the weaker becomes your courage, and the lower becomes your standard.

THE GOLDEN BOOK, I am sorry to say, is already fossilizing and becoming a collection of so-called "elegant" literature, carefully avoiding anything out of the way or with any "dangerous" ideas in it. Of course, you are not publishing to suit me, and, if you have more than 50,000 subscribers, it is quite evident you can do no other than you are if you expect to keep them, but you asked for my reason for not resubscribing and I am trying to put it down for you as best I can. Another reason, is, of course, that for anyone who has done any sort of wide reading, over fifty per cent. of your contents are more or less familiar material, and not finding anything outstanding in the remainder, the magazine is put on one side practically unread.

I could recommend the magazine unreservedly to my maiden aunt, and while the supply of maiden aunts hold out, you will undoubtedly be successful, but, for myself I am seeking somewhat stronger meat. Excuse my frankness, but you asked for it, and I think that personally you have a good deal of sympathy for my point of view.

— — —

With some natural hesitation at exposing my shame, I am forced to confess that every single thing printed in the eighteen issues of this magazine is there because it seems to me good.

I wonder just what declining years will seem like, entirely surrounded by maiden aunts. H. W. L.

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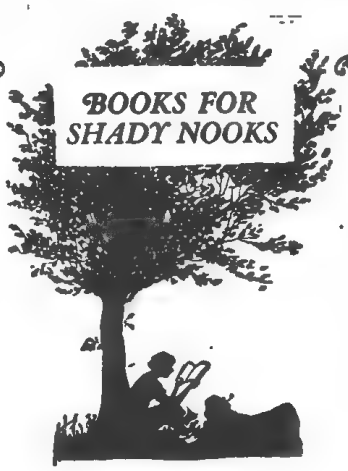

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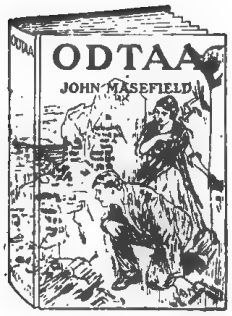

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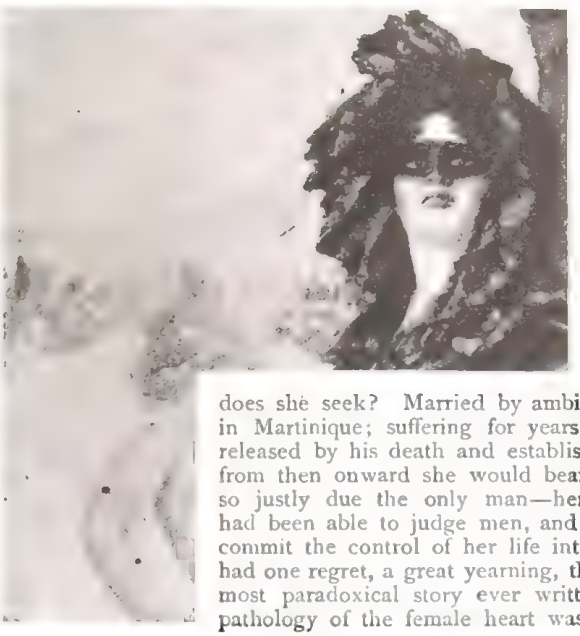

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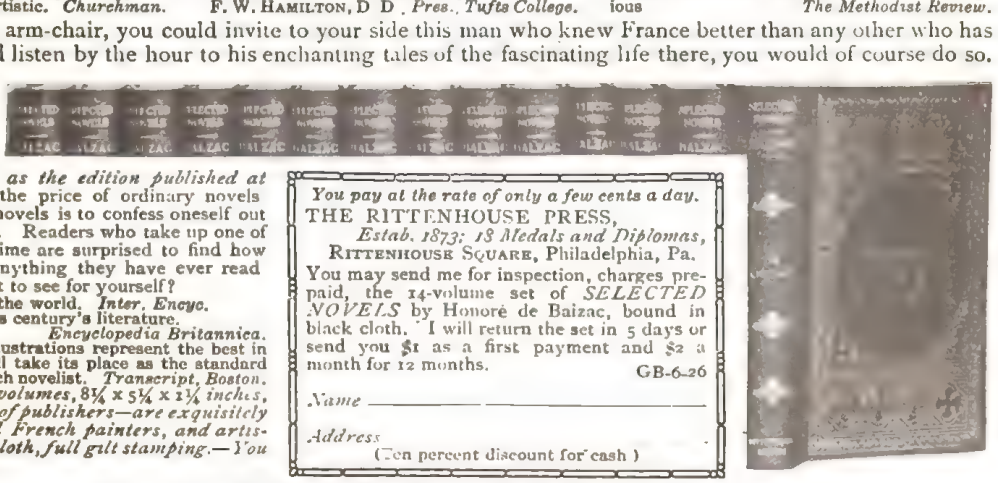

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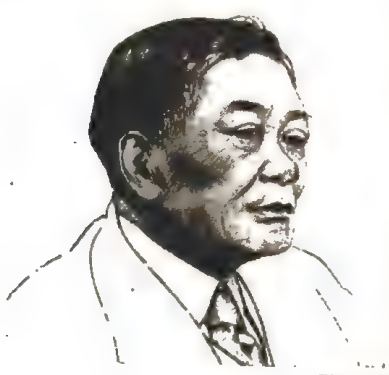

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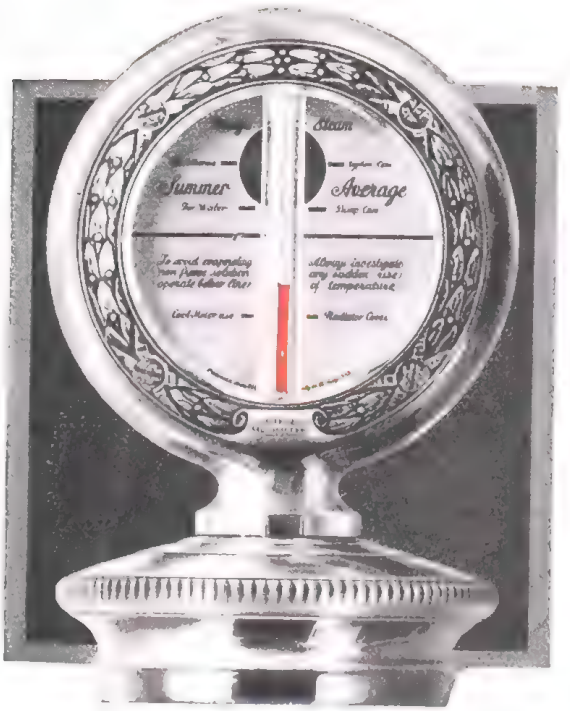

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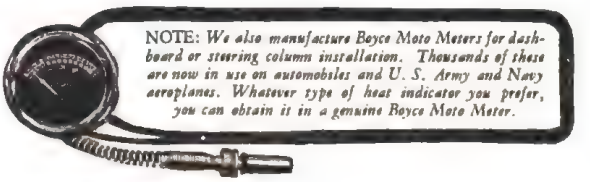

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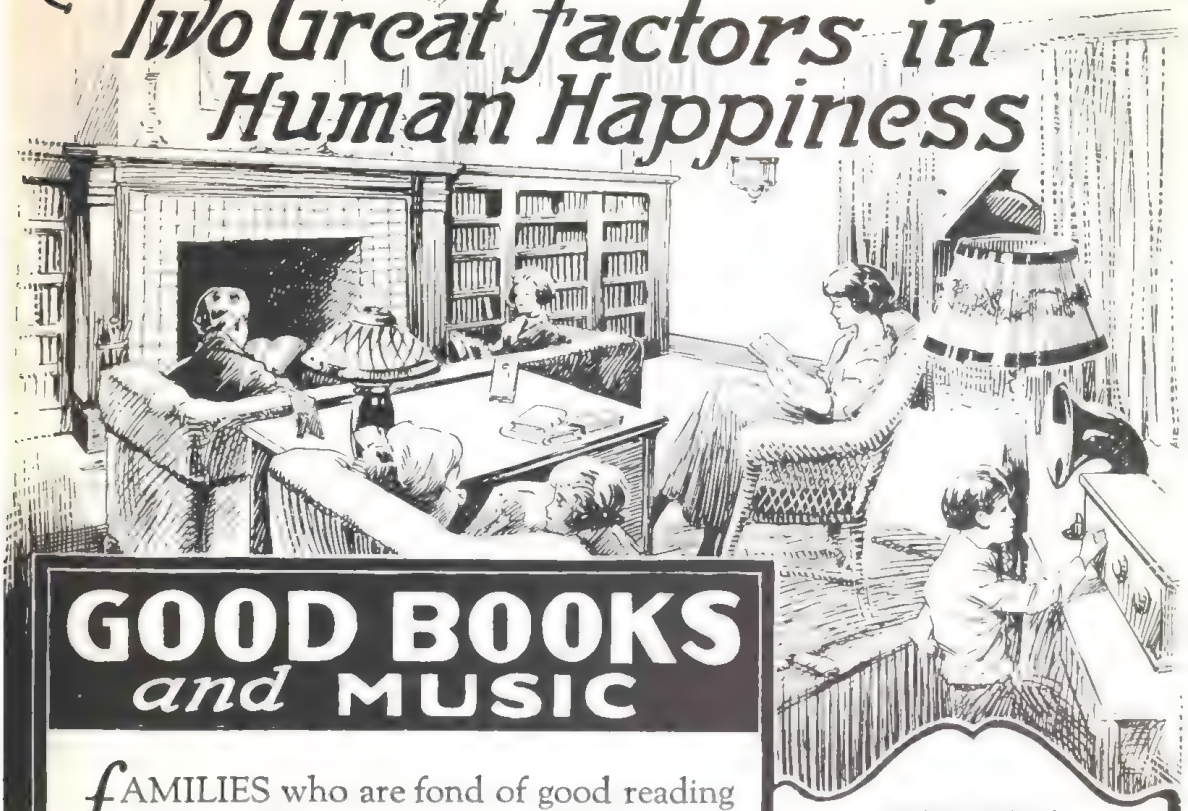

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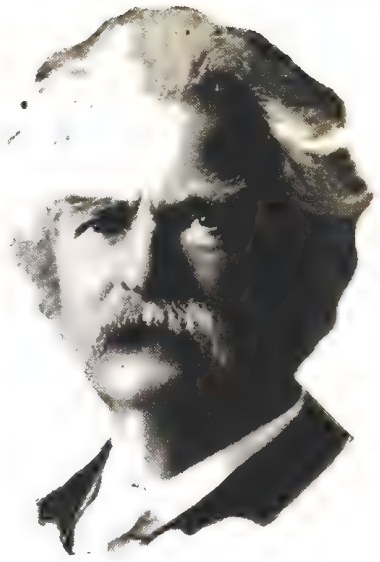

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The Most Interesting Night of My Life

I know it's wrong to listen behind closed doors. But one night I overheard a remark that so fascinated me that I couldn't help myself.

By JAMES C. CRAWFORD

I tiptoed to the door and listened.

I REALLY didn't want to go to J. Henry Branston's dinner. But I dared not refuse for J. Henry was General Manager of the company I worked for.

Branston was a brilliant business man. But a dinner given by him was bound to be a "dry as dust" affair. All the heads of the departments would be there and they would talk of nothing but business.

As we sat down at the table, Branston remarked:

"No less than five solicitors called at my office today."

"There he goes, talking business already," I thought to myself.

"You know," Branston continued, "I am often tempted to follow the example of the old Greek Philosopher who hung a sign on his door—'All those who enter here do me an honor—those who do not, a favor.'"

There was a hearty laugh. I was astounded. I thought that the only Greek Philosophy that Branston came in contact with was learned from his boot-black.

An Evening of Surprises

But that was only the first surprise of the evening. Branston's words held us breathless. His conversation sparkled with epigrams and clever anecdotes.

He talked of art, literature and science, all with equal ease. He seemed familiar with intimate details in the lives of famous authors and artists.

"I never dreamed that Branston was so well read," I remarked to one of my friends, after dinner. "He must have half a dozen college degrees!"

"Branston never even went to high school," my friend laughed. "How he finds time to learn all he knows is a problem to all of us."

I Overhear A Secret

A little later in the library, I overheard a remark from an adjoining room, which aroused my utmost curiosity.

"Branston," said a voice confidentially, "I'm dying to know how you ever found time to improve your mind as you have done. You seem to have volumes of information right on the tip of your tongue!"

Without a thought of what I was doing, I tiptoed to the door and listened.

"Did you ever hear of Elbert Hubbard?" Branston was saying. "Hubbard was one of the most remarkable men of this generation. He was not only an excellent business man, but a brilliant orator and a wonderful author. His knowledge of life and literature was deep and broad. He searched through the literatures of many nations, sifted out the finest passages, separated the gold from the dross, gave the world the finest thoughts in art and literature. During his life, Hubbard kept a scrap book and whenever he came across any especially fine passage, he would clip it out and paste it in his scrap book. Thus he gathered together choice selections from the world's most famous thinkers and writers.

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"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves.

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.

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While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourgings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more COWED they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!

The pity of it is, nothing can SHAKE THEM out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They CHALLENGE the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, TO SET A HIGH GOAL—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who DO try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about YOU? Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in YOUR Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?

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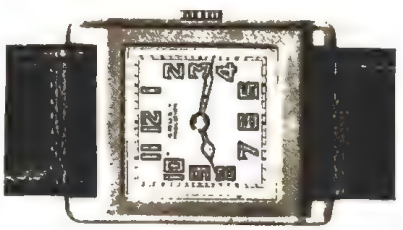

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"What's Wrong with this Picture?"

American Women, *by* A Travelling Bachelor

IT IS difficult to imagine any creature more attractive than an American beauty between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. There is something in the bloom, delicacy and innocence of one of these young things, that reminds you of the conceptions which poets and painters have taken of the angels. . . .

It is often said that the women of this climate fade earlier than in the northern countries of Europe, and I confess I was, at first, inclined to believe the opinion true. That it is not true to the extent that is commonly supposed, I am, however, convinced by the reasoning of Cadwallader, if indeed it be true at all.

Perhaps a great majority of the females marry before the age of twenty, and it is not an uncommon thing to see them mothers at sixteen, seventeen and eighteen. Almost every American mother nurses her own infant. It is far more common to find them mothers of eight, or of ten children, at fifty, than mothers of two or three. Now the human form is not completely developed, in the northern moiety of this union, earlier than in France, or in England. These early marriages, which are the fruits of abundance, have an obvious tendency to impair the powers of the female, and to produce a premature decay. In addition to this cause, which is far more general than you may be disposed to believe, there is something in the customs of the country which may have a tendency, not only to assist the ravages of time, but to prevent the desire to conceal them. There is no doubt that the animal, as well as the moral man, is far less artificial here than in Europe. There is thought to be something deceptive in the use of the ordinary means of aiding nature, which offends the simple manners of the nation.

Even so common an ornament as rouge is denied, and no woman dares confess that she uses it. There is something so particularly soft and delicate in the colour of the young females one sees in the streets here, that at first I was inclined to give them credit for the art with which they applied the tints; but Cadwallader gravely assured me I was wrong. He had no doubt that certain individuals did, in secret, adopt the use of rouge; but within the whole circuit of his acquaintance he could not name one whom he even suspected of the practice. Indeed, several gentlemen have gone so far as to assure me that when a woman rouged, it is considered in this country as *prima facie* testimony that her character is frail.

It should also be remembered, that when an American girl marries, she no longer entertains the desire to interest any but her husband. There is perhaps something in the security of matrimony that is not very propitious to female blandishments, and one ought to express no surprise that the wife who is content with the affection of her husband, should grow a little indifferent to the admiration of the rest of the world.

One rarely sees married women foremost in the gay scenes. They attend, as observant and influencing members of society, but not as the principal actors. It is thought that the amusements of the world are more appropriate to the young, who are neither burthened nor sobered with matrimonial duties, and who possess an inherent right to look about them in the morning of life in quest of a partner who is to be their companion to its close. And yet I could name, among my acquaintance here, a dozen of the youngest-looking mothers of large and grown-up families that I remember ever to have seen.

Notions of the Americans. Picked up by a Travelling Bachelor (JAMES FENIMORE COOPER), 1828.

THE Taoists relate that at the great beginning of the No-Beginning, Spirit and Matter met in mortal combat. At last the Yellow Emperor, the Sun of Heaven, triumphed over Shuhyung, the demon of darkness and earth.

The Titan, in his death agony, struck his head against the solar vault and shivered the blue dome of jade into fragments. The stars lost their nests, the moon wandered aimlessly among the wild chasms of the night. In despair the Yellow Emperor sought far and wide for the repairer of the Heavens.

He had not to search in vain. Out of the Eastern sea rose a queen, the divine Niuka, horn-crowned and dragon-tailed, resplendent in her armour of fire. She welded the five-coloured rainbow in her magic cauldron and rebuilt the Chinese sky.

But it is also told that Niuka forgot to fill two tiny crevices in the blue firmament. Thus began the dualism of love—two souls rolling through space and never at rest until they join together to complete the universe. Everyone has to build anew his sky of hope and peace.

The heaven of modern humanity is indeed shattered in the Cyclopæan struggle for wealth and power. The world is groping in the shadow of egotism and vulgarity. Knowledge is bought through a bad conscience, benevolence practiced for the sake of utility. The East and West, like two dragons tossed in a sea of ferment, in vain struggle to regain the jewel of life. We need a Niuka again to repair the grand devastation; we await the great Avatar.

Meanwhile, let us have a sip of tea. The afternoon glow is brightening the bamboos, the fountains are bubbling with delight, the soughing of the pines is heard in our kettle. Let us dream of evanescence, and linger in the beautiful foolishness of things. OKAKURA-KAKUZO.

June.

1 His labour is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon! EMILY DICKINSON.

2 All the heretics I have known have been virtuous men. . . . They have not, like orthodox sinners, such a number of friends to excuse or justify them. FRANKLIN.

3 "Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone, sipping his cup of wine?"
"I should like to have visitors come and discuss philosophy,
And not to have the collector coming to collect taxes." WANG-CHI.

4 It is time now to bring our philosophy out of doors. Our thoughts pillow themselves unconsciously in the trough of this serene rippling sea of sound. THOREAU.

5 It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. COLERIDGE.

6 'Tis not to gather strength he eats, but wishes
To gather strength that he may eat the more. MENANDER.

7 One day Cyrano de Bergerac heard two birds conversing in a tree. One of them said, "The souls of birds are immortal." "There can be no doubt of it," replied the other. "But it is inconceivable that beings who possess neither bills nor feathers, who have no wings and walk on two legs, should believe that they, like the birds, have an immortal soul." ANATOLE FRANCE.

8 One can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent and extravagant set of mortals anywhere to be found on the face of the globe.
SOAME JENYNS (1756).

9 I should be delighted if you spoke only to praise, approve, sympathize, and edify; only I am sure that if this is all you do, you will find conversation very tame, and say but little! FÉNELON.

10 I am credibly informed—that instead of tea and bread and butter which have prevailed of late years—the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. ADDISON.

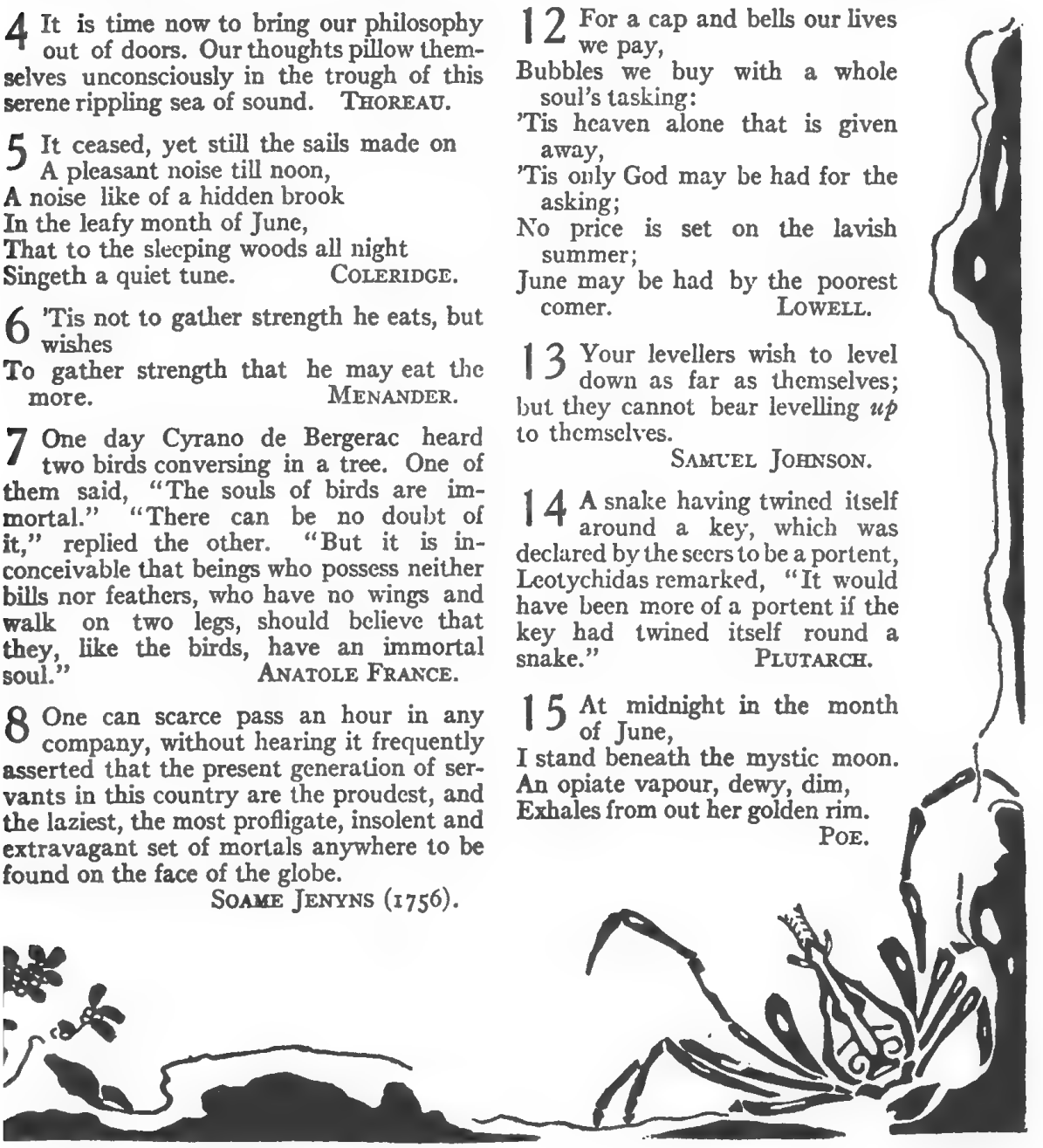
11 If a woman wade through the one fresh river in the Lewis, there shall no salmon be seen there for a twelvemonth after. HOLINSHED.

12 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer. LOWELL.

13 Your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

14 A snake having twined itself around a key, which was declared by the seers to be a portent, Leotychidas remarked, "It would have been more of a portent if the key had twined itself round a snake." PLUTARCH.

15 At midnight in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim.
POE.



16 How can you dignify this modern fiddling with the name of music? . . . Have ever wild bears, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales or turbots showed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers? ARBUTHNOT.

17 I have bought a pocket Milton which I carry perpetually about with me, in order to study the sentiments—the dauntless magnanimity, the intrepid, unyielding independence, the desperate daring, and noble defiance of hardship in that great personage, SATAN.

ROBERT BURNS (*Letters*).

18 This evening my wife's brother, Balty, came to me to let me know his bad condition and to get a place for him, but I perceive he stands upon a place for a gentleman, that may not stain his family when God help him he wants bread.

PEPYS.

19 The cattle lie in unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies, instead of priests' vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little fitfully by the evening wind, deep-scented from the meadow-thyme. RUSKIN.

20 Were I to stay,
I'd see the places where her absence is
And hear her silences:
Let me away.

The Thousand Nights. (MATHERS).

21 I knew many fashionable ladies in Paris who used to bind their faces, every night on going to bed, with thin slices of raw beef, which is said to keep the skin from wrinkles, while it gives a youthful freshness and brilliancy to the complexion. I have no doubt of its efficacy.

LOLA MONTEZ (*Arts of Beauty*).

22 "Mind you go first to the ladies," put in Miss Matilda. "Always go to the ladies before gentlemen when you are waiting."

"I'll do it as you tell me, ma'am," said Martha; "but I like lads best."

ELIZABETH GASKELL.

23 The other day I furnished a sentiment in response to a man's request—to wit:

"The noblest work of God?" Man.
"Who found it out?" Man.

I thought it was very good and smart, but the other person didn't . . .

MARK TWAIN.

24 Well for those who live through June!
Great noontides, thunder-storms, all glaring pomps
That triumph at the heels of June the god.

BROWNING.

25 All progress is based upon a universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income. SAMUEL BUTLER.

26 Tender love maketh greatest show of blossoms, but tried love bringeth forth sweetest juice. JOHN LYLY.

27 Our ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker, because he is so stout and so pyehouse, that he fears neither man nor devils, so be as they don't take him by surprise. SMOLLETT.

28 When she came she said:
You know that your love is granted,
Why is your heart trembling?
And I:
You are bringing joy for my heart
And so my heart is dancing.

URAK EL HUTAIL (MATHERS).

29 The black night showed his teeth in a flash of lightning. TAGORE.

30 Fabulla swears that the hair she buys is her own. Does she therefore swear falsely, Paulus?

MARTIAL.

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The Drake Who Had Means of His Own

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

SCIPIO sat beside the table—Mrs. Culloden's still very new, wedding-present table — arguing on and on, and I forgot all about him. When he slapped the Wyoming game laws for that year down on the table hard, and complained that I was not listening to him, I continued to look out of the ranch window at the pond and merely said:—

"Just hear those ducks."

He stared at me with disgust and scorn. "Ducks!" he then muttered.

"Well, but hear them," I urged.

"Well, they're quackin'," he said. "A duck does." He picked up the game laws and resumed: "As I was telling you, it says—page 12, section 25—"

But I gave him no attention and still looked out at the pond.

So then he remarked bitterly: "I suppose ducks crow back East—or bark."

He was perfectly welcome to all the satire he could invent; I was not to be turned from my curiosity about the clamour in the water outside, and as I watched I said aloud: "There's something behind it."

This brought him to the window, where, as he stood silent beside me, I could feel his impatience as definitely as if it had been a radiator. The matter was that he had his mind running on something and I had my mind running on something—and they weren't the same things; and each of us wished the other to be interested in his own thing.

"Something behind it," echoed Scipio slightingly. "Behind every quack you'll find a duck."

To this I returned no answer.

"Maybe they have forgot themselves and laid eggs in the water," suggested Scipio.

"Do your Western ducks lay much in September?" I inquired, with chill.

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The noise in the pond, which had died down for an instant, was now set up again—loud, remonstrant, voluble; the two birds sat in the middle of the water and lifted up their heads and screamed to the sky.

"That's what they've done," said Scipio; "and they can't locate the eggs. Well, it'd make me holler too. Say," he pleaded, "what's the point in your point, anyhow? I want to show you about those game laws."

"Must I hear it all over again and must I say it all over again?" I responded, not taking my eye from the pond.

"You've never heard it wunst yet, for you've never listened."

"I did. I didn't begin to wander till you began repeating the whole thing for the third time. And now I'll say, for the fourth time, it's a closed season till 1912. There they go out of the pond, single file—Duchess in the lead. The Duchess has purple in her wings; the Countess has none."

"Oh, soap fat!" said Scipio.

"And they've gone to feed on the grain in the haystack. There's Sir Francis waiting for them by the woodpile. He's the drake."

"Oh, soap fat!" repeated Scipio.

I followed the ducks until they had waddled out of sight.

"Every now and then, during the day," I said, "they go through that same performance: sit in the water and scream louder each minute, then come out and head for the haystack in the most orderly, quiet manner, just after having given every symptom of falling into convulsions. Now I'm going to find out what that means. And what I am wondering at," I continued, "is why you do not suggest that they are screaming at the game laws."

Well, we sat down then and had it out about those game laws; and it is but right to confess that they were more important to poor Scipio than the ducks were to me. First we took section 25 to pieces, dug its sentences to the bottom, and carefully lifted out every scrap which gave promise of containing sense. It was no child's task. You didn't reach the first full stop for a hundred and twelve words—nothing but commas; it was like being lost in the sagebrush—and, by the time the full stop did come, your head—but let me quote the sentence:—

"It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to kill any antelope until the open season for other game animals in 1915, when only one antelope may be killed by any person hunting legally, or to kill any moose, elk or mountain sheep until the open season for other game animals, in 1912, when only one male moose may be killed by any person hunting legally, or to kill any elk or mountain sheep in any part of this State, except in Fremont County, Uinta County, Carbon County and that part of Bighorn County and Park County west of the Bighorn River, until the open season for game animals in 1915."

To tell you all that we said before we had finished with this would be worse than useless—it would be profane; enough that I stuck to the conclusion I had reached when I read the section in the East—no hunting anything anywhere for anybody until 1912. On the strength of it I had left my rifle at home and brought only my fishing rod.

"If it is your way," said Scipio, "what do you make of section 26? 'It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hunt, pursue or kill any elk, deer or mountain sheep except from September twenty-fifth to November thirtieth of *each year*.'" He yelled the last two words at me.

But I merely clapped my hands to my brow.

"And if it is your way," Scipio pursued, playing his ace, "what do you make of Honey Wiggin taking a party out next Monday for six weeks?"

"Why, they'll simply be all arrested."

"No; they'll not. I've saw Honey's license with this year stamped in red figures right acrost it, just as plain as headlines."

What could one reply to that? I picked up the pamphlet and stared at the page.

Scipio ruminated. "Will you tell me," he said, "why, in a country where everybody's born equal, the legislature should be a bigger fool than anybody else?"

"It's a free country," I reminded him. "Every man has the right to be an ass here."

But Scipio still brooded. "Well," he said, "if I was a legislator—" he stopped.

"You're not qualified," said I.

"Not?"

"You haven't sufficient command of the English language."

"*What!*" cried Scipio; for vocabulary is his chief pride and I had actually touched him.

"No. You couldn't cook up two paragraphs of your mother tongue that would defy any sane human intelligence."

"They have done worse than that to me," he said ruefully. "They have lost me my

season's job. The party I was to take out read them laws same as you did, and they stayed back East and made other plans. That's what I got in last night's mail."

"Well, I haven't stayed back East," I said. "The fishing's about done, but I want an excuse for another month or two of outing. My things can get here in twelve days—we'll hunt, and I'll be your season's job. And," I added, "now I shall have time to study the ducks."

We launched then into discussion of horses and camp outfit, copiously arguing what the legislature would let a man hunt, pursue, or kill in a season it declared to be open for no big game at all, until from eleven the clock went round to noon; and in the kitchen the voice of Mrs. Culloden was heard, calling clearly to her young bridegroom in the corral—calling too clearly.

"Well, Jimsy," the voice said, "are you going to get me any wood for this stove—or ain't you?"

Our discussion dropped; we sat still; it was time for Scipio to be getting back across the river to his own cabin and dinner. He rose, put on his hat, and stood looking at me for a moment. Then he took his hat off and scratched his head, glancing toward the kitchen.

"Jimsy, did you hear me telling you about that wood?" came the voice of the young bride, a trifle clearer. "I seem to have to remind you of everything."

Scipio's bleached blue eye and his long, eccentric nose turned slowly once more on me. "My, but it's turrable easy to get married," was his word. He shoved his hat on again and was out of the door and on his horse; and I watched him ride down to the river and ford it. As he grew distant, my three ducks waddled back from the haystack to the pond. The Duchess led, the Countess followed; Sir Francis brought up the rear. But how could I attend to them while the following reached me through the door from the kitchen?

"If dinner's late you can thank yourself, Jimsy."

"Why, May, I split the wood for you right after breakfast. That corral gate——"

"Split the wood and leave me to carry it!"

"Well, I've been about as busy as I could be on the ditch; and that gate needs——"

"Never mind. Wash your hands and get ready now. Kiss me first."

At this point it seemed best to go out of the sitting-room door and come presently into the kitchen by the other way, at the moment when my hostess was placing the hot food upon the table. It was good food, well cooked; and all the spoons and things were bright and clean. Bright and clean too, and very pretty, was the little bride. She was not twenty yet; Jimsy was not twenty-four; and as he sat down to his meal I saw her look at him with a look which I understood plainly: had no stranger been there to see, some more kissing would have occurred. Yet, what did she now find to say to him—she that so visibly adored him?

"Jimsy Culloden! Well, I guess you'll never learn to brush your hair!"

Jimsy suddenly grinned. "Others have enjoyed it pretty well this way," said he. "Tangled their hands all through it." And his gray eyes twinkled at me. But the little woman's blue eyes flashed and she sat up very stiff. "Before I asked you, that was," Jimsy added.

Have I ever told you how Jimsy became married? I believe not—but it would take too long now; it will have to wait. His bachelor liveliness had not contributed to his mother's peace of mind, but all was now well; the poker chips had gone I don't know where; our beloved old card-table of past years stood now in the bridal bedroom, stifled in feminine drapery beyond recognition; the bottles that in these days lay empty beyond the corral had contained merely tomato ketchup and such things; and here was Jimsy Culloden a stable citizen, an anchored man, county commissioner, selling vegetables, alfalfa, and horses, with me for a paying boarder in that new-established Wyoming industry which is locally termed dude-wrangling. The eastern "dude" is destined to replace Hereford cattle in Wyoming—and sheep also.

Jimsy was an anchored man, to be sure: might he possibly some day drag his anchor? I glanced at his blue-eyed May, so fair and so competent, and I hoped her voice would not grow much clearer. I glanced at Jimsy, quietly eating, and wondered if a new look lately lurking in his eye—a look of slight bewilderment—would increase or pass.

"Didn't I see Scipio Le Moyne ride away?" he asked me.

"Yes. It was dinner-time."

"Couldn't he stay here and eat?"

"There you go, Jimsy Culloden; wanting to feed this whole valley every day, just like you was rich!"

Jimsy's gray eyes blinked and he at-

tended to his plate. The failure of that little joke about tangled hair was the probable cause of his present silence, and the bride appealed to me.

"Ain't that so?" she said. "You've been here before. You know how folks loaf around up and down this valley and stop to dinner, and stay for supper, and just eat people up!"

She was so perfectly right in principle that my only refuge from the perilous error of taking sides was the somewhat lame remark: "Well, Scipio isn't a dead-beat, you know."

"There!" cried Jimsy, triumphantly.

"Mr. Culloden would have fed a dead-beat just the same," returned the lady promptly.

Again she was entirely right. From good heart and long habit Jimsy made welcome every passing traveler and his horse. When Wyoming was young and its ranches lay wide, desert miles apart, such hospitality was the natural, unwritten law; but now, in this day of increasing settlements and of rainbowed folders of railroads painting a promised land for all comers, a young ranchman could easily be kept poor by the perpetual drain on his groceries and his oats. Jimsy's wife was stepping between him and his bachelor shiftlessness in all directions, and the propitious signs of her influence were everywhere. Indoors and out, a crisp, new appearance of things harbingered good fortune. Why, she had actually started him on reforming his gates! Did you ever see the thing they were frequently satisfied to call a gate in Wyoming? A sordid wreck of barbed-wire and rotten wood, hung across the fence-gap by a rusty loop, raggedly dangling like the ribs of a broken umbrella.

The telephone bell called Mrs. Culloden to the sitting-room near the end of dinner.

Mrs. Sedlaw, her dear friend and schoolmate living five miles up the valley, was inviting them to dinner next day to eat roast grouse.

"Let's go," said Jimsy.

"And you quit your ditch and me quit my ironing?" answered the clear voice. "Thank you ever so much, Susie; we'd just love to, but Jimsy can't go off the ranch this week, and I'd not like to leave him all alone, even if I wasn't as busy as I can be with our wash." There followed exchange of gossip and laughter over it, and much love sent to and fro—and the receiver was hung up.

"As for grouse," I said to Jimsy, for his silence was on my nerves, "I will now go and catch you some trout superior to any bird that flies."

Sir Francis, the snow-white drake, stood by the woodpile as I crossed the enclosure on my way to the river. In the pond the lady ducks were loudly quacking, but I passed them by. I desired the solitude of Buffalo Horn, its pools, its cottonwoods, its quiet presiding mountains; and I walked up its stream for a mile, safe from that clear voice and from the bewildered eye of Jimsy, my once blithe, careless friend.

Unless it be from respect for Izaak Walton and tradition, I know not why I ever carry in my fly-book, or ever use, a brown-hackle; it has wasted hours of fishing time for me. The hours this afternoon it did not waste, because, under the spell of the large day that shone upon the valley, my thoughts dwelt not on fish, but with delicious vagueness upon matrimony, the game laws and those ducks. With the waters of Buffalo Horn talking near by and singing far off, I watched all things rather than my line and often wholly stopped to smell the wild, clean odour of the sage-brush and draw the beauty of everything into my very depths. So from pool to pool I waded down the south fork of Buffalo Horn and had caught nothing when I reached Sheep Creek, by Scipio's ranch. Here I changed to a grizzly king and soon had killed four trout.

Scipio was out in his meadow gathering horses, and he came to the bank with a question:——

"Find the eggs them ducks laid in the water?"

"Jimsy wanted to know why you didn't stay to dinner," was my answer.

"Huh!" Scipio watched me land a half-pound fish. Then: "They ain't been married a year yet."

I cast below a sunken log and took a small trout, which I threw back, while Scipio resumed:

"Why I didn't stop to dinner! Huh! Say, when did they quit havin' several wives at wunst?"

"Who quit?"

"Why, them sheep-men back in the Bible—Laban and Solomon and them old-timers. What made 'em quit?"

"They didn't all quit. There, you've made me lose that fish. Are you thinking two wives would be twice as bad as one?"

"You'll get another fish. I'm thinking they wouldn't be half as bad as one."

Certain passages in Scipio's earlier days

came into my mind, but I did not mention them to him. Possibly he was thinking of them himself.

"Two at once is not considered moral in this country," I said.

Scipio mused. "I'm not sure I've ever clearly understood about morals," he muttered. "Are you going to keep that whitefish?"

"I always keep a few for the hens. Makes 'em lay."

This caused Scipio to look frowningly across Buffalo Horn to where the Culloden Ranch buildings lay clear in the blue crystal of the afternoon light. "Marriage ain't learned in a day," he remarked, "any more than ropin' stock is. He ain't learned how to *be* married yet."

Again I thought of Scipio's past adventures and remembered that the best critics are they who have failed in art.

"Did you mean what you said about hunting with me?" Scipio now inquired.

"Sure thing!" I returned, "if you're right about Honey Wiggin."

"Oh, I'm right enough. You'll see him come by here Monday."

"Then I'll send East for my things," I said.

"Well, I'll be looking for a man to cook and horse-wrangle," said Scipio.

As I approached the ranch across the level pasture with my fish, I could hear from afar the quack of the ducks, invisible in the pond, and could see from afar the snow-white figure of the drake, stationary by the woodpile. Now for the first time the idea glimmered upon me that he had something to do with it. But what? I came to the breast of the little pond and stood upon it to watch the Countess and the Duchess. They were making a great noise; but over what? Sometimes they sat still and screamed together; a punctuation of silence would then follow. Next one or the other would take it up alone. Was it a sort of service they were holding to celebrate the sunset? I looked up at the lustrous crimson on the mountain wall—a mile of giant battlements sending forth a rose glow as if from within, like something in a legend; birds and beasts might well celebrate such a marvel—but the Countess and Duchess were doing this at other hours, when nothing particular seemed to be happening. I looked at the drake by the woodpile. He had not moved a quarter of an inch. He stood in profile, most becomingly. His neat, spotless white, his lemon-coloured bill, his orange-coloured legs, his benign yet confident attitude, as if of personal achievement taken for granted but not thrust forward—all this put me in mind of something, but so faintly that I could not just then make out what it was. Shouts from the Duchess at the top of her voice hastily recalled my attention to the pond.

I expected to find something sudden was wrong. Not at all. The water was without a wrinkle, the ducks floated motionless: yet there had been a note, a quality, urgent, piercingly remonstrant, in those quacks of the Duchess. She might have been calling for the constabulary, the fire brigade, and the health department. And then, without change for better or for worse in anything around us that I could see, the two birds swam placidly to land. They got out on the bank, wiggled their tails, stood on their toes to flap their wings, and, this brief drying process being over, they took their way to the drake. He stood by the woodpile, stock-still in profile; he had not yet moved a quarter of an inch; it seemed to me—but I was not certain—that his ladies raced as they drew near him. When they reached him he turned with gravity and headed for the haystack. They fell in behind him and the three waddled and wobbled solemnly toward their goal, squeezed under the fence and were lost to view.

I took in my trout to Mrs. Culloden, who praised their size and my skill. On the subject of giving her hens a diet of whitefish, she told me it was her great ambition so to manage that before the moulting fowls should wholly stop laying the spring pullets should have begun to lay.

"Jimsy is real fond of eggs," she explained, "and I want him to have them."

I further learned that whitefish cooked were better than whitefish raw, which often tainted the eggs with a fishy taste. I stood high in the little bride's favour because I was helping her to please Jimsy. Lying abed that night in my one-room cabin, I said aloud, abruptly: "That was a protest."

I know nothing about what they call our subconscious workings, save that I am chock-full of them; I meant the Duchess. Apparently my subconscious works had been dealing with her ever since the scene at the pond. Thus a conclusion had popped out of my mouth full-fledged before I knew it was there. "Yes," I repeated; "she was protesting. They both were."

The works, however, must have stopped after that for the night—or turned to other activity—for next morning I went down to

the pond with nothing beyond the two theories of yesterday: that it was protest and that the drake was somehow at the bottom of it. But I scored no advance in my knowledge. All three birds were in the water and did not come out while I remained there; nothing more of their plan of life was revealed to me. Still, I saw one new thing. Sir Francis swam about, with the Duchess and Countess in a suite, following close, but never crowding him. What they did do was crowd each other. A struggle for place occurred between them from time to time; and, although all the rest of the time they were like sisters, when the struggle was on it was bitter.

I must have stayed watching them for half an hour to make sure of this, and I know that there were moments when they would have gladly killed each other. Sir Francis never took the slightest notice of it, though he must have been well aware of it, since it always went on some six inches behind his back. The Countess would attempt to swim up closer to him, at which the Duchess would instantly crook her neck sidewise at her and, savagely undulating her head, would utter quick, poisonous sounds that trembled with fury. To these the Countess would retort, crooking and undulating too; thus they would swim with their necks at right-angles, raging at each other and crowding for place. Sometimes the Duchess darted her bill out and bit the Countess, who was of a milder nature, I gradually discerned. The admirable ignorance which Sir Francis preserved of all this testified plainly to his moral balance, and filled me with curiosity and respect. Whatever was going on behind him, whether peace or war, he swam quietly on or stopped as it pleased him, with never a change in the urbanity of his eye and carriage.

It came to me that afternoon what his attitude at the woodpile essentially was. He stood there again alone—the ducks were quacking in the pond—and as I looked at his neat white body and the lemon-coloured bill and orange-coloured legs, all presented in the same dignified profile, I saw that his was by instinct the historical portrait attitude: Perry after Lake Erie, Webster before replying to Hayne, Washington on being notified of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief—you will understand what I mean. And if you smile at my absorption in these little straws from the farmyard you have never known the blessing of true leisure. To drop clean out of my mind for a while the law and investment of trust funds and the self-induced hysterics of Wall Street, and study a perfectly irrelevant, unuseful trifle, such as the family life of Sir Francis and his ladies, brings a pastoral health to the spirit and to the biliary duct.

There was an error in my conclusions about the Countess and Duchess which I did not have a chance to perceive for a day or two, because our domestic harmony was mysteriously disturbed. That clear note in May's voice waked up again, this time a tone or so higher; and it was kept awake by one thing after another. It began after a wagonful of people had passed the ranch on its way down the valley to town. I was off by the river when they stopped a few minutes on the road outside the fence. One could not see who they were at that distance. Jimsy left his ditch work and talked to them, and when they had gone returned to it. At our next meal Jimsy's eye was bewildered—and something more—and May's voice was bad for digestion. As soon as my last mouthful was swallowed I sought the solitude of my cabin and read a book until bedtime. How should one connect that wagonload of people with the new and higher tide of unrest? Nothing was more the custom than this stopping of neighbours to chat over the fence. May's voice and Jimsy's eye kept me as often and as far from their neighbourhood as I could get.

It was Scipio, the next time I saw him, who began at once: "Did you see Mrs. Faxon?"

"Who's she?"

"Gracious! I thought everybody in this country knowed her. She's an alfalfa widow."

"Well, I seem to have somehow missed her."

"She went down to town the other day. Pity you've missed her. Awful good-looker."

"Well, I'll try to meet her."

"Her and Jimsy used to meet a whole heap," said Scipio.

"Oh!" said I. "H'm! All the same May's a fool."

"Did she get mad? Did she get mad?" demanded Scipio, vivaciously.

"Lord!" said I, thinking of it. I told Scipio how Jimsy had talked over the fence to the scarlet fragment of his past for perhaps three minutes in the safe presence of a wagonload of witnesses, and how in consequence May had gone up into the air. "To love acceptably needs tact," I moral-

ized; but while I expatiated on this, Scipio's attention wandered.

"You saw Honey Wiggin go up the river with his dudes?"

"Oh, yes."

"And two other parties go up?"

"Yes."

"Any further notions about the game laws?"

"Nothing—except it's the merest charity to assume they made them when they were drunk."

"Sure thing! I guess I'll have a cook when your camping stuff comes."

My stuff was due in not many days; and as I walked home from Scipio's cabin I felt gratitude to the game laws for the part they had played in delaying me in this valley, where each day seemed the essence distilled from the beauty of seven usual days. Even as I waded Buffalo Horn I stopped to look up and down the course that it made between its bordering cottonwoods. A week ago these had been green; but autumn had come one night and now here was Buffalo Horn unwinding its golden miles between the castle walls of the mountains. Amid all this august serenity I walked the slower through fear of having it marred by the voice of May. I lingered outside the house and it was the voice of the Duchess that I heard. Yes, I was grateful to the game laws. They, too, caused me to learn the whole truth about Sir Francis.

On this particular evening I saw where had been my error regarding the Countess and Duchess. I have spoken of the Countess' milder nature, which I thought always put her behind the Duchess in their struggle for precedence. It did not. Quite often she made up in skill what she lacked in force, and I now saw the first example of it. They were all coming to the pond for their evening swim, the two ducks scolding and walking with their necks at right-angles. Sir Francis was in the lead, his head gently inclined toward the water. As he got in the Duchess made an evident miscalculation. She thought he was going to swim to the right, and she splashed hastily in that direction. But he swam to the left. The Countess was there in a flash. She got herself next to him and held her place round and round the pond, crooking her neck and quacking backward at the enraged, defeated Duchess.

Twice in the following forenoon I saw this recur; and before supper I knew that it was a part of their daily lives. Sometimes it happened on land, sometimes in the water, and always in the same way—a miscalculation as to which way the drake was going to turn. It was the duck who had been nearest to him that always made the miscalculation, and she invariably lost her place by it. Then she would rage in the rear while the other scoffed back at her. Neither of them could have been entirely a lady or they would have known how to conduct their quarrel without all this displeasing publicity. But there can be no doubt that Sir Francis was a perfect gentleman. Not only was he never aware of what was happening, but he so bore himself as wholly to avoid being made ridiculous. That the Duchess was a little near-sighted I learned when I took to feeding them with toast brought from breakfast.

My time was growing short and I began to fear that I might be gone hunting before I had penetrated the mystery of the historical portrait attitude near the woodpile and the protests of the ducks in the water. This was going on straight along, only I had never managed to see the beginning of it. Therefore I fed them on toast to draw closer to them, and I tried to give each a piece, turn about; but only too often, when toast meant for the Duchess had fallen in the water directly under her nose, she would peer helplessly about and the Countess would dip down quickly and get it. Sometimes the Duchess saw it one second too late, when their heads would literally collide, and the Duchess, under the impression she had got it, would snap her bill two or three times on nothing, and then perceive the Countess chewing the morsel. At this she always savagely bit the Countess; and still, through it all, the drake sustained his admirable ignorance. My feeding device triumphed. I did learn about the woodpile.

This is what I saw. They had been swimming for a while after eating the toast. Sir Francis had finally swallowed a last hard bit of crust after repeatedly soaking it in the water. He looked about and evidently decided it was time for the haystack. He got out on the bank, but the ladies did not. He turned and looked at them; they continued swimming. Then he walked slowly away in silence, and as he grew distant their swimming became agitated. Reaching the woodpile, he turned and stood in bland, eminent profile. Then the ducks in the pond began. The Duchess quacked; the Countess quacked; their voices rose and became positively wild. A person who did not know would have hastened to see

if they needed assistance. This performance lasted four minutes by my watch—the drake statuesque by the woodpile, the ducks screaming in the water. Then, as I have before described, they succumbed to the power at the woodpile. They swam ashore, flapped to dry themselves, and made for Sir Francis like people catching a train. He did not move until they had reached him, when all sought the haystack.

So now I understood clearly that it was he who made their plans, timed all their comings and goings, and that they, bitterly as they disliked leaving the water until they were ready, nevertheless had to leave it when he was ready. Of course, if either of them had had any real mind, they would have realized long before that it was of no use to attempt to cope with him and they would have got out quickly when he did, instead of making this scene several times every day. But why did they get out at all when they didn't want to? Why didn't they let him go to the haystack by himself? What was the secret of his power? It was they who were always fighting and biting; his serenity was flawless.

I stood on the breast of the pond, turning this over. If you have outrun me and arrived at the truth, it just shows once again how superior readers are to writers in intelligence. I was not destined to fathom it. Many a problem has taken two to solve it and it was Jimsy who—but let that wait. Jimsy came across from the stable and spoke to me now:——

"What are you studying?"

"I have been studying your ducks."

He looked over at the cabin, where May could be seen moving about in the kitchen, and I saw his face grow suddenly tender. "They're hers," he said softly. "She kind o' wanted ducks round here and so one day I brought 'em to her from town. Then I made this pond for 'em—just dammed the creek across this little gully. Nothing's wrong with 'em?"

"Oh, no. But they've set me guessing."

He did not believe my story, though he listened with his gray eyes fixed on mine. "That's wonderful," he said; "but you've made it up. I'd have noticed a thing like that."

"I don't think you would. You're working all day with your stock and your ditches. Think what a loafer I am."

"It's most too extraordinary," he said, and stood looking at the woodpile. He was not really thinking about what I had told him; I could feel that.

"Well, Jimsy!"

We both started a little. It was May, who had come round the corner of the house, and the setting sun shone upon her and made her quite lovely, where she stood shading her eyes, with a little hair floating one side of her forehead.

"Well, Jimsy! Dreaming again! Do you know what time it is? The way you've took to dreaming is something terrible!"

Jimsy went into the house.

I was glad that two days more would see me out of this.

Next morning I stood justified—oh, more than justified—in Jimsy's eyes. No one could have anticipated such a performance at the pond as I was able to show him—it bore me out and surpassed anything I had told him—and no one could have foretold that it would fire Jimsy with a curiosity equal to mine.

The ceremony of the toast was in progress when Jimsy, crossing to the corral, saw me thus engaged. He stuck his hands into his pockets and strolled across to the water's edge, wearing a broad grin of indulgence.

"Awful busy, you are!" said he.

"Just watch them," said I.

"Oh, I've got a day's work to do."

"I'm aware," I retorted, "that scientific observation doesn't look like work to the ignorant."

"What're you trying to find out?"

"I told you last night. I can't see how that drake keeps those ducks in order."

"Oh, I guess he don't keep 'em in order."

"I tell you he has them under his thumb."

Jimsy cast a careless eye upon the birds. They had finished the toast and were swimming about. The quacks of the Duchess were merely quacks to him; he did not hear that she was saying to the Countess: "Hah, Hah, Hah! How do you fancy a back seat this morning?"

"One feels mortified, of course," I explained to Jimsy, "that she should betray her spite so crudely—a sad but common thing in our country."

"In the name of God, what are you talking about?" demanded Jimsy.

"Oh, I'm not in the least crazy. New York stinks with people like that."

At this moment the usual thing happened in the pond—the Duchess made a miscalculation. The drake swam suddenly left instead of right, and the Countess jumped to the favoured place. Now it was she who quacked backward at her discountenanced rival.

"She is really the sweeter nature of the

two," I said. But Jimsy was attending to the ducks with an awakened interest; in fact, he was now caught in the same fascination that had held me for so many days. He took his hands out of his pockets and followed the ducks keenly.

"I believe you weren't lyin' to me," he remarked presently.

"You wait! Just wait!" I exclaimed.

He watched a little longer. "D'you suppose," he said, "it's his feathers they love so?"

"His feathers?" I repeated.

"Those two curly ones in his tail. They're crooked plumb enticing, like they were saying, 'Come, girls!'"

This reminded me of Jimsy's unbrushed mound of hair and May's coldness at his reference to it. "Feathers would hardly account for everything," I said.

A last spark of doubt flickered in Jimsy. "Are you joshing about this thing?" he asked.

"Just you wait," I said again.

We did not have to wait. In the judgment of the drake it was time for the haystack; the ducks thought it too soon. All began as usual. Sir Francis had reached the woodpile and taken his attitude, the first protesting scream from the pond had risen to the sky, Jimsy's face was causing me acute pleasure, when the Duchess did an entirely new thing. She swam to the inlet and began to waddle slowly up the trickling stream. Then I perceived a few yards beyond her the cleanings of some fish which had been thrown out. It was for these she was making.

"She has ruined everything!" I lamented.

"Wait!" said Jimsy. He whispered it. His new faith was completer than mine.

The Duchess heavily proceeded. In my childhood I used sometimes to see old ladies walking slowly, shod in soft, wide, heelless things made of silk or satin—certainly not of leather, except the soles—which seem to have gone out. The Duchess trod as if she had these same mid-Victorian feet and she began gobbling the fish. If this was any strain upon the drake, he did not show it. The Countess now discerned from the pond what the Duchess was doing and she was instantly riven with contending emotions. The waves from her legs agitated the whole pond as she swam wildly; sometimes she looked at the drake, sometimes at the fish, and between the looks she quacked as if she would die. Then she, too, got out and went toward the fish. I looked apprehensively at the figure by the woodpile, but it might have been a painted figure in very truth. I think Jimsy was holding his breath. When a moral conflict becomes visible to the naked eye there is something in it that far outmatches any mere thumping of fists; here was Sir Francis battling for his empire in silence and immobility, with his ladies getting all the fish. And just then the Countess wavered. She saw Sir Francis, white and monumental, thirty yards away; and she saw the Duchess and the fish about three more steps from her nose. She stood still and then she broke down. She turned and fled back to her lord. It can not be known what the more forcible Duchess would have done but for this. As it was, she looked up and saw the Countess—and immediately went to pieces herself. I had not known that she had it in her to run so.

I can not repeat Jimsy's first oath as he stared at the triumphant drake leading his family to the haystack. After silence he turned to me. "Wouldn't that kill you?" he said very quietly; and said no more. but began to walk slowly away.

"Now," I called after him, "will you tell me how he manages to keep head of his house like that?"

If Jimsy had any hypothesis to offer then, he did not offer it, and before he had reached the corral May appeared. I'll not report her talk this time, it was the usual nursery governess affair: did Jimsy know that he had wasted half an hour when he ought to have hitched up and gone for wood up Dead Timber Creek, and didn't he know there was wood for just one day left and it would take him the whole day? I escaped to my fishing before she had done and I took my dinner with Scipio.

It is wicked to fish in October, but we ate the trout; and I must tell you of a discovery: when artificial flies fail, and frost has finished the grasshoppers, the housefly is a deadly bait! I am glad at last to have accounted for the presence of the housefly in a universe of infinite love.

At supper I was sorry that Scipio and I had not got off to the mountains that day. Jimsy was still out. He had brought, it appeared, one load of wood from Dead Timber Creek and had gone for another.

It was May's opinion that he should have returned by now. I hardly thought so, but this made small difference to May. She was up from table and listening at the open door three times before our restless meal was over. Next she lighted a lantern and

hung it out upon a gate-post of one of the outer corrals, that Jimsy might be guided home from afar. In the following thirty minutes she went out twice again to listen and soon after this she sent me out to the lantern to make sure it was burning brightly.

"He would see the windows at any rate," I told her.

But now she had begun to be frightened and could not sit in her chair for more than a few moments at a time.

"What o'clock is it?" she asked me.

It was seven forty-five and I think she fancied it was midnight. If Jimsy had been six years old and a perfect fool to boot she could not have been more distracted than she presently became.

"Why, Mrs. Culloden," I remonstrated, "Jimsy was raised in this valley. He knows his way about."

She did not hear me and now she seized the telephone. Into the ears of one neighbour after another she poured questions up and down the valley. It was idle to remind her that Dead Timber Creek was five miles to the south of us and that the Whitlows, who lived six miles to the north, were not likely to have seen Jimsy. The whole valley quickly learned that he had not come back with his second load of wood by eight o'clock and that she was asking them all if they knew anything about it. In the space of twenty minutes with the telephone she had made him ridiculous throughout the precinct; and then at ten minutes past eight, while she was ringing up her friend Mrs. Sedlaw for the second time, in came Jimsy. The wood and the wagon were safe in the corral, he was safe in the house and hungry; and, of course, she hadn't heard him arrive because of the noise of the telephone. He had been at the stable for the last ten minutes, attending to the horses.

"And you never had the sense to tell me!" she cried.

"Tell you what?" He had not taken it in. "Gosh, but that chicken looks good! What's that lantern out there for?" He was now seated and helping himself to the food.

"And that's all you've got to say to me!" she said. And then the deluge came—not of tears, but words.

Somewhere inside of Jimsy was an angel, whatever else he contained. Throughout that foolish, galling scene made in my presence before I could escape, never a syllable of what he must have been feeling came from him, but only good-natured ejaculations—not many and rather brief, to be sure. When he learned the reason for the lantern he laughed aloud. This set her off and she rushed into the story of her telephoning. Then, and then alone, it was on the verge of being too much for him. He laid down his knife and fork and leaned back for a second, but the angel won. He resumed his meal; only a brick-red sunset of color spread from his collar to his hair—and his eyes were not gray, but black.

That was what I saw after I had got away to my cabin and was in bed: the man's black eyes fixed on his plate and the pretty girl standing by the stove and working off her needless fright in an unbearable harangue.

Audibly I sighed, sighed with audible relief, when the Culloden Ranch lay a mile behind Scipio and me and our packhorses the next day. Jimsy had been as self-controlled in the morning as on the night before—except that no man can control the colour of his eyes. The murky storm that hung in Jimsy's eyes was the kind that does not blow over, but breaks. Was May blind to such a sign? At breakfast she told him that the next time he went for wood she would go to see that he got back for supper! I told Scipio that if things were not different when we returned I should move over to his cabin.

"You'd never have figured a girl could get Jimsy buffaloed!" said Scipio.

"He's not buffaloed a little bit," I returned.

"Ain't he goin' to do nothin'?"

"I don't know what he'll do."

Scipio rode for a while, thinking it over. "If I had a wife," he said, "and she got to thinkin' she was my mother, I'd take a dally with her." His meaning was not clear; but he made it so: "I'd take her—well, not *on* my knee, but acrost it."

This I doubted, but said nothing. By and by we were passing the Sedlaw Ranch and Mrs. Sedlaw came running out rather hastily—and began speaking before she reached the gate.

"Oh, howdy-do?" said she; and she stood looking at me.

"Isn't it perfect weather?" said I.

"Yes, indeed. And so you're going hunting?"

"Yes. Want to come?"

"Why, wouldn't that be nice! I thought Jimsy and May might be going with you."

"Oh, they're too busy. Good-by."

She stood looking after me for some time and I saw her walk back to the house quite slowly.

There's no need to tell of our hunting, or of the games of Cœur d'Alène Solo which Scipio and I and the useful cook played at night. In twenty days the snow drove us out of the mountains and we came down to human habitations—and to rife rumours. I don't recall what we heard at the first cabin—or the second or the others—but we heard something everywhere. The valley was agog over Jimsy and May. Amid the wealth of details, I shall never know precisely what did happen. Jimsy had left her and gone to Alaska. He hadn't gone to Alaska, but to New York, with Mrs. Faxon, the alfalfa widow. May had gone to her mother in Iowa. She hadn't gone to Iowa; she was under the protection of Mrs. Sedlaw. Jimsy and the widow were living in open shame at the ranch. The ranch was shut up and old man Birdsall had seen Jimsy in town, driving a companion who wore splendid feathers. There was more, much more, but the only certainty seemed to be that Jimsy had broken loose and gone somewhere—and over this somewhere hovered an episodic bigamy. But where was Jimsy now? And May? Had the explosion blown them asunder forever? Was their marriage lying in fragments? On our last night in camp we talked of this more than we played Cœur d'Alène Solo. If anybody could tell me the true state of things it would be Mrs. Sedlaw, and at her door I knocked as I passed the next morning.

"Oh, howdy-do?" said I; and she sat looking at me for some moments.

"What luck?" said she. "Get an elk?"

"Yes," said I. "How are things in general?"

"Elegant," said she. "Give my love to dear May.

"Thank you," said I, not very appropriately.

The lady followed me to my horse. "Seems like only yesterday you came by," was her parting words. She had certainly squared our accounts.

As we drew in sight of the Culloden Ranch you may imagine how I wondered what we should find there. A peaceful smoke rose from the kitchen chimney into the quiet air. Through the window I saw—yes, it was May!—most domestically preparing food. Outside by the pond a figure stood. It was Jimsy. He was feeding the ducks. I swung off my horse and hurried to Jimsy. Sir Francis was eating from his hand.

"How!" said he in cheerful greeting.

"How!" I returned.

"Get an elk?"

"Yes."

"Sheep?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

"You—you're—you're feeding the ducks."

"Sure thing!—Say, I've found out his game."

I pointed to Sir Francis. "His control, you mean?—how he keeps his hold?"

"Sure thing!" Jimsy pointed to the ducks. "Has 'em competin' for him. Keeps 'em a-guessing. That's his game."

It stunned me for a second. Of course he didn't know that the valley had talked to me.

"Why, how do you do?" cried May, cheerfully, coming out of the house.

Then I took it all in and I broke into scandalous, irredeemable laughter.

A bright flash came into Jimsy's eyes as *he* took it all in—then he also gave way, but he blushed heavily.

"Whatever are you two laughing at?" exclaimed May. She looked radiant. That clear note was all melted from her voice. "Mr. Le Moyne, aren't you going to stay to dinner?"

"Why, thank you!" said Scipio—polite, and embarrassed almost to stuttering.

To Sir Francis Jimsy gave the last piece of toast. It was a large one. If the drake was aware of the tie between Jimsy's marital methods and his own, he betrayed it as little as he betrayed knowledge of all things which it is best never to notice.

Yes, I am grateful to the game laws. The next legislature made them intelligible.

My Secret

By JOHN B. TABB

'TIS not what I am fain to hide
That doth in deepest shadows dwell,
But what my tongue hath often tried
Alas, in vain, to tell.

The Fourth Man

By JOHN RUSSELL

John Russell

THE raft might have been taken for a swath of cut sedge or a drifting tangle of roots as it slid out of the shadowy river mouth at dawn and dipped into the first ground swell. But while the sky brightened and the breeze came fresh offshore, it picked a way among shoals and swampy islets with purpose and direction, and when at last the sun leaped up and cleared his bright eye of the morning mist, it had passed the wide entrance to the bay and stood to open sea.

It was a curious craft for such a venture, of a type that survives here and there in the obscure corners of the world. The coracle maker would have scorned it. The first navigating pithecanthrope built nearly as well with his log and bush. A mat of pandanus leaves served for its sail and a paddle of niaouli wood for its helm. But it had a single point of real seaworthiness. Its twin floats, paired as a catamaran, were woven of reed bundles and bamboo sticks upon triple rows of bladders. It was light as a bladder itself, elastic, fit to ride any weather. One other quality this raft possessed which recommended it beyond all comfort and all safety to its present crew. It was very nearly invisible. They had only to unstep its mast and lie flat in the cup of its soggy platform and they could not be spied half a mile away.

Four men occupied the raft. Three of them were white. Their bodies had been scored with brambles and blackened with dried blood, and on wrist and ankle they bore the dark and wrinkled stain of the gyves. The hair upon them was long and matted. They wore only the rags of blue canvas uniforms. But they were whites, members of the superior race—members of a highly superior race according to those philosophers who rate the criminal aberration as a form of genius.

The fourth was the man who had built the raft and was now sailing it. There was nothing superior about him. His skin was a layer of soot. His prognathous jaw carried out the angle of a low forehead. No line of beauty redeemed his lean limbs and knobby joints. Nature had set upon him her plainest stamp of inferiority, and his only attempts to relieve it were the twist of bark about his middle and the prong of pig ivory through the cartilage of his nose. Altogether a very ordinary specimen of one of the lowest branches of the human family—the Canaques of New Caledonia.

The three whites sat together well forward, and so they had sat in silence for hours. But at sunrise, as if some spell had been raised by the clang of that great copper gong in the east, they stirred and breathed deep of the salt air and looked at one another with hope in their haggard faces, and then back toward the land which was now no more than a gray-green smudge behind them. . . . "Friends," said the eldest, whose temples were bound with a scrap of crimson scarf, "Friends—the thing is done."

With a gesture like conjuring he produced from the breast of his tattered blouse three cigarettes, fresh and round, and offered them.

"Nippers!" cried the one at his right. "True nippers—name of a little good man! And here? Doctor, I always said you were a marvel. See if they be not new from the box!"

Dr. Dubosc smiled. Those who had known him in very different circumstances about the boulevards, the lobbies, the clubs, would have known him again and in spite of all disfigurement by that smile. And here, at the bottom of the earth, it had set him still apart in the prisons, the cobalt mines, the chain gangs of a con-

munity not much given to mirth. Many a crowded lecture hall at Montpellier had seen him touch some intellectual firework with just such a twinkle behind his bristly gray brows, with just such a thin curl of lip.

"By way of celebration," he explained. "Consider. There are seventy-five evasions from Nouméa every six months, of which not more than one succeeds. I had the figures myself from Dr. Pierre at the infirmary. He is not much of a physician, but a very honest fellow. Could anybody win on that percentage without dissipating? I ask you."

"Therefore you prepared for this?"

"It is now three weeks since I bribed the night guard to get these same nippers."

The other regarded him with admiration. Sentiment came readily upon this beardless face, tender and languid, but overdrawn, with eyes too large and soft, and oval too long. It was one of those faces familiar enough to the police which might serve as model for an angel were it not associated with some revolting piece of deviltry. Fenayrou himself had been condemned "to perpetuity" as an incorrigible.

"Is not our doctor a wonder?" he inquired as he handed a cigarette along to the third white man. "He thinks of everything. You should be ashamed to grumble. See—we are free, after all. Free!"

The third was a gross, pock-marked man with hairless lids, known sometimes as Niniche, Trois Huit, Le Tordeur, but chiefly among copains as Perroquet—a name derived perhaps from his beaked nose, or from some perception of his jailbird character. He was a garroter by profession, accustomed to rely upon his fists only for the exchange of amenities. Dubosc might indulge a fancy and Fenayrou seek to carry it as a pose, but The Parrot remained a gentleman of strictly serious turn. There is perhaps a tribute to the practical spirit of penal administration in the fact that while Dubosc was the most dangerous of these three and Fenayrou the most depraved, Perroquet was the one with the official reputation, whose escape would be signaled first among the "Wanted." He accepted the cigarette because he was glad to get it, but he said nothing until Dubosc passed a tin box of matches and the first gulp of picadura filled his lungs. . . .

"Wait till you've got your two feet on a pave, my boy. That will be the time to talk of freedom. What? Suppose there came a storm."

"It is not the season of storms," observed Dubosc.

But The Parrot's word had given them a check. Such spirits as these, to whom the land had been a horror, would be slow to feel the terror of the sea. Back there they had left the festering limbo of a convict colony, oblivion. Out here they had reached the rosy threshold of the big round world again. They were men raised from the dead, charged with all the furious appetites of lost years, with the savour of life strong and sweet on their lips. And yet they paused and looked about in quickened perception, with the clutch at the throat that takes the landsman on big waters. The spaces were so wide and empty. The voices in their ears were so strange and murmurous. There was a threat in each wave that came from the depths, a sinister vibration. None of them knew the sea. None knew its ways, what tricks it might play, what traps it might spread—more deadly than those of the jungle.

The raft was running now before a brisk chop with alternate spring and wallow, while the froth bubbled in over the prow and ran down among them as they sat. "Where is that cursed ship that was to meet us here?" demanded Fenayrou.

"It will meet us right enough." Dubosc spoke carelessly, though behind the blown wisp of his cigarette he had been searching the outer horizon with keen glance. "This is the day, as agreed. We will be picked up off the mouth of the river."

"You say," growled Perroquet. "But where is any river now? Or any mouth? Sacred name! this wind will blow us to China if we keep on."

"We dare not lie in any closer. There is a government launch at Torrien. Also the traders go armed hereabouts, ready for chaps like us. And don't imagine that the native trackers have given us up. They are likely to be following still in their proas."

"So far!"

Fenayrou laughed, for The Parrot's dread of their savage enemies had a morbid tinge.

"Take care, Perroquet. They will eat you yet."

"Is it true?" demanded the other, appealing to Dubosc. "I have heard it is even permitted these devils to keep all runaways they can capture—Name of God! —to fatten on."

"An idle tale," smiled Dubosc. "They

prefer the reward. But one hears of convicts being badly mauled. There was a forester who made a break from Baie du Sud and came back lacking an arm. Certainly these people have not lost the habit of cannibalism."

"Piecemeal," chuckled Fenayrou. "They will only sample you, Perroquet. Let them make a stew of your brains. You would miss nothing."

But The Parrot swore.

"Name of a name—what brutes!" he said, and by a gesture recalled the presence of that fourth man who was of their party and yet so completely separated from them that they had almost forgotten him.

The Canaque was steering the raft. He sat crouched at the stern, his body glistening like varnished ebony with spray. He held the steering paddle, immobile as an image, his eyes fixed upon the course ahead.

There was no trace whatever of expression on his face, no hint of what he thought or felt, or whether he thought or felt anything. He seemed not even aware of their regard, and each one of them experienced somehow that twinge of uneasiness with which the white always confronts his brother of colour—this enigma brown or yellow or black he is fated never wholly to understand or to fathom. . . .

"It occurs to me," said Fenayrou, in a pause, "that our friend here who looks like a shiny boot is able to steer us God knows where. Perhaps to claim the reward."

"Reassure yourself," answered Dubosc. "He steers by my order. Besides, it is a simple creature—an infant, truly, incapable of any but the most primitive reasoning."

"Is he incapable of treachery?"

"Of any that would deceive us. Also, he is bound by his duty. I made my bargain with his chief, up the river, and this one is sent to deliver us on board our ship. It is the only interest he has in us."

"And he will do it?"

"He will do it. Such is the nature of the native."

"I am glad you feel so," returned Fenayrou, adjusting himself indolently among the drier reeds and nursing the last of his cigarette. "For my part I wouldn't trust a figurehead like that for two sous. Mazette! What a monkey face!"

"Brute!" repeated Perroquet, and this man, sprung from some vile river-front slum of Argenteuil, whose home had been the dock pilings, the grog shop, and the jail, even this man viewed the black Canaque from an immeasurable distance with the look of hatred and contempt. . . .

Under the heat of the day the two younger convicts lapsed presently into dozing. But Dubosc did not doze. His tormented soul peered out behind its mask as he stood to sweep the sky line again under shaded hand. His theory had been so precise, the fact was so different. He had counted absolutely on meeting the ship—some small schooner, one of those flitting, half-piratical traders of the copra islands that can be hired like cabs in a dark street for any questionable enterprise. Now there was no ship, and here was no crossroads where one might sit and wait. Such a craft as the catamaran could not be made to lie to.

The doctor foresaw ugly complications for which he had not prepared and whereof he must bear the burden. The escape had been his own conception, directed by him from the start. He had picked his companions deliberately from the whole forced labour squad, Perroquet for his great strength, Fenayrou as a ready echo. He had made it plain since their first dash from the mine, during their skirmish with the military guards, their subsequent wanderings in the brush with bloodhounds and trackers on the trail—through every crisis—that he alone should be the leader.

For the others, they had understood well enough which of their number was the chief beneficiary. Those mysterious friends on the outside that were reaching half around the world to further their release had never heard of such individuals as Fenayrou and The Parrot. Dubosc was the man who had pulled the wires: that brilliant physician whose conviction for murder had followed so sensationally, so scandalously, upon his sweep of academic and social honours. There would be clacking tongues in many a Parisian salon, and white faces in some, when news should come of his escape. Ah, yes, for example, they knew the highflyer of the band, and they submitted—so long as he led them to victory. They submitted, while reserving a depth of jealousy, the inevitable remnant of caste persisting still in this democracy of stripes and shame.

By the middle of the afternoon the doctor had taken certain necessary measures.

"Ho," said Fenayrou sleepily. "Behold our colours at the masthead. What is that for, comrade?"

The sail had been lowered and in its place streamed the scrap of crimson scarf that had served Dubosc as a turban.

"To help them sight us when the ship comes."

"What wisdom!" cried Fenayrou. "Always he thinks of everything, our doctor: everything——"

He stopped with the phrase on his lips and his hand outstretched toward the center of the platform. Here, in a damp depression among the reeds, had lain the wicker-covered bottle of green glass in which they carried their water. It was gone.

"Where is that flask?" he demanded. "The sun has grilled me like a bone."

"You will have to grill some more," said Dubosc grimly. "This crew is put on rations."

Fenayrou stared at him wide-eyed, and from the shadow of a folded mat The Parrot thrust his purpled face. "What do you sing me there? Where is that water?"

"I have it," said Dubosc.

They saw, in fact, that he held the flask between his knees, along with their single packet of food in its wrapping of cocoanut husk.

"I want a drink," challenged Perroquet.

"Reflect a little. We must guard our supplies like reasonable men. One does not know how long we may be floating here. . . ."

Fell a silence among them, heavy and strained, in which they heard only the squeaking of frail basketwork as their raft laboured in the wash. Slow as was their progress, they were being pushed steadily outward and onward, and the last cliffs of New Caledonia were no longer even a smudge in the west, but only a hazy line. And still they had seen no moving thing upon the great round breast of the sea that gleamed in its corselet of brass plates under a brazen sun. "So that is the way you talk now?" began The Parrot, half choking. "You do not know how long? But you were sure enough when we started."

"I am still sure," returned Dubosc. "The ship will come. Only she cannot stay for us in one spot. She will be cruising to and fro until she intercepts us. We must wait."

"Ah, good! We must wait. And in the meantime, what? Fry here in the sacred heat with our tongues hanging out while you deal us drop by drop—hein?"

"Perhaps."

"But, no!" The garroter clenched his hands. "Blood of God, there is no man big enough to feed me with a spoon!"

Fenayrou's chuckle came pat, as it had more than once, and Dubosc shrugged.

"You laugh!" cried Perroquet, turning in fury. "But how about this lascar of a captain that lets us put to sea unprovided? What? He thinks of everything, does he? He thinks of everything! . . . Sacred farceur—let me hear you laugh again!"

Somehow Fenayrou was not so minded.

"And now he bids us be reasonable," concluded The Parrot. "Tell that to the devils in hell. You and your cigarettes, too. Bah—comedian!"

"It is true," muttered Fenayrou, frowning. "A bad piece of work for a captain of runaways."

But the doctor faced mutiny with his thin smile.

"All this alters nothing. Unless we would die very speedily, we must guard our water."

"By whose fault?"

"Mine," acknowledged the doctor. "I admit it. What then? We can't turn back. Here we are. Here we must stay. We can only do our best with what we have."

"I want a drink," repeated The Parrot, whose throat was afire since he had been denied.

"You can claim your share, of course. But take warning of one thing. After it is gone do not think to sponge on us—on Fenayrou and me."

"He would be capable of it, the pig!" exclaimed Fenayrou, to whom this thrust had been directed. "I know him. See here, my old, the doctor is right. Fair for one, fair for all."

"I want a drink."

Dubosc removed the wooden plug from the flask.

"Very well," he said quietly.

With the delicacy that lent something of legerdemain to all his gestures, he took out a small canvas wallet, the crude equivalent of the professional black bag, from which he drew a thimble. Meticulously he poured a brimming measure, and Fenayrou gave a shout at the grumbler's fallen jaw as he accepted that tiny cup between his big fingers. Dubosc served Fenayrou and himself with the same amount before he recorked the bottle.

"In this manner we should have enough to last us three days—maybe more—with equal shares among the three of us. . . ."

Such was his summing of the demonstration, and it passed without comment, as a matter of course in the premises, that he should count as he did—ignoring that other who sat alone at the stern of the raft, the black Canaque, the fourth man.

Perroquet had been outmaneuvered, but he listened sullenly while for the hundredth time Dubosc recited his easy and definite plan for their rescue, as arranged with his secret correspondents.

"That sounds very well," observed The Parrot, at last. "But what if these jokers only mock themselves of you? What if they have counted it good riddance to let you rot here? And us? Sacred name, that would be a famous jest! To let us wait for a ship and they have no ship!"

"Perhaps the doctor knows better than we how sure a source he counts upon," suggested Fenayrou slyly.

"That is so," said Dubosc, with great good humour. "My faith, it would not be well for them to fail me. Figure to yourselves that there is a safety vault in Paris full of papers to be opened at my death. Certain friends of mine could hardly afford to have some little confessions published that would be found there. . . . Such a tale as this, for instance——"

And to amuse them he told an indecent anecdote of high life, true or fictitious, it mattered nothing, so he could make Fenayrou's eyes glitter and The Parrot growl in wonder. Therein lay his means of ascendancy over such men, the knack of eloquence and vision. Harried, worn, oppressed by fears that he could sense so much more sharply than they, he must expend himself now in vulgar marvels to distract these ruder minds. He succeeded so far that when the wind fell at sunset they were almost cheerful, ready to believe that the morning would bring relief. They dined on dry biscuit and another thimbleful of water apiece and took watch by amiable agreement. And through that long, clear night of stars, whenever the one of the three who lay awake between his comrades chanced to look aft, he could see the vague blot of another figure—the naked Canaque, who slumbered there apart. . . .

It was an evil dawning. Fenayrou, on the morning trick, was aroused by a foot as hard as a hoof, and started up at Perroquet's wrathful face, with the doctor's graver glance behind.

"Idler! Good-for-nothing! Will you wake at least before I smash your ribs? Name of God, here is a way to stand watch!"

"Keep off!" cried Fenayrou wildly. "Keep off. Don't touch me!"

"Eh, and why not, fool? Do you know that the ship could have missed us? A ship could have passed us a dozen times while you slept!"

"Bourrique!"

"Vache!"

They spat the insults of the prison while Perroquet knotted his great fist over the other, who crouched away catlike, his mobile mouth twisted to a snarl. Dubosc stood aside in watchful calculation until against the angry red sunrise in which they floated there flashed the naked red gleam of steel. Then he stepped between.

"Enough. Fenayrou, put up that knife."

"The dog kicked me!"

"You were at fault," said Dubosc sternly. "Perroquet!"

"Are we all to die that he may sleep?" stormed The Parrot.

"The harm is done. Listen now, both of you. Things are bad enough already. We may need all our energies. Look about."

They looked and saw the far, round horizon and the empty desert of the sea and their own long shadows that slipped slowly before them over its smooth, slow heaving, and nothing else. The land had sunk away from them in the night—some one of the chance currents that sweep among the islands had drawn them none could say where or how far. The trap had been sprung. "Good God, how lonely it is!" breathed Fenayrou in a hush.

No more was said. They dropped their quarrel. Silently they shared their rations as before, made shift to eat something with their few drops of water, and sat down to pit themselves one against another in the vital struggle that each could feel was coming—a sort of tacit test of endurance.

A calm had fallen, as it does between trades in this flawed belt, an absolute calm. The air hung weighted. The sea showed no faintest crinkle, only the maddening, unresting heave and fall in polished undulations on which the lances of the sun broke and drove in under their eyelids as white-hot splinters; a savage sun that kindled upon them with the power of a burning glass, that sucked the moisture from poor human bits of jelly and sent them crawling to the shelter of their mats and brought them out again, gasping, to shrivel anew. The water, the world of water, seemed sleek and thick as oil. They came to loathe it and the rotting smell of it, and when the doctor made them dip themselves overside they found little comfort. It was warm, sluggish, slimed. But a curious thing resulted. . . .

While they clung along the edge of the raft they all faced inboard, and there sat

the black Canaque. He did not join them. He did not glance at them. He sat hunkered on his heels in the way of the native, with arms hugging his knees. He stayed in his place at the stern, motionless under that shattering sun, gazing out into vacancy. Whenever they raised their eyes they saw him. He was the only thing to see.

"Here is one who appears to enjoy himself quite well," remarked Dubosc.

"I was thinking so myself," said Fenayrou.

"The animal!" rumbled Perroquet.

They observed him, and for the first time with direct interest, with thought of him as a fellow being—with the beginning of envy.

"He does not seem to suffer."

"What is going on in his brain? What does he dream of there? One would say he despises us."

"The beast!"

"Perhaps he is waiting for us to die," suggested Fenayrou with a harsh chuckle. "Perhaps he is waiting for the reward. He would not starve on the way home, at least. And he could deliver us—piecemeal."

They studied him.

"How does he do it, doctor? Has he no feeling?"

"I have been wondering," said Dubosc. "It may be that his fibers are tougher—his nerves."

"Yet we have had water and he none."

"But look at his skin, fresh and moist."

"And his belly, fat as a football!"

The Parrot hauled himself aboard.

"Don't tell me this black beast knows thirst!" he cried with a strange excitement. "Is there any way he could steal our supplies?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, name of a dog, what if he has supplies of his own hidden about?"

The same monstrous notion struck them all, and the others swarmed to help. They knocked the black aside. They searched the platform where he had sat, burrowing among the rushes, seeking some secret cache, another bottle or a gourd. They found nothing.

"We were mistaken," said Dubosc.

But Perroquet had a different expression for disappointment. He turned on the Canaque and caught him by the kinky mop of the hair and proceeded to give him what is known as gruel in the cobalt mines. This was a little specialty of The Parrot's. He paused only when he himself was breathless and exhausted and threw the limp, unresisting body from him.

"There, lump of dirt! That will teach you. Maybe you're not so chipper now, my boy—hein? not quite so satisfied with your luck. Pig! That will make you feel. . . ."

It was a ludicrous, a wanton, a witless thing. But the others said nothing. The learned Dubosc made no protest. Fenayrou had none of his usual jests at the garroter's stupidity. They looked on as at the satisfaction of a common grudge. The white trampled the black with or without cause, and that was natural. And the black crept away into his place with his hurts and his wrongs and made no sign and struck no blow. And that was natural too.

The sun declined into a blazing furnace whereof the gates stood wide, and they prayed to hasten it and cursed because it hung enchanted. But when it was gone their blistered bodies still held the heat like things incandescent. The night closed down over them like a purple bowl, glazed and impermeable. They would have divided the watches again, though none of them thought of sleep, but Fenayrou made a discovery.

"Idiots!" he rasped. "Why should we look and look? A whole navy of ships cannot help us now. If we are becalmed, why so are they!"

The Parrot was singularly put out.

"Is this true?" he asked Dubosc.

"Yes, we must hope for a breeze first."

"Then, name of God, why didn't you tell us so? Why did you keep on playing out the farce?"

He pondered it for a time. "See here," he said. "You are wise, eh? You are very wise. You know things we do not and you keep them to yourself." He leaned forward to peer into the doctor's face. "Very good. But if you think you're going to use that cursed smartness to get the best of us in any way—see here, my zig, I pull your gullet out like the string of an orange. . . . Like that. What?"

Fenayrou gave a nervous giggle and Dubosc shrugged, but it was perhaps about this time that he began to regret his intervention in the knife play.

For there was no breeze and there was no ship.

By the third morning each had sunk within himself, away from the rest. The doctor was lost in a profound depression, Perroquet in dark suspicion, and Fenayrou in bodily suffering, which he supported ill Only two effective ties still bound their c federacy.

One was the flask which Dubosc had slung at his side by a strip of the wickerwork. Every move he made with it, every drop he poured, was followed by burning eyes. And he knew and he had no advantage of them in knowing that the will to live was working its relentless formula aboard that raft. Under his careful saving there still remained nearly half of their original store.

The other bond, as it had come to be by strange mutation, was the presence of the black Canaque.

There was no forgetting the fourth man now, no overlooking of him. He loomed upon their consciousness, more formidable, more mysterious, more exasperating with every hour. Their own powers were ebbing. The naked savage had yet to give the slightest sign of complaint or weakness.

During the night he had stretched himself out on the platform as before, and after a time he had slept. Through the hours of darkness and silence while each of the whites wrestled with despair, this black man had slept as placidly as a child, with easy, regular breathing. Since then he had resumed his place aft. And so he remained, unchanged, a fixed fact and a growing wonder.

The brutal rage of Perroquet, in which he had vented his distorted hate of the native, had been followed by superstitious doubts.

"Doctor," he said at last, in awed huskiness, "is this a man or a fiend?"

"It is a man."

"A miracle," put in Fenayrou.

But the doctor lifted a finger in a way his pupils would have remembered.

"It is a man," he repeated, "and a very poor and wretched example of a man. You will find no lower type anywhere. Observe his cranial angle, the high ears, the heavy bones of his skull. He is scarcely above the ape. There are educated apes more intelligent."

"Ah? Then what?"

"He has a secret," said the doctor.

That was a word to transfix them.

"A secret! But we see him—every move he makes, every instant. What chance for a secret?"

The doctor rather forgot his audience, betrayed by chagrin and bitterness.

"How pitiful!" he mused. "Here are we three—children of the century, products of civilization—I fancy none would deny that, at least. And here is this man who belongs before the Stone Age. In a set trial of fitness, of wits, of resource, is he to win? Pitiful!"

"What kind of secret?" demanded Perroquet fuming.

"I cannot say," admitted Dubosc, with a baffled gesture. "Possibly some method of breathing, some peculiar posture that operates to cheat the sensations of the body. Such things are known among primitive peoples—known and carefully guarded—like the properties of certain drugs, the uses of hypnotism and complex natural laws. Then, again, it may be psychologic—a mental attitude persistently held. Who knows? . . .

"To ask him? Useless. He will not tell. Why should he? We scorn him. We give him no share with us. We abuse him. He simply falls back on his own expedients. He simply remains inscrutable—as he has always been and will always be. He never tells those innermost secrets. They are the means by which he has survived from the depth of time, by which he may yet survive when all our wisdom is dust."

"I know several very excellent ways of learning secrets," said Fenayrou as he passed his dry tongue over his lips. "Shall I begin?"

Dubosc came back with a start and looked at him.

"It would be useless. He could stand any torture you could invent. No, that is not the way."

"Listen to mine," said Perroquet, with sudden violence. "Me, I am wearied of the gab. You say he is a man? Very well. If he is a man, he must have blood in his veins. That would be, anyway, good to drink."

"No," returned Dubosc. "It would be hot. Also it would be salt. For food—perhaps. But we do not need food."

"Kill the animal, then, and throw him over!"

"We gain nothing."

"Well, sacred name, what do you want?"

"To beat him!" cried the doctor, curiously agitated. "To beat him at the game—that's what I want! For our own sakes, for our racial pride, we must, we must. To outlast him, to prove ourselves his masters. By better brain, by better organization and control. Watch him, watch him, friends—that we may ensnare him, that we may detect and defeat him in the end!"

But the doctor was miles beyond them.

"Watch?" growled The Parrot. "I believe you, old windbag. It is all one watch. I sleep no more and leave any man alone with that bottle."

To this the issue finally sharpened. Such

craving among such men could not be stayed much longer by driblets. They watched. They watched the Canaque. They watched each other. And they watched the falling level in their flask—until the tension gave.

Another dawn upon the same dead calm, rising like a conflagration through the puddled air, cloudless, hopeless! Another day of blinding, slow-drawn agony to meet. And Dubosc announced that their allowance must be cut to half a thimbleful.

There remained perhaps a quarter of a liter—a miserable reprieve of bare life among the three of them, but one good swallow for a yearning throat.

At sight of the bottle, at the tinkle of its limpid content, so cool and silvery green inside the glass, Fenayrou's nerve snapped. . . .

"More!" he begged, with pleading hands. "I die. More!"

When the doctor refused him he groveled among the reeds, then rose suddenly to his knees and tossed his arms abroad with a hoarse cry:

"A ship! A ship!"

The others span about. They saw the thin unbroken ring of this greater and more terrible prison to which they had exchanged: and that was all they saw, though they stared and stared. They turned back to Fenayrou and found him in the act of tilting the bottle. A cunning slash of his knife had loosed it from its sling at the doctor's side. . . . Even now he was sucking at the mouth, spilling the precious liquid——

With one sweep Perroquet caught up their paddle and flattened him, crushed him.

Springing across the prostrate man, Dubosc snatched the flask upright and put the width of the raft between himself and the big garroter who stood wide-legged, his bloodshot eyes alight, rumbling in his chest.

"There is no ship," said The Parrot. "There will be no ship. We are done. Because of you and your rotten promises that brought us here—doctor, liar, ass!"

Dubosc stood firm.

"Come a step nearer and I break bottle and all over your head."

They stood regarding each other, and Perroquet's brows gathered in a slow effort of thought.

"Consider," urged Dubosc with his quaint touch of pedantry. "Why should you and I fight? We are rational men. We can see this trouble through and win yet. Such weather cannot last forever. Besides, here are only two of us to divide the water now."

"That is true," nodded The Parrot. "That is true, isn't it? Fenayrou kindly leaves us his share. An inheritance—what? A famous idea. I'll take mine now."

Dubosc probed him keenly.

"My share, at once, if you please," insisted Perroquet, with heavy docility. "Afterward, we shall see. Afterward."

The doctor smiled his grim and wan little smile.

"So be it."

Without relinquishing the flask he brought out his canvas wallet once more—that wallet which replaced the professional black bag—and rolled out the thimble by some swift sleight of his flexible fingers while he held Perroquet's glance with his own.

"I will measure it for you."

He poured the thimbleful and handed it over quickly, and when Perroquet had tossed it off he filled again and again.

"Four—five," he counted. "That is enough."

But The Parrot's big grip closed quietly around his wrist at the last offering and pinioned him and held him helpless.

"No, it is not enough. Now I will take the rest. Ha, wise man! Have I fooled you at last?"

There was no chance to struggle, and Dubosc did not try, only stayed smiling up at him, waiting.

Perroquet took the bottle.

"The best man wins," he remarked. "Eh, my zig? A bright notion—of yours. The —best——"

His lips moved, but no sound issued. A look of the most intense surprise spread upon his round face. He stood swaying a moment, and collapsed like a huge hinged toy when the string is cut.

Dubosc stooped and caught the bottle again, looking down at his big adversary, who sprawled in brief convulsion and lay still, a bluish scum oozing between his teeth. . . .

"Yes, the best man wins," repeated the doctor, and laughed as he in turn raised the flask for a draft.

"The best wins!" echoed a voice in his ear.

Fenayrou, writhing up and striking like a wounded snake, drove the knife home between his shoulders.

The bottle fell and rolled to the middle of the platform, and there, while each strove vainly to reach it, it poured out its

treasure in a tiny stream that trickled away and was lost.

It may have been minutes or hours later —for time has no count in emptiness— when next a sound proceeded from that frail slip of a raft, hung like a mote between sea and sky. It was a phase of song, a wandering strain in half tones and fluted accidentals, not unmelodious. The black Canaque was singing. He sang without emotion or effort, quite casually and softly to himself. So he might sing by his forest hut to ease some hour of idleness. Clasping his knees and gazing out into space, untroubled, unmoved, enigmatic to the end, he sang—he sang.

And, after all, the ship came.

She came in a manner befitting the sauciest little tops'l schooner between Nukahiva and the Pelews—as her owner often averred and none but the envious denied—in a manner worthy, too, of that able Captain Jean Guibert, the merriest little scamp that ever cleaned a pearl bank or snapped a cargo of labour from a scowling coast. Before the first whiff out of the west came the *Petite Suzanne,* curtsying and skipping along with a flash of white frill by her forefoot, and brought up startled and stood shaking her skirts and keeping herself quite daintily to windward.

"And 'ere they are sure enough, by dam!" said the polyglot Captain Jean in the language of commerce and profanity. "Zose passengers for us, hey? They been here all the time, not ten mile off—I bet you, Marteau. Ain't it 'ell? What you zink, my gar?"

His second, a tall and excessively bony individual of gloomy outlook, handed back the glasses.

"More bad luck. I never approved of this job. And now—see?—we have had our voyage for nothing. What misfortune!"

"Marteau, if that good Saint Pierre gives you some day a gold 'arp still you would holler bad luck—bad job!" retorted Captain Jean. "Do I 'ire you to stand zere and cry about ze luck? Get a boat over, and quicker zan zat!"

M. Marteau aroused himself sufficiently to take command of the boat's crew that presently dropped away to investigate. . . .

"It is even as I thought," he called up from the quarter when he returned with his report. "I told you how it would be, Captain Jean."

"Hey?" cried the captain, bouncing at the rail. "Have you got zose passengers yet, *enfant de salaud?*"

"I have not," said Marteau in the tone of lugubrious triumph. There was nothing in the world that could have pleased him quite so much as this chance to prove Captain Jéan the loser on a venture. "We are too late. Bad luck, bad luck—that calm. What misfortune! They are all dead!"

"Will you mind your business?" shouted the skipper.

"But still, the gentlemen are dead——"

"What is zat to me? All ze better, they will cost nozing to feed."

"But how——"

"Hogsheads, my gar," said Captain Jean paternally. "Zose hogsheads in the afterhold. Fill them nicely with brine, and zere we are!" And, having drawn all possible satisfaction from the other's amazement, he sprang the nub of his joke with a grin. "Ze gentlemen's passage is all paid, Marteau. Before we left Sydney, Marteau. I contrac' to bring back three escape' convicts, and so by 'ell I do—in pickle! And now if you'll kindly get zose passengers aboard like I said an' bozzer less about ze goddam luck, I be much oblige'. Also, zere is no green on my eye, Marteau, and you can dam' well smoke it!"

Marteau recovered himself with difficulty in time to recall another trifling detail. "There is a fourth man on board that raft, Captain Jean. He is a Canaque —still alive. What shall we do with him?"

"A Canaque?" snapped Captain Jean. "A Canaque! I had no word in my contrac' about any Canaque. . . . Leave him zere. . . . He is only a dam' nigger. He'll do well enough where he is."

And Captain Jean was right, perfectly right, for while the *Petite Suzanne* was taking aboard her grisly cargo the wind freshened from the west, and just about the time she was shaping away for Australia the "dam' nigger" spread his own sail of pandanus leaves and twirled his own helm of niaouli wood and headed the catamaran eastward, back toward New Caledonia.

Feeling somewhat dry after his exertion, he plucked at random from the platform a hollow reed with a sharp end and stretching himself at full length in his accustomed place at the stern, he thrust the reed down into one of the bladders underneath and drank his fill of sweet water. . . .

He had a dozen such storage bladders remaining, built into the floats at intervals above the water line—quite enough to last him safely home again.

Turtle Eggs for Agassiz

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

IT IS one of the wonders of the world that so few books are written. With every human being a possible book, and with many a human being capable of becoming more books than the world could contain, is it not amazing that the books of men are so few? And so stupid!

I took down, recently, from the shelves of a great public library, the four volumes of Agassiz's "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States." I doubt if anybody but the charwoman, with her duster, had touched those volumes for twenty-five years. They are an excessively learned, a monumental, an epoch-making work, the fruit of vast and heroic labours, with coloured plates on stone, showing the turtles of the United States, and their embryology. The work was published more than half a century ago (by subscription); but it looked old beyond its years—massive, heavy, weathered, as if dug from the rocks. It was difficult to feel that Agassiz could have written it—could have built it, grown it, for the laminated pile had required for its growth the patience and painstaking care of a process of nature, as if it were a kind of printed coral reef. Agassiz do this? The big, human, magnetic man at work upon these pages of capital letters, Roman figures, brackets, and parentheses in explanation of the pages of diagrams and plates! I turned away with a sigh from the weary learning, to read the preface.

When a great man writes a great book he usually flings a preface after it, and thereby saves it, sometimes, from oblivion. Whether so or not, the best things in most books are their prefaces. It was not, however, the quality of the preface to these great volumes that interested me, but rather the wicked waste of durable book material that went to its making. Reading down through the catalogue of human names and of thanks for help received, I came to a sentence beginning:—

"In New England I have myself collected largely; but I have also received valuable contributions from the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington; . . . from Mr. D. Henry Thoreau of Concord; . . . and from Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro'." And then it hastens on with the thanks in order to get to the turtles, as if turtles were the one and only thing of real importance in all the world.

Turtles no doubt are important, extremely important, embryologically, as part of our genealogical tree; but they are away down among the roots of the tree as compared with the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington. I happen to know nothing about the Rev. Zadoc, but to me he looks very interesting. Indeed, any reverend gentleman of his name and day who would catch turtles for Agassiz must have been interesting. And as for D. Henry Thoreau, we know he was interesting. The rarest wood-turtle in the United States was not so rare a specimen as this gentleman of Walden Woods and Concord. We are glad even for this line in the preface about him; glad to know that he tried, in this untranscendental way, to serve his day and generation. If Agassiz had only put a chapter in his turtle book about it! But this is the material he wasted, this and more of the same human sort; for the "Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro'" (at the end of the quotation) was, some years later, an old college professor of mine, who told me a few of the particulars of his turtle contributions, particulars which Agassiz should have found a place for in his big book. The preface, in another paragraph, says merely that this gentleman sent turtles to Cambridge by the thousands—brief and scanty recognition! For that is not the only thing this gentleman did. On one occasion he sent, not turtles, but turtle *eggs* to Cambridge—*brought* them, I should say; and all there is to show for it, so far as I could discover, is a sectional drawing of a bit of the mesoblastic layer of one of the eggs!

Of course, Agassiz wanted to make that

mesoblastic drawing, or some other equally important drawing, and had to have the fresh turtle egg to draw it from. He had to have it, and he got it. A great man, when he wants a certain turtle egg, at a certain time, always gets it, for he gets some one else to get it. I am glad he got it. But what makes me sad and impatient is that he did not think it worth while to tell about the getting of it, and so made merely a learned turtle book of what might have been an exceedingly interesting human book.

It would seem, naturally, that there could be nothing unusual or interesting about the getting of turtle eggs when you want them. Nothing at all, if you should chance to want the eggs as you chance to find them. So with anything else,—good copper stock, for instance, if you should chance to want it, and should chance to be along when they chance to be giving it away. But if you want copper stock, say of C & H quality, *when* you want it, and are bound to have it, then you must command more than a college professor's salary. And likewise, precisely, when it is turtle eggs that you are bound to have.

Agassiz wanted those turtle eggs when he wanted them—not a minute over three hours from the minute they were laid. Yet even that does not seem exacting, hardly more difficult than the getting of hen eggs only three hours old. Just so, provided the professor could have had his private turtle-coop in Harvard Yard; and provided he could have made his turtles lay. But turtles will not respond, like hens, to meat-scraps and the warm mash. The professor's problem was not to get from a mud turtle's nest in the back yard to the table in the laboratory; but to get from the laboratory in Cambridge to some pond when the turtles were laying, and back to the laboratory within the limited time. And this, in the days of Darius Green, might have called for nice and discriminating work—as it did.

Agassiz had been engaged for a long time upon his "Contributions." He had brought the great work nearly to a finish. It was, indeed, finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: he had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development with the single exception of one—the very earliest—that stage of first cleavages, when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. That beginning stage had brought the "Contributions" to a halt. To get eggs that were fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

There were several ways that Agassiz might have proceeded: he might have got a leave of absence for the spring term, taken his laboratory to some pond inhabited by turtles, and there camped until he should catch the reptile digging out her nest. But there were difficulties in all of that—as those who are college professors and naturalists know. As this was quite out of the question, he did the easiest thing—asked Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' to get him the eggs. Mr. Jenks got them. Agassiz knew all about his getting them; and I say the strange and irritating thing is, that Agassiz did not think it worth while to tell us about it, at least in the preface to his monumental work.

It was many years later that Mr. Jenks, then a gray-haired college professor, told me how he got those eggs to Agassiz.

"I was principal of an academy, during my younger years," he began, "and was busy one day with my classes, when a large man suddenly filled the doorway of the room, smiled to the four corners of the room, and called out with a big, quick voice that he was Professor Agassiz.

"Of course he was. I knew it, even before he had had time to shout it to me across the room.

"Would I get him some turtle eggs? he called. Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge within three hours from the time they were laid? Yes, I would. And I did. And it was worth the doing. But I did it only once.

"When I promised Agassiz those eggs I knew where I was going to get them. I had got turtle eggs there before—at a particular patch of sandy shore along a pond, a few miles distant from the academy.

"Three hours was the limit. From my railroad station to Boston was thirty-five miles; from the pond to the station was perhaps three or four miles; from Boston to Cambridge we called about three miles. Forty miles in round numbers! We figured it all out before he returned, and got the trip down to two hours,—record time: driving from the pond to the station; from the station by express train to Boston; from Boston by cab to Cambridge. This left an easy hour for accidents and delays.

"Cab and car and carriage we reckoned into our time-table; but what we didn't figure on was the turtle." And he paused abruptly.

"Young man," he went on, his shaggy brows and spectacles hardly hiding the twinkle in the eyes that were bent severely

upon me, "young man, when *you* go after turtle eggs, take into account the turtle. No! no! that's bad advice. Youth never reckons on the turtle—and youth seldom ought to. Only old age does that; and old age would never have got those turtle eggs to Agassiz.

"It was in the early spring that Agassiz came to the academy, long before there was any likelihood of the turtles laying. But I was eager for the quest, and so fearful of failure, that I started out to watch at the pond fully two weeks ahead of the time that the turtles might be expected to lay. I remember the date clearly: it was May 14.

"A little before dawn—along near three o'clock—I would drive over to the pond, hitch my horse near by, settle myself quietly among some thick cedars close to the sandy shore, and there I would wait, my kettle of sand ready, my eye covering the whole sleeping pond. Here among the cedars I would eat my breakfast, and then get back in good season to open the academy for the morning session.

"And so the watch began.

"I soon came to know individually the dozen or more turtles that kept to my side of the pond. Shortly after the cold mist would lift and melt away, they would stick up their heads through the quiet water; and as the sun slanted down over the ragged rim of treetops, the slow things would float into the warm, lighted spots, or crawl out and doze comfortably on the hummocks and snags.

"What fragrant mornings those were! How fresh and new and unbreathed! The pond odours, the woods odours, the odours of the ploughed fields—of water-lily, and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil! I can taste them yet, and hear them yet—the still, large sounds of the waking day—the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl; the kingfisher dropping anchor; the stir of feet and wings among the trees. And then the thought of the great book being held up for me! Those were rare mornings!

"But there began to be a good many of them, for the turtles showed no desire to lay. They sprawled in the sun, and never one came out upon the sand as if she intended to help on the great professor's book. The embryology of her eggs was of small concern to her; her Contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait.

"And it did wait. I began my watch on the 14th of May; June 1st found me still among the cedars, still waiting, as I had waited every morning, Sundays and rainy days alike. June 1st was a perfect morning, but every turtle slid out upon her log, as if egg-laying might be a matter strictly of next year.

"I began to grow uneasy,—not impatient yet, for a naturalist learns his lesson of patience early, and for all his years; but I began to fear lest, by some subtle sense, my presence might somehow be known to the creatures; that they might have gone to some other place to lay, while I was away at the schoolroom.

"I watched on to the end of the first week, on to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together in the same clump of cedars, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. A month of morning mists wrapping me around had at last soaked through to my bones. But Agassiz was waiting, and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait. It was all I could do, for there is no use bringing a china nest-egg to a turtle; she is not open to any such delicate suggestion.

"Then came the mid-June Sunday morning, with dawn breaking a little after three: a warm, wide-awake dawn, with the level mist lifted from the level surface of the pond a full hour higher than I had seen it any morning before.

"This was the day. I knew it. I have heard persons say that they can hear the grass grow; that they know by some extra sense when danger is nigh. That we have these extra senses I fully believe, and I believe they can be sharpened by cultivation. For a month I had been brooding over this pond, and now I knew. I felt a stirring of the pulse of things that the cold-hearted turtles could no more escape than could the clods and I.

"Leaving my horse unhitched, as if he, too, understood, I slipped eagerly into my covert for a look at the pond. As I did so, a large pickerel ploughed a furrow out through the spatter-docks, and in his wake rose the head of an enormous turtle. Swinging slowly around, the creature headed straight for the shore, and without a pause scrambled out on the sand.

"She was about the size of a big scoop-shovel; but that was not what excited me, so much as her manner, and the gait at which she moved; for there was method in

it and fixed purpose. On she came, shuffling over the sand toward the higher open fields, with a hurried, determined see-saw that was taking her somewhere in particular, and that was bound to get her there on time.

"I held my breath. Had she been a dinosaurian making Mesozoic footprints, I could not have been more fearful. For footprints in the Mesozoic mud, or in the sands of time, were as nothing to me when compared with fresh turtle eggs in the sands of this pond.

"But over the strip of sand, without a stop, she paddled, and up a narrow cowpath into the high grass along a fence. Then up the narrow cowpath, on all fours, just like another turtle, I paddled, and into the high wet grass along the fence.

"I kept well within sound of her, for she moved recklessly, leaving a trail of flattened grass a foot and a half wide. I wanted to stand up,—and I don't believe I could have turned her back with a rail—but I was afraid if she saw me that she might return indefinitely to the pond; so on I went, flat to the ground, squeezing through the lower rails of the fence, as if the field beyond were a melon-patch. It was nothing of the kind, only a wild, uncomfortable pasture, full of dewberry vines, and very discouraging. They were excessively wet vines and briery. I pulled my coat-sleeves as far over my fists as I could get them, and with the tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth to avoid noise, I stumped fiercely but silently on after the turtle.

"She was laying her course, I thought, straight down the length of this dreadful pasture, when, not far from the fence, she suddenly hove to, warped herself short about, and came back, barely clearing me, at a clip that was thrilling. I warped about, too, and in her wake bore down across the corner of the pasture, across the powdery public road, and on to a fence along a field of young corn.

"I was somewhat wet by this time, but not so wet as I had been before wallowing through the deep dry dust of the road. Hurrying up behind a large tree by the fence, I peered down the corn-rows and saw the turtle stop, and begin to paw about in the loose soft soil. She was going to lay!

"I held on to the tree and watched, as she tried this place, and that place, and the other place—the eternally feminine!—But *the* place, evidently, was hard to find. What could a female turtle do with a whole field of possible nests to choose from? Then at last she found it, and whirling about, she backed quickly at it, and, tail first, began to bury herself before my staring eyes.

"Those were not the supreme moments of my life; perhaps those moments came later that day; but those certainly were among the slowest, most dreadfully mixed of moments that I ever experienced. They were hours long. There she was, her shell just showing, like some old hulk in the sand along shore. And how long would she stay there? and how should I know if she had laid an egg?

"I could still wait. And so I waited, when, over the freshly awakened fields, floated four mellow strokes from the distant town clock.

"Four o'clock! Why, there was no train until seven! No train for three hours! The eggs would spoil! Then with a rush it came over me that this was Sunday morning, and there was no regular seven o'clock train—none till after nine.

"I think I should have fainted had not the turtle just then begun crawling off. I was weak and dizzy; but there, there in the sand, were the eggs! and Agassiz! and the great book! And I cleared the fence, and the forty miles that lay between me and Cambridge, at a single jump. He should have them, trains or no. Those eggs should go to Agassiz by seven o'clock, if I had to gallop every mile of the way. Forty miles! Any horse could cover it in three hours, if he had to; and upsetting the astonished turtle, I scooped out her round white eggs.

"On a bed of sand in the bottom of the pail I laid them, with what care my trembling fingers allowed; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim; and covering all smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse.

"That horse knew, as well as I, that the turtle had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz. He turned out of that field into the road on two wheels, a thing he had not done for twenty years, doubling me up before the dashboard, the pail of eggs miraculously lodged between my knees.

"I let him out. If only he could keep this pace all the way to Cambridge! or even halfway there; and I would have time to finish the trip on foot. I shouted him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, though the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood-road, was terrific. But nothing must happen to the eggs; they must not be jarred, or even turned over in the sand before they came to Agassiz.

"In order to get out on the pike it was

necessary to drive back away from Boston toward the town. We had nearly covered the distance, and were rounding a turn from the woods into the open fields, when, ahead of me, at the station it seemed, I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive.

"What did it mean? Then followed the *puff, puff, puff*, of a starting train. But what train? Which way going? And jumping to my feet for a longer view, I pulled into a side road, that paralleled the track, and headed hard for the station.

"We reeled along. The station was still out of sight, but from behind the bushes that shut it from view, rose the smoke of a moving engine. It was perhaps a mile away, but we were approaching, head on, and topping a little hill I swept down upon a freight train, the black smoke pouring from the stack, as the mighty creature got itself together for its swift run down the rails.

"My horse was on the gallop, going with the track, and straight toward the coming train. The sight of it almost maddened me —the bare thought of it, on the road to Boston! On I went; on it came, a half—a quarter of a mile between us, when suddenly my road shot out along an unfenced field with only a level stretch of sod between me and the engine.

"With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into the field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track. That train should carry me and my eggs to Boston!

"The engineer pulled the rope. He saw me standing up in the rig, saw my hat blow off, saw me wave my arms, saw the tin pail swing in my teeth, and he jerked out a succession of sharp halts! But it was he who should halt, not I; and on we went, the horse with a flounder landing the carriage on top of the track.

"The train was already grinding to a stop; but before it was near a standstill, I had backed off the track, jumped out, and, running down the rails with the astonished engineers gaping at me, swung aboard the cab.

"They offered no resistance; they hadn't had time. Nor did they have the disposition, for I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

" 'Crazy,' the fireman muttered, looking to the engineer for his cue.

"I had been crazy, perhaps, but I was not crazy now.

" 'Throw her wide open,' I commanded. 'Wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast.'

"Then they knew I was crazy, and evidently thinking it best to humour me, threw the throttle wide open, and away we went.

"I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly in the open field, and gave a smile to my crew. That was all I could give them, and hold myself and the eggs together. But the smile was enough. And they smiled through their smut at me, though one of them held fast to his shovel, while the other kept his hand upon a big, ugly wrench. Neither of them spoke to me, but above the roar of the swaying engine I caught enough of their broken talk to understand that they were driving under a full head of steam, with the intention of handing me over to the Boston police, as perhaps the safest way of disposing of me.

"I was only afraid that they would try it at the next station. But that station whizzed past without a bit of slack, and the next, and the next; when it came over me that this was the through freight, which should have passed in the night, and was making up lost time.

"Only the fear of the shovel and the wrench kept me from shaking hands with both men at this discovery. But I beamed at them; and they at me. I was enjoying it. The unwonted jar beneath my feet was wrinkling my diaphragm with spasms of delight. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, 'See the lunatic grin; he likes it!'

"He did like it. How the iron wheels sang to me as they took the rails! How the rushing wind in my ears sang to me! From my stand on the fireman's side of the cab I could catch a glimpse of the track just ahead of the engine, where the ties seemed to leap into the throat of the mile-devouring monster. The joy of it! of seeing space swallowed by the mile!

"I shifted the eggs from hand to hand and thought of my horse, of Agassiz, of the great book, of my great luck,—luck,—luck,—until the multitudinous tongues of the thundering train were all chiming 'luck! luck! luck!' They knew! they understood! This beast of fire and tireless wheels was doing its best to get the eggs to Agassiz!

"We swung out past the Blue Hills, and yonder flashed the morning sun from the towering dome of the State House. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way on foot, had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrowly. I was not in Boston yet, nor in Cambridge

either. I was an escaped lunatic, who had held up a train, and forced it to carry me to Boston.

"Perhaps I had overdone the lunacy business. Suppose these two men should take it into their heads to turn me over to the police, whether I would or no? I could never explain the case in time to get the eggs to Agassiz. I looked at my watch. There were still a few minutes left, in which I might explain to these men, who, all at once, had become my captors. But it was too late. Nothing could avail against my actions, my appearance, and my little pail of sand.

"I had not thought of my appearance before. Here I was, face and clothes caked with yellow mud, my hair wild and matted, my hat gone, and in my full-grown hands a tiny tin pail of sand, as if I had been digging all night with a tiny shovel on the shore! And thus to appear in the decent streets of Boston of a Sunday morning!

"I began to feel like a lunatic. The situation was serious, or might be, and rather desperately funny at its best. I must in some way have shown my new fears, for both men watched me more sharply.

"Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight-yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump, but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to guard me. I looked at my watch again. What time we had made! It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge.

"But I didn't like this delay. Five minutes—ten—went by.

" 'Gentlemen,' I began, but was cut short by an express train coming past. We were moving again, on—into a siding; on—on to the main track; and on with a bump and a crash and a succession of crashes, running the length of the train; on at a turtle's pace, but on—when the fireman, quickly jumping for the bell-rope, left the way to the step free, and—the chance had come!

"I never touched the step, but landed in the soft sand at the side of the track, and made a line for the yard fence.

"There was no hue or cry. I glanced over my shoulder to see if they were after me. Evidently their hands were full, and they didn't know I had gone.

"But I had gone; and was ready to drop over the high board-fence, when it occurred to me that I might drop into a policeman's arms. Hanging my pail in a splint on top of a post, I peered cautiously over—a very wise thing to do before you jump a high board-fence. There, crossing the open square toward the station, was a big burly fellow with a club—looking for me.

"I flattened for a moment, when some one in the yard yelled at me. I preferred the policeman, and grabbing my pail I slid over to the street. The policeman moved on past the corner of the station out of sight. The square was free, and yonder stood a cab!

"Time was flying now. Here was the last lap. The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a paper dollar at him, but he only stared the more. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust them both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, 'Cambridge!'

"He would have taken me straight to the police station, had I not said, 'Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz'; and pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"It was nearly half-past six.

" 'Let him go!' I ordered. 'Here's another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes. Let him out. Never mind the police!'

"He evidently knew the police, or there were few around at that time on a Sunday morning. We went down the sleeping streets, as I had gone down the wood-roads from the pond two hours before, but with the rattle and crash now of a fire brigade. Whirling a corner into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting out something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and a belt and brass buttons.

"Across the bridge with a rattle and jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy, and on over the cobble-stones, we went. Half-standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself in the other, not daring to let go even to look at my watch.

"But I was afraid to look at the watch. I was afraid to see how near to seven o'clock it might be. The sweat was dropping from my nose, so close was I running to the limit of my time.

"Suddenly there was a lurch, and I dove forward, ramming my head into the front of the cab, coming up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

"We had stopped. Here was Agassiz's house; and not taking time to pick up the scattered eggs, I tumbled out, and pounded at the door.

"No one was astir in the house. But I would stir them. And I did. Right in the

midst of the racket the door opened. It was the maid.

"'Agassiz,' I gasped, 'I want Professor Agassiz, quick!' And I pushed by her into the hall.

"'Go 'way sir. I'll call the police. Professor Agassiz is in bed. Go 'way, sir.'

"'Call him—Agassiz—instantly, or I'll call him myself!'

"But I didn't; for just then a door overhead, was flung open, a white-robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick loud voice called excitedly—

"'Let him in! Let him in! I know him. He has my turtle eggs!'

"And the apparition, slipperless, and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing down the stairs.

"The maid fled. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands, and dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to seven—as if nothing unusual were happening to the history of the world."

"You were in time then?" I said.

"To the tick. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it."

The Song of the Blackbird

By LORD DUNSANY

AS THE poet passed the thorn-tree the blackbird sang.

"How ever do you do it?" the poet said, for he knew the bird language.

"It was like this," said the blackbird. "It really was the most extraordinary thing. I made that song last Spring, it came to me all of a sudden. There was the most beautiful she-blackbird that the world has ever seen. Her eyes were blacker than lakes are at night, her feathers were blacker than the night itself, and nothing was as yellow as her beak; she could fly much faster than the lightning. She was not an ordinary she-blackbird, there has never been any other like her at all. I did not dare go near her because she was so wonderful. One day last Spring when I got warm again—it had been cold, we ate berries, things were quite different then, but Spring came and it got warm—one day I was thinking how wonderful she was and it seemed so extraordinary to think that I should ever have seen her, the only really wonderful she-blackbird in the world, that I opened my beak to give a shout, and then this song came, and there had never been anything like it before, and luckily I remembered it, the very song that I just sang now. But what is so extraordinary, the most amazing occurrence of that marvelous day, was that no sooner had I sung the song than that very bird, the most wonderful she-blackbird in the world, flew right up to me and sat quite close to me on the same tree. I never remember such wonderful times as those.

"Yes, the song came in a moment, and as I was saying. . . ."

And an old wanderer walking with a stick came by and the blackbird flew away, and the poet told the old man the blackbird's wonderful story.

"That song new?" said the wanderer. "Not a bit of it. God made it years ago. All the blackbirds used to sing it when I was young. It was new then."

Wan Lee, the Pagan

By BRET HARTE

AS I opened Hop Sing's letter there fluttered to the ground a square strip of yellow paper covered with hieroglyphics, which at first glance I innocently took to be the label from a pack of Chinese fire-crackers. But the same envelope also contained a smaller strip of rice paper, with two Chinese characters traced in India ink, that I at once knew to be Hop Sing's visiting card. The whole, as afterwards literally translated, ran as follows:—

To the stranger the gates of my house are not closed; the rice-jar is on the left, and the sweetmeats on the right, as you enter.

Two sayings of the Master:

Hospitality is the virtue of the son and the wisdom of the ancestor.

The superior man is light-hearted after the crop-gathering; he makes a festival.

When the stranger is in your melon patch observe him not too closely; inattention is often the highest form of civility.

Happiness, Peace, and Prosperity. HOP SING.

Admirable, certainly, as was this morality and proverbial wisdom, and although this last axiom was very characteristic of my friend Hop Sing, who was that most sombre of all humourists, a Chinese philosopher, I must confess that, even after a very free translation, I was at a loss to make any immediate application of the message. Luckily I discovered a third inclosure in the shape of a little note in English and Hop Sing's own commercial hand. It ran thus:—

The pleasure of your company is requested at No.— Sacramento Street, on Friday evening at eight o'clock. A cup of tea at nine—sharp.

HOP SING.

This explained all. It meant a visit to Hop Sing's warehouse, the opening and exhibition of some rare Chinese novelties and curios, a chat in the back office, a cup of tea of a perfection unknown beyond these sacred precincts, cigars, and a visit to the Chinese Theater or Temple. This was in fact the favourite program of Hop Sing when he exercised his functions of hospitality as the chief factor or superintendent of the Ning Foo Company.

At eight o'clock on Friday evening I entered the warehouse of Hop Sing. There was that deliciously commingled mysterious foreign odour that I had so often noticed; there was the old array of uncouth-looking objects, the long procession of jars and crockery, the same singular blending of the grotesque and the mathematically neat and exact, the same endless suggestions of frivolity and fragility, the same want of harmony in colours that were each, in themselves, beautiful and rare. Kites in the shape of enormous dragons and gigantic butterflies; kites so ingeniously arranged as to utter at intervals, when facing the wind, the cry of a hawk; kites so large as to be beyond any boy's power of restraint—so large that you understood why kite-flying in China was an amusement for adults; gods of china and bronze so gratuitously ugly as to be beyond any human interest or sympathy from their very impossibility; jars of sweetmeats covered all over with moral sentiments from Confucius; hats that looked like baskets, and baskets that looked like hats; silk so light that I hesitate to record the incredible number of square yards that you might pass through the ring on your little finger—these and a great many other indescribable objects were all familiar to me. I pushed my way through the dimly lighted warehouse until I reached the back office or parlour, where I found Hop Sing waiting to receive me.

Before I describe him I want the average reader to discharge from his mind any idea of a Chinaman that he may have gathered from the pantomime. He did not wear beautifully scalloped drawers fringed with little bells—I never met a Chinaman who did; he did not habitually carry his fan

finger extended before him at right angles with his body, nor did I ever hear him utter the mysterious sentence, "Ching a ring a ring chaw," nor dance under any provocation. He was, on the whole, a rather grave, decorous, handsome gentleman. His complexion, which extended all over his head except where his long pig-tail grew, was like a very nice piece of glazed brown paper-muslin. His eyes were black and bright, and his eyelids set at an angle of 15°; his nose straight and delicately formed, his mouth small, and his teeth white and clean. He wore a dark blue silk blouse, and in the streets on cold days a short jacket of Astrakhan fur. He wore also a pair of drawers of blue brocade gathered tightly over his calves and ankles, offering a general sort of suggestion that he had forgotten his trousers that morning, but that, so gentlemanly were his manners, his friends had forborne to mention the fact to him. His manner was urbane, although quite serious. He spoke French and English fluently. In brief, I doubt if you could have found the equal of this Pagan shopkeeper among the Christian traders of San Francisco.

There were a few others present: a Judge of the Federal Court, an editor, a high government official, and a prominent merchant. After we had drunk our tea, and tasted a few sweetmeats from a mysterious jar, that looked as if it might contain a preserved mouse among its other nondescript treasures, Hop Sing arose, and gravely beckoning us to follow him, began to descend to the basement. When we got there, we were amazed at finding it brilliantly lighted, and that a number of chairs were arranged in a half-circle on the asphalt pavement. When he had courteously seated us, he said,——

"I have invited you to witness a performance which I can at least promise you no other foreigners but yourselves have ever seen. Wang, the court juggler, arrived here yesterday morning. He has never given a performance outside of the palace before. I have asked him to entertain my friends this evening. He requires no theater, stage, accessories, or any confederate—nothing more than you see here. Will you be pleased to examine the ground yourselves, gentlemen?"

Of course we examined the premises. It was the ordinary basement or cellar of the San Francisco storehouse, cemented to keep out the damp. We poked our sticks into the pavement and rapped on the walls to satisfy our polite host, but for no other purpose. We were quite content to be the victims of any clever deception. For myself, I knew I was ready to be deluded to any extent, and if I had been offered an explanation of what followed, I should have probably declined it.

Although I am satisfied that Wang's general performance was the first of that kind ever given on American soil, it has probably since become so familiar to many of my readers that I shall not bore them with it here. He began by setting to flight, with the aid of his fan, the usual number of butterflies made before our eyes of little bits of tissue-paper, and kept them in the air during the remainder of the performance. I have a vivid recollection of the judge trying to catch one that had lit on his knee, and of its evading him with the pertinacity of a living insect. And even at this time Wang, still plying his fan, was taking chickens out of hats, making oranges disappear, pulling endless yards of silk from his sleeve, apparently filling the whole area of the basement with goods that appeared mysteriously from the ground, from his own sleeves, from nowhere! He swallowed knives to the ruin of his digestion for years to come; he dislocated every limb of his body; he reclined in the air, apparently upon nothing. But his crowning performance, which I have never yet seen repeated, was the most weird, mysterious, and astounding. It is my apology for this long introduction, my sole excuse for writing this article, the genesis of this veracious history.

He cleared the ground of its encumbering articles for a space of about fifteen feet square, and then invited us all to walk forward and again examine it. We did so gravely; there was nothing but the cemented pavement below to be seen or felt. He then asked for the loan of a handkerchief, and, as I chanced to be nearest him, I offered mine. He took it and spread it open upon the floor. Over this he spread a large square of silk, and over this again a large shawl nearly covering the space he had cleared. He then took a position at one of the points of this rectangle, and began a monotonous chant, rocking his body to and fro in time with the somewhat lugubrious air.

We sat still and waited. Above the chant we could hear the striking of the city clocks, and the occasional rattle of a cart in the street overhead. The absolute watchfulness and expectation, the dim, mysterious half-light of the cellar, falling in a gruesome way

upon the misshapen bulk of a Chinese deity in the background, a faint smell of opium smoke mingling with spice, and the dreadful uncertainty of what we were really waiting for, sent an uncomfortable thrill down our backs, and made us look at each other with a forced and unnatural smile. This feeling was heightened when Hop Sing slowly rose, and, without a word, pointed with his finger to the center of the shawl.

There was something beneath the shawl! Surely—and something that was not there before. At first a mere suggestion in relief, a faint outline, but growing more and more distinct and visible every moment. The chant still continued, the perspiration began to roll from the singer's face, gradually the hidden object took upon itself a shape and bulk that raised the shawl in its center some five or six inches. It was now unmistakably the outline of a small but perfect human figure, with extended arms and legs. One or two of us turned pale; there was a feeling of general uneasiness, until the editor broke the silence by a gibe that, poor as it was, was received with spontaneous enthusiasm. Then the chant suddenly ceased, Wang arose, and, with a quick, dexterous movement, stripped both shawl and silk away, and discovered, sleeping peacefully upon my handkerchief, a tiny Chinese baby!

The applause and uproar which followed this revelation ought to have satisfied Wang, even if his audience was a small one; it was loud enough to awaken the baby—a pretty little boy about a year old, looking like a Cupid cut out of sandalwood. He was whisked away almost as mysteriously as he appeared. When Hop Sing returned my handkerchief to me with a bow, I asked if the juggler was the father of the baby. "No sabe!" said the imperturbable Hop Sing, taking refuge in that Spanish form of noncommittalism so common in California.

"But does he have a new baby for every performance?" I asked.

"Perhaps; who knows?"

"But what will become of this one?"

"Whatever you choose, gentlemen," replied Hop Sing, with a courteous inclination; "it was born here—you are its godfathers."

There were two characteristic peculiarities of any Californian assemblage in 1856: it was quick to take a hint, and generous to the point of prodigality in its response to any charitable appeal. No matter how sordid or avaricious the individual, he could not resist the infection of sympathy. I doubled the points of my handkerchief into a bag, dropped a coin into it, and, without a word, passed it to the judge. He quietly added a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and passed it to the next; when it was returned to me it contained over a hundred dollars. I knotted the money in the handkerchief, and gave it to Hop Sing.

"For the baby, from its godfathers."

"But what name?" said the judge. There was a running fire of "Erebus," "Nox," "Plutus," "Terra Cotta," "Antæus," etc., etc. Finally the question was referred to our host.

"Why not keep his own name," he said quietly,—"Wan Lee?" And he did.

And thus was Wan Lee, on the night of Friday the 5th of March, 1856, born into this veracious chronicle.

The last form of the *Northern Star* for the 19th of July, 1865,—the only daily paper published in Klamath County,—had just gone to press, and at three A. M. I was putting aside my proofs and manuscripts, preparatory to going home, when I discovered a letter lying under some sheets of paper which I must have overlooked. The envelope was considerably soiled, it had no postmark, but I had no difficulty in recognizing the hand of my friend Hop Sing. I opened it hurriedly, and read as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR—I do not know whether the bearer will suit you, but unless the office of "devil" in your newspaper is a purely technical one, I think he has all the qualities required. He is very quick, active, and intelligent; understands English better than he speaks it, and makes up for any defect by his habits of observation and imitation. You have only to show him how to do a thing once, and he will repeat it, whether it is an offense or a virtue. But you certainly know him already; you are one of his godfathers, for is he not Wan Lee, the reputed son of Wang the conjurer, to whose performances I had the honour to introduce you? But perhaps you have forgotten it.

I shall send him with a gang of coolies to Stockton, thence by express to your town. If you can use him there, you will do me a favour, and probably save his life, which is at present in great peril from the hands of the younger members of your Christian and highly civilized race who attend the enlightened schools in San Francisco.

He has acquired some singular habits and customs from his experience of Wang's profession, which he followed for some years, until he became too large to go in a hat, or be produced from his father's sleeve. The money you left with me has been expended on his education; he has gone through the Tri-literal Classics, but, I think, without much benefit. He knows but little of Confucius, and absolutely nothing of Mencius. Owing to the negligence of his father, he associated, perhaps, too much with American children.

I should have answered your letter before by post, but I thought that Wan Lee himself would be a better messenger for this. Yours respectfully,

HOP SING.

And this was the long-delayed answer to my letter to Hop Sing. But where was "the bearer"? How was the letter delivered? I summoned hastily the foreman, printers, and office boy, but without eliciting anything: no one had seen the letter delivered, nor knew anything of the bearer. A few days later I had a visit from my laundryman, Ah Ri.

"You wantee debbil? All lightee; me catchee him."

He returned in a few moments with a bright-looking Chinese boy, about ten years old, with whose appearance and general intelligence I was so greatly impressed that I engaged him on the spot. When the business was concluded, I asked his name.

"Wan Lee," said the boy.

"What! Are you the boy sent out by Hop Sing? What the devil do you mean by not coming here before, and how did you deliver that letter?"

Wan Lee looked at me and laughed. "Me pitchee in top side window."

I did not understand. He looked for a moment perplexed, and then, snatching the letter out of my hand, ran down the stairs. After a moment's pause, to my great astonishment, the letter came flying in at the window, circled twice around the room, and then dropped gently like a bird upon my table. Before I had got over my surprize Wan Lee reappeared, smiled, looked at the letter and then at me, said, "So John," and then remained gravely silent. I said nothing further, but it was understood that this was his first official act.

His next performance, I grieve to say, was not attended with equal success. One of our regular paper-carriers fell sick, and, at a pinch, Wan Lee was ordered to fill his place. To prevent mistakes he was shown over the route the previous evening, and supplied at about daylight with the usual number of subscribers' copies. He returned after an hour, in good spirits and without the papers. He had delivered them all he said.

Unfortunately for Wan Lee, at about eight o'clock indignant subscribers began to arrive at the office. They had received their copies; but how? In the form of hard-pressed cannon-balls, delivered by a single shot and a mere *tour de force* through the glass of bedroom windows. They had received them full in the face, like a baseball, if they happened to be up and stirring; they had received them in quarter sheets, tucked in at separate windows; they had found them in the chimney, pinned against the door, shot through attic windows, delivered in long slips through convenient keyholes, stuffed into ventilators, and occupying the same can with the morning's milk. One subscriber, who waited for some time at the office door, to have a personal interview with Wan Lee (then comfortably locked in my bedroom), told me, with tears of rage in his eyes, that he had been awakened at five o'clock by a most hideous yelling below his windows; that on rising, in great agitation, he was startled by the sudden appearance of the *Northern Star*, rolled hard and bent into the form of a boomerang or East Indian club, that sailed into the window, described a number of fiendish circles in the room, knocked over the light, slapped the baby's face, "took" him (the subscriber) "in the jaw," and then returned out of the window, and dropped helplessly in the area. During the rest of the day wads and strips of soiled paper, purporting to be copies of the *Northern Star* of that morning's issue, were brought indignantly to the office. An admirable editorial on "The Resources of Humboldt County," which I had constructed the evening before, and which, I have reason to believe, might have changed the whole balance of trade during the ensuing year, and left San Francisco bankrupt at her wharves, was in this way lost to the public.

It was deemed advisable for the next three weeks to keep Wan Lee closely confined to the printing-office and the purely mechanical part of the business. Here he developed a surprizing quickness and adaptability, winning even the favour and good will of the printers and foreman, who at first looked upon his introduction into the secrets of their trade as fraught with the gravest political significance. He learned to set type readily and neatly, his wonderful skill in manipulation aiding him in the mere mechanical act, and his ignorance of the language confining him simply to the mechanical effort—confirming the printer's axiom that the printer who considers or follows the idea of his copy makes a poor compositor. He would set up deliberately long diatribes against himself, composed by his fellow printers, and hung on his hook as copy, and even such short sentences as "Wan Lee is the devil's own imp," "Wan Lee is a Mongolian rascal," and bring the proof to me with happiness beaming from every tooth and satisfaction shining in his huckleberry eyes.

It was not long, however, before he learned to retaliate on his mischievous persecutors. I remember one instance in

which his reprisal came very near involving me in a serious misunderstanding. Our foreman's name was Webster, and Wan Lee presently learned to know and recognize the individual and combined letters of his name. It was during a political campaign, and the eloquent and fiery Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou had delivered an effective speech, which was reported especially for the *Northern Star*. In a very sublime peroration Colonel Starbottle had said, "In the language of the godlike Webster, I repeat"—and here followed the quotation, which I have forgotten. Now, it chanced that Wan Lee, looking over the galley after it had been revised, saw the name of his chief persecutor, and, of course, imagined the quotation his. After the form was locked up, Wan Lee took advantage of Webster's absence to remove the quotation, and substitute a thin piece of lead, of the same size as the type, engraved with Chinese characters, making a sentence which, I had reason to believe, was an utter and abject confession of the incapacity and offensiveness of the Webster family generally, and exceedingly eulogistic of Wan Lee himself personally.

The next morning's paper contained Colonel Starbottle's speech in full, in which it appeared that the "godlike" Webster had on one occasion uttered his thoughts in excellent but perfectly enigmatical Chinese. The rage of Colonel Starbottle knew no bounds. I have a vivid recollection of that admirable man walking into my office and demanding a retraction of the statement.

"But, my dear sir," I asked, "are you willing to deny, over your own signature, that Webster ever uttered such a sentence? Dare you deny that, with Mr. Webster's well-known attainments, a knowledge of Chinese might not have been among the number? Are you willing to submit a translation suitable to the capacity of our readers, and deny, upon your honour as a gentleman, that the late Mr. Webster ever uttered such a sentiment? If you are, sir, I am willing to publish your denial."

The Colonel was not, and left, highly indignant.

Webster, the foreman, took it more coolly. Happily he was unaware that for two days after, Chinamen from the laundries, from the gulches, from the kitchens, looked in the front office door with faces beaming with sardonic delight; that three hundred extra copies of the *Star* were ordered for the wash-houses on the river. He only knew that during the day Wan Lee occasionally went off into convulsive spasms, and that he was obliged to kick him into consciousness again. A week after the occurrence I called Wan Lee into my office.

"Wan," I said gravely, "I should like you to give me, for my own personal satisfaction, a translation of the Chinese sentence which my gifted countryman, the late godlike Webster, uttered upon a public occasion." Wan Lee looked at me intently, and then the slightest possible twinkle crept into his black eyes. Then he replied, with equal gravity,——

"Mishtel Webstel,—he say: 'China boy makee me belly much foolee. China boy makee me heap sick.'" Which I have reason to think was true.

But I fear I am giving but one side, and not the best, of Wan Lee's character. As he imparted it to me, his had been a hard life. He had known scarcely any childhood—he had no recollection of a father or mother. The conjuror Wang had brought him up. He had spent the first seven years of his life in appearing from baskets, in dropping out of hats, in climbing ladders, in putting his little limbs out of joint in posturing. He had lived in an atmosphere of trickery and deception; he had learned to look upon mankind as dupes of their senses; in fine, if he had thought at all, he would have been a skeptic; if he had been a little older, he would have been a cynic; if he had been older still, he would have been a philosopher. As it was, he was a little imp! A good-natured imp it was, too,—an imp whose moral nature had never been awakened, an imp up for a holiday, and willing to try virtue as a diversion. I don't know that he had any spiritual nature; he was very superstitious; he carried about with him a hideous little porcelain god, which he was in the habit of alternately reviling and propitiating. He was too intelligent for the commoner Chinese vices of stealing or gratuitous lying. Whatever discipline he practised was taught by his intellect.

I am inclined to think that his feelings were not altogether unimpressible,—although it was almost impossible to extract an expression from him,—and I conscientiously believe he became attached to those that were good to him. What he might have become under more favourable conditions than the bondsman of an overworked underpaid literary man, I don't know; I only know that the scant, irregular, impulsive kindnesses that I showed him were gratefully received. He was very loyal and patient—two qualities rare in the average

American servant. He was like Malvolio, "sad and civil" with me; only once, and then under great provocation, do I remember of his exhibiting any impatience. It was my habit, after leaving the office at night, to take him with me to my rooms, as the bearer of any supplemental or happy afterthought in the editorial way, that might occur to me before the paper went to press. One night I had been scribbling away past the usual hour of dismissing Wan Lee, and had become quite oblivious of his presence in a chair near my door, when suddenly I became aware of a voice saying, in plaintive accents, something that sounded like "Chy Lee."

I faced around sternly.

"What did you say?"

"Me say, 'Chy Lee.'"

"Well?" I said impatiently.

"You sabe, 'How do, John'?"

"Yes."

"You sabe, 'So long, John'?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Chy Lee' allee same!"

I understood him quite plainly. It appeared that "Chy Lee" was a form of "good-night," and that Wan Lee was anxious to go home. But an instinct of mischief which I fear I possessed in common with him, impelled me to act as if oblivious of the hint. I muttered something about not understanding him, and again bent over my work. In a few minutes I heard his wooden shoes pattering pathetically over the floor. I looked up. He was standing near the door.

"You no sabe, 'Chy Lee'?"

"No," I said sternly.

"You sabe muchee big foolee!—allee same!"

And with this audacity upon his lips he fled. The next morning, however, he was as meek and patient as before, and I did not recall his offense. As a probable peace-offering, he blacked all my boots,—a duty never required of him,—including a pair of buff deerskin slippers and an immense pair of horseman's jack-boots, on which he indulged his remorse for two hours.

I have spoken of his honesty as being a quality of his intellect rather than his principle, but I recall about this time two exceptions to the rule. I was anxious to get some fresh eggs, as a change to the heavy diet of a mining town, and knowing that Wan Lee's countrymen were great poultry-raisers, I applied to him. He furnished me with them regularly every morning, but refused to take any pay, saying that the man did not sell them,—a remarkable instance of self-abnegation, as eggs were then worth half a dollar apiece. One morning, my neighbour, Foster, dropped in upon me at breakfast, and took occasion to bewail his own ill-fortune, as his hens had lately stopped laying, or wandered off in the bush. Wan Lee, who was present during our colloquy, preserved his characteristic sad taciturnity. When my neighbour had gone, he turned to me with a slight chuckle—"Flostel's hens—Wan Lee's hens—allee same!" His other offense was more serious and ambitious. It was a season of great irregularities in the mails, and Wan Lee had heard me deplore the delay in the delivery of my letters and newspapers. On arriving at my office one day, I was amazed to find my table covered with letters, evidently just from the post-office, but unfortunately not one addressed to me. I turned to Wan Lee, who was surveying them with a calm satisfaction, and demanded an explanation. To my horror he pointed to an empty mailbag in the corner, and said, "Postman he say, 'No lettee, John—no lettee, John.' Postman plentee lie! Postman no good. Me catchee lettee last night—allee same!" Luckily it was still early; the mails had not been distributed; I had a hurried interview with the postmaster, and Wan Lee's bold attempt at robbing the U. S. Mail was finally condoned, by the purchase of a new mail-bag, and the whole affair thus kept a secret.

If my liking for my little pagan page had not been sufficient, my duty to Hop Sing was enough to cause me to take Wan Lee with me when I returned to San Francisco, after my two years' experience with the *Northern Star*. I do not think he contemplated the change with pleasure. I attributed his feelings to a nervous dread of crowded public streets—when he had to go across town for me on an errand, he always made a long circuit of the outskirts; to his dislike for the discipline of the Chinese and English school to which I proposed to send him; to his fondness for the free, vagrant life of the mines; to sheer willfulness! That it might have been a superstitious premonition did not occur to me until long after.

Nevertheless it really seemed as if the opportunity I had long looked for and confidently expected had come,—the opportunity of placing Wan Lee under gently restraining influences, of subjecting him to a life and experience that would draw out of him what good my superficial care and ill-

regulated kindness could not reach. Wan Lee was placed at the school of a Chinese missionary,—an intelligent and kind-hearted clergyman, who had shown great interest in the boy, and who, better than all, had a wonderful faith in him. A home was found for him in the family of a widow, who had a bright and interesting daughter about two years younger than Wan Lee. It was this bright, cheery, innocent, and artless child that touched and reached a depth in the boy's nature that hitherto had been unsuspected—that awakened a moral susceptibility which had lain for years insensible alike to the teachings of society or the ethics of the theologian.

These few brief months, bright with a promise that we never saw fulfilled, must have been happy ones to Wan Lee. He worshiped his little friend with something of the same superstition, but without any of the caprice, that he bestowed upon his porcelain Pagan god. It was his delight to walk behind her to school, carrying her books,—a service always fraught with danger to him from the little hands of his Caucasian Christian brothers. He made her the most marvelous toys; he would cut out of carrots and turnips the most astonishing roses and tulips; he made lifelike chickens out of melon-seeds; he constructed fans and kites, and was singularly proficient in the making of dolls' paper dresses. On the other hand she played and sang to him; taught him a thousand little prettinesses and refinements only known to girls; gave him a yellow ribbon for his pigtail, as best suiting his complexion; read to him; showed him wherein he was original and valuable; took him to Sunday-school with her, against the precedents of the school, and small-womanlike, triumphed. I wish I could add here, that she effected his conversion, and made him give up his porcelain idol, but I am telling a true story, and this little girl was quite content to fill him with her own Christian goodness, without letting him know that he was changed. So they got along very well together—this little Christian girl, with her shining cross hanging around her plump, white, little neck, and this dark little Pagan, with his hideous porcelain god hidden away in his blouse.

There were two days of that eventful year which will long be remembered in San Francisco,—two days when a mob of her citizens set upon and killed unarmed, defenseless foreigners, because they were foreigners and of another race, religion, and colour, and worked for what wages they could get. There were some public men so timid that, seeing this, they thought that the end of the world had come; there were some eminent statesmen, whose names I am ashamed to write here, who began to think that the passage in the Constitution which guarantees civil and religious liberty to every citizen or foreigner was a mistake. But there were also some men who were not so easily frightened, and in twenty-four hours we had things so arranged that the timid men could wring their hands in safety, and the eminent statesmen utter their doubts without hurting anybody or anything. And in the midst of this I got a note from Hop Sing, asking me to come to him immediately.

I found his warehouse closed and strongly guarded by the police against any possible attack of the rioters. Hop Sing admitted me through a barred grating with his usual imperturbable calm, but, as it seemed to me, with more than his usual seriousness. Without a word he took my hand and led me to the rear of the room, and thence downstairs into the basement. It was dimly lighted, but there was something lying on the floor covered by a shawl. As I approached, he drew the shawl away with a sudden gesture, and revealed Wan Lee, the Pagan, lying there dead!

Dead, my reverend friends, dead! Stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, by a mob of half-grown boys and Christian school-children!

As I put my hand reverently upon his breast, I felt something crumbling beneath his blouse. I looked inquiringly at Hop Sing. He put his hand between the folds of silk, and drew out something with the first bitter smile I had ever seen on the face of that Pagan gentleman.

It was Wan Lee's porcelain god, crushed by a stone from the hands of those Christian iconoclasts!

It has, I believe, been often remarked that a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg. SAMUEL BUTLER.

Treasure

[Few minds are so based in philosophy as to remain unmoved at the sight of the vast concentrated power compressed in a great jewel, or a treasure hoard of any sort.

Let those who fancy themselves superior to such emotions visualize, for instance, that afternoon in January, 1905, when Capt. Frederick Wells, mine-manager of the struggling Premier Mine in the Transvaal, was walking down an open working, suddenly saw a gleam in the jagged surface of the slope—and picked from the quartz bed a crystal as big as his fist. In a few moments he was laying on the office table, before the general manager and Cullinan, the owner, the largest diamond ever found, the Cullinan, 4 by 2½ by 1½ inches, and weighing 3025¾ carats. In one instant that problematical mine was famous, its entire capital stock was earned three times over; some millions of dollars—power inestimable—lay there in that one piece of crystallized carbon. It is perfectly possible to retain all one's convictions as to the superiority of mind over matter—and still be deeply impressed by that.

Here are some other striking pictures of the treasures of the earth, as really seen and imagined. H. W. L.]

The Opposite Extreme from the Mother of the Gracchi

I once saw Lollia Paulina, the wife of the Emperor Caius—it was not at any public festival, or any solemn ceremonial, but only at an ordinary wedding entertainment—covered with emeralds and pearls, which shone in alternate layers upon her head, in her hair, in her wreaths, in her ears, upon her neck, in her bracelets, and on her fingers, and the value of which amounted in all to forty millions of sesterces ($1,500,000); indeed she was prepared at once to prove the fact, by showing the receipts and acquittances. Nor were these any presents made by a prodigal potentate, but treasures which had descended to her from her grandfather, and obtained by the spoliation of the provinces. Such are the fruits of plunder and extortion! It was for this reason that M. Lollius was held so infamous all over the East for the presents which he extorted from the kings; the result of which was, that he was denied the friendship of Caius Cæsar, and took poison; and all this was done, I say, that his grand-daughter might be seen, by the glare of lamps, covered all over with jewels to the amount of forty millions of sesterces! Pliny the Elder.

The Incomparable Peacock Throne

It should be stated that the GREAT MOGUL has seven magnificent thrones, one wholly covered with diamonds, the others with rubies, emeralds, or pearls.

The principal throne, which is placed in the hall of the first court, is nearly of the form and size of our camp beds; that is to say, it is about 6 feet long and 4 feet wide. Upon the four feet, which are very massive, and from 20 to 25 inches high, are fixed the four bars which support the base of the throne, and upon these bars are ranged twelve columns, which sustain the canopy on three sides, there not being any on that which faces the court. Both the feet and the bars, which are more than 18 inches long, are covered with gold inlaid and enriched with numerous diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. In the middle of each bar there is a large *balass* ruby, cut *en cabuchon*, with four emeralds round it, which form a square cross. Next in succession, from one side to the other along the length of the bars there are similar crosses, arranged so that in one the ruby is in the middle of four emeralds, and in another the emerald is in the middle and four *balass* rubies surround it. The emeralds are table-cut, and the intervals between the rubies and emeralds are covered with diamonds, the largest of which do not exceed 10 to 12 carats in weight, all being showy stones, but very flat. There are also in some parts pearls set in gold, and upon one of the longer sides of the throne there are four steps to ascend it. . . .

I counted the large *balass* rubies on the great throne, and there are about 108, all *cabuchons*, the least of which weighs 100 carats, but there are some which weigh apparently 200 and more. As for the emeralds, there are plenty of good colour, but they have many flaws; the largest may weigh 60 carats, and the least 30 carats. I counted about one hundred and sixteen; thus there are more emeralds than rubies.

The underside of the canopy is covered with diamonds and pearls, with a fringe of pearls all round, and above the canopy, which is a quadrangular-shaped dome, there is to be seen a peacock with elevated tail of blue sapphires and other coloured stones, the body being of gold inlaid with precious stones, having a large ruby in front of the breast, from whence hangs a pear-shaped pearl of 50 carats or thereabouts, and of a somewhat yellow water. On both sides of the peacock there is a large bouquet of the same height as the bird, and consisting of many kinds of flowers made of gold inlaid with precious stones. On the side of the throne which is opposite the court there is to be seen a jewel consisting of a diamond of from 80 to 90 carats weight, with rubies and emeralds round it, and when the King is seated he has this jewel in full view. But that which is in my opinion the most costly thing about this magnificent throne is that the twelve columns supporting the canopy are surrounded with beautiful rows of pearls, which are round and of fine water, and weigh from 6 to 10 carats each. At four feet distance from the throne there are fixed, on either side, two umbrellas, the sticks of which for 7 or 8 feet in height are covered with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. These umbrellas are of red velvet, and are embroidered and fringed all round with pearls.

This is what I have been able to observe regarding this famous throne, commenced by Tamerlane and completed by Shah Jahan; and those who keep the accounts of the King's jewels, and of what this great work has cost, have assured me that it amounts to one hundred and seven thousand lakhs of rupees (over five thousand million dollars).

JEAN BAPTISTE TAVERNIER.

A CONQUEROR'S JUDGMENT OF THE MOST PRECIOUS TREASURE

Alexander the Great—and it is only by judges of such high estate that a sentence, just and unbiased by envy, can be pronounced in the case of such lofty claims—when he found among the spoils of Darius, the king of Persia, a casket for perfumes, enriched with gold, precious stones, and pearls, covered as he was with the dust of battle, deemed it beneath a warrior to make use of unguents, and, when his friends were pointing out to him its various uses, exclaimed, "Nay, but by Hercules! let the casket be used for preserving the poems of Homer"; that so the most precious work of the human mind might be placed in the keeping of the richest work of art. PLINY THE ELDER.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY

And King Solomon made two hundred targets of beaten gold: six hundred shekels of gold went to one target.

And he made three hundred shields of beaten gold; three pounds of gold went to one shield: and the king put them in the house of the forest of Lebanon.

Moreover the king made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold.

And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon.

For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.

So King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and for wisdom.

First Book of Kings.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM AS JOHN VISIONED IT

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was of pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the

fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. *Book of Revelation.*

The Palace of Prester John

And "what's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we chaunted,
"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"
"What? Englishmen?" he cried, "Well, if ye don't mind being haunted,
Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester John!
Will ye walk into my palace?
I don't bear ye any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!"
Chorus—So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby—
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!
And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh!
Chorus—For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bound to laugh!

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured cloud—
"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,
"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"
Chorus—And we drank his health with honours, for he *done* us *very* proud!

Alfred Noyes.

The Contents of Abraham's Treasure Chest

Another Rabbinical story tells us, that on approaching Egypt, Abraham locked Sarah in a chest that none might behold her dangerous beauty.

"But, when he was come to the place of paying customs, the collectors said: 'Pay us the custom.' And he said: 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him: 'Thou carriest clothes,' and he said: 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him: 'Thou carriest gold,' and he answered them: 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him: 'Surely thou bearest the finest silks'; he replied: 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they: 'Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee,' and he only answered: 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said: 'It cannot be but thou open the box, and let us see what is within.'

"So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty—far exceeding even that of pearls." Madame de Barrera.

The Great Kaan Anticipates Modern Finance

All merchants arriving from India or other countries, and bringing with them gold or silver or gems and pearls, are prohibited from selling to any one but the Emperor. He has twelve experts chosen for this business, men of shrewdness and experience in such affairs; these appraise the articles, and the Emperor then pays a liberal price for them

in those pieces of paper. The merchants accept his price readily, for in the first place they would not get so good a one from anybody else, and secondly they are paid without any delay. And with this paper money they can buy what they like anywhere over the Empire, whilst it is also vastly lighter to carry about on their journeys. . . .

So he buys such a quantity of those precious things every year that his treasure is endless, whilst all the time the money he pays away costs him nothing at all. Moreover, several times in the year proclamation is made through the city that any one who may have gold or silver or gems or pearls, by taking them to the Mint shall get a handsome price for them. Thus the quantity they bring in is marvellous, though these who do not choose to do so may let it alone. Still, in this way, nearly all the valuables in the country come into the Kaan's possession. . . .

Now you have heard the ways and means whereby the Great Kaan may have, and in fact *has*, more treasure than all the Kings in the World; and you know all about it and the reason why. SER MARCO POLO (YULE).

WHERE DIAMONDS GREW ON TREES

"All these trees bare for fruitage costly gems; moreover, each had its own kind of growth and jewels of its peculiar sort; and these were of every colour, green and white, yellow, red, and such other brilliant hues, and the radiance flashing from these gems paled the rays of the sun in forenoon sheen. Furthermore, the size of each stone so far surpassed description that no king of the kings of the world owned a single gem equal to the largest sort, nor could boast of even one-half the size of the smaller kind of them."

The Thousand Nights and a Night (BURTON).

FINDING KING SOLOMON'S HOARD

We pressed in after him . . . and found ourselves in Solomon's treasure chamber. . . .

On the opposite side of the chamber were about a score of wooden boxes, something like Martini-Henri ammunition boxes, only rather larger, and painted red.

"There are the diamonds," cried I; "bring the light."

Sir Henry did so, holding it close to the top box, of which the lid, rendered rotten by time, even in that dry place, appeared to have been smashed in. . . . Pushing my hand through the hole in the lid, I drew it out full, not of diamonds, but of gold pieces, of a shape that none of us had seen before, and with what looked like Hebrew characters stamped upon them.

"Ah!" I said, replacing the coin, "we shan't go back empty-handed, anyhow. There must be a couple of thousand pieces in each box, and there are eighteen boxes. I suppose it was the money to pay the workmen and merchants."

. . . "Hullo, you fellows," Curtis said, "here's a recess. Great Heavens! look here."

We hurried up to where he was standing in a nook, something like a small bay-window. Against the wall of this recess were placed three stone chests, each about two feet square. Two were fitted with stone lids, the lid of the third rested against the side of the chest, which was open.

"Look!" he repeated, hoarsely, holding the lamp over the open chest. We looked, and for a moment could make nothing out, on account of a silvery sheen that dazzled us. When our eyes got used to it we saw that the chest was three parts full of uncut diamonds, most of them of considerable size. Stooping, I picked some up. Yes, there was no mistake about it, there was the unmistakable soapy feel about them.

I fairly gasped as I dropped them.

"We are the richest men in the whole world," I said. "Monte Cristo is a fool to us."

"We shall flood the market with diamonds," said Good.

"Got to get them there first," suggested Sir Henry.

And we stood with pale faces and stared at each other, with the lantern in the middle, and the glimmering gems below, as though we were conspirators about to commit a crime, instead of being, as we thought, the three most fortunate men on earth. . . . There before us were millions of pounds worth of diamonds, and thousands of pounds worth of gold and ivory, only waiting to be taken away. H. RIDER HAGGARD.

The Ottergild Guarded by Fafnir

Then Sigurd ate some deal of Fafnir's heart, and the remnant he kept. Then he leapt on his horse and rode along the trail of the worm Fafnir, and so right onto his abiding place; and he found it open, and beheld all the doors and the gear of them that they were wrought of iron: yea, and all the beams of the house; and it was dug down deep into the earth: there found Sigurd gold exceeding plenteous, and the sword Rotle, and thence he took the Helm of Awe, and the Gold Byrny, and many things fair and good.

So much gold he found there, that he thought verily that scarce might two horses, or three belike, bear it thence. So he took all the gold and laid it in two great chests, and set them on the horse Grani, and took the reins of him, but nowise will he stir, neither will he abide smiting. Then Sigurd knows the mind of the horse, and leaps on the back of him, and smites and spurs into him, and off the horse goes even as if he were unladen.

Niebelungenlied (Magnusson and Morris).

Cleopatra Teaches Caesar to Waste the Wealth of the Despoiled World

Peace was obtained by the chieftan and purchased with vast presents, feasting crowned the joyousness of events so momentous, and Cleopatra amid great tumult displayed her luxuries, not as yet transferred to the Roman race. The place itself was equal to a Temple, which hardly a more corrupt age could build; and the roofs adorned with fretted ceilings displayed riches, and solid gold concealed the rafters. Nor did the palace shine resplendent, encrusted with marble on the surface and in sections; the agate and the purple stone stood of themselves in no infirm way; and, laid down throughout the whole palace, onyx was trodden upon. Ebony from Meroè did not cover the massive posts, but it stood like common oak, the support, and not the ornament of the palace.

Ivory covers the halls, and backs of Indian tortoises, fastened by the hand, are placed upon the doors, dotted in their spots with plenteous emeralds. Gems shine upon the couches, and the furniture is yellow with jasper; the coverlets glisten, of which the greater part, steeped long in the Tyrian dye, have imbibed the drug not in one cauldron only. A part shines, embroidered with gold; a part, fiery with cochineal, as in the method of mingling the threads in the Pharian webs. . . .

There do kings recline, and Caesar a still higher power; and having immoderately painted up her fatal beauty, neither content with a sceptre her own, nor with her brother, her husband, covered with the spoils of the Red Sea, upon her neck and hair Cleopatra wears treasures, and pants beneath her ornaments. Her white breasts shine through the Sidonian fabric, which was wrought in close texture by the *sley* of the Seres. . . .

They poured forth the viands into gold, whatever the earth, whatever the air, whatever the sea and the Nile afforded, whatever luxury, raging with vain ambition, had sought in the whole earth, hunger not demanding it. . . . And capacious bowls, studded with gems, received the wine, but not of the grape of Mareotis, but noble Falernian. . . . Caesar learnt how to waste the wealth of the despoiled world, and was ashamed to have waged war with a poor son-in-law, and longed for a cause of strife with the Pharian race.

The Pharsalia of Lucan (Riley).

A Garden of Gold and Silver

That garden, which now supplies the convent with vegetables, was in the time of the Yncas a garden of gold and silver, such as they also had in the royal palaces. It contained many herbs and flowers of different kinds, many small plants, many large trees, many large and small animals both wild and domestic, and creeping things, such as serpents, lizards, and toads, as well as shells, butterflies, and birds. Each of these things was placed in its natural position. There was also a large field of maize, the grain they call quinua, pulses, and fruit trees with their fruit; all made of gold and silver. There were also, in the building, billets of wood imitated in gold and silver, and great figures of men, and women, and children, as well as granaries, called *pirua*, all for the ornamenting and the majesty of the house of the Sun their god.

Every year, on the occasion of the principal feasts, new objects in gold and silver were presented to the temple, so that its wealth continued to increase; for all the silversmiths, dedicated to the service of the Sun, had no other business than to make these things.

There was also a vast quantity of pots, vases, and jars in the temple. In fine, there was in that edifice no article of any kind which was not made of gold and silver, even down to the spades and hoes for use in the garden. Hence, with good reason, they called the temple of the Sun, and the building attached to it, *Curicancha*, which means a "court of gold." . . .

The Indians buried most of these treasures as soon as they saw how the Spaniards thirsted for them. They have been so effectually concealed that they have never since been found, and are not likely to be now, except by accident. The Indians now living do not know where they are hidden, for their fathers and grandfathers would not leave behind them a knowledge of the hiding place, not wishing that things which had been dedicated to the service of their kings should ever be used by others. GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

THE SPOIL OF THE INCAS

It was necessary to reduce the treasure to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These articles consisted of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters at its base. . . . The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night, but such was the quantity to be recast that it consumed a full month.

When the whole was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of gold was found to be 1,326,539 pesos de oro, which, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, would be equivalent probably at the present time to . . . somewhat less than $15,500,000. The quantity of silver was estimated at 5,610 marks. History affords no parallel to such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers like the conquerors of Peru. WILLIAM HINCKLING PRESCOTT.

"THE AZTEC TREASURE HOUSE"

"Oh, come along, professor; what's th' use o' foolin' over this rubbish; let's go for th' stuff that's good for its weight in spot cash every time!"

"Wait till we see what is in these gold vases over here," I answered, turning as I spoke to the side of the room that as yet we had not examined.

"What's the good?" he asked, sulkily. But he lifted down one of the vases, and with his thumb and finger brought forth from it a little round black ball.

"Worse and worse," he said, as he handed the ball to me. "We've got down to what looks like lumps o' shoemaker's wax now. That's about the sickest lookin' thing t' call itself treasure I ever did see."

It did not seem to me probable that the little ball was shoemaker's wax; but in order to settle this point experimentally I cut into it with my penknife. Under the gummy exterior I found a layer of cotton wool, and enclosed in this a hard substance about the size of a hazel nut. . . . I handed Young the small object that I had extracted from the pitchcoated ball. . . . He held out his hand carelessly; but as he saw what I had placed in it his expression suddenly changed, and he burst forth excitedly; "Great Scott! where did this come from? Why—why, professor, it *looks* like it was a pearl; but if 't truly is one it's about the bustin'est biggest one that Godamighty ever made! Do you truly size it up for a pearl yourself?"

"Most assuredly," I answered. "And it is a fair assumption, I think, that there is a pearl in each one of these pitch-covered balls. As to what you called bits of green glass, they are neither more nor less than extraordinarily fine emeralds. . . . Without a shadow of a doubt, you and I are standing at this moment in the midst of the most enormous treasure that ever has been brought together since the world was made!"

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

(*To be concluded*)

Compensated

Providence Makes a Minor Adjustment

By ALBERT HICKMAN

Albert Hickman.

PART II

FOR you to comprehend this next scene in all its graded clarity, it is necessary to understand that in that instant his mood changed to the mood of exaltation in which I said I had seen him do wonderful things. He put on the unseen mantle of the prophet and was detached from all minor ends. It was a time when you heard small things, like the drip of water off the trunk-deck.

"Madam," he said, with the least inclination toward the amused Mrs. Sneed, "your piano is out of tune. May I tune it?" and from his hip pocket he untangled a full-sized professional tuning-key that I knew lived ordinarily with his shaving-gear and pajamas. The smiles faded as fades the sun under the edge of a rising thunder-cloud, and in their stead came signs of great amazement.

"Why, certainly—of course—yes, Mr. Kimborough," she said as soon as she was able. The two faces reddened up like blowing peonies, Mr. Sneed's traveling cigar stood still, Miss Roche gazed at her shoes, and Mr. Spiers smiled a loose-lipped, foolish smile. The pianist saw none of these things, and I watched the pianist. He opened up the top of the piano, he reached into inaccessible places, and the front came off, and at the same time the cover, in his other hand. From the obscurity below proceeded a click and the lower front panel fell forward against his knees. All these were piled on the carpet. Then, with the deft assurance of a steam-fitter, he whirled off four thumb-nuts, and the entire action came out and stood on its end, where small but seemingly important parts of it were jiggled familiarly, and three little springs were bent into place. Then he lifted up that glittering complication, threw it back, screwed it home, and proceeded to tune the piano casually, as a violinist, looking mostly at the polished carlines of the deck above.

It was altogether a most unconventional operation, and I judged from side glances at Mrs. and Miss Sneed's painful expression that they were certain it was not the proper thing. But they bore in silence and telegraphed heated questions at me that concerned themselves with Mr. Kimborough's sanity, or whether he might be a Maritime Province piano-tuner. I failed to see, and I imagine they settled on the latter. And in the silence the pianist put back the cover and the front. He left out the lower panel, that the tone might be fully unmuffled, he discarded the stool, he selected a powerful chair, and he sat on it before the impassive keyboard. And throughout these operations he seemed quite unaware of himself or of us, which requires large individuality and detachment.

Then, preludes being in fashion, he began. Sitting solemnly erect, he struck middle C with his right thumb, paused, and slowly played the scale of C major with one hand, high-fingered, like a child. The blazing audacity of this should have informed the meanest intelligence, but Mrs. and Miss Sneed smiled one more covert and derisive smile, which doubtless prevented their seeing, if they could have seen, that in measured time and weight those notes might have been struck by a regulated machine, but by no man they had ever known. He went up again on C major as slowly, but with both hands, and each pair of notes sounded as one bell. It was his rebuke to Mr. Spiers, and I think Mr. Spiers took it. He was looking at the carpet. Then the pianist's right hand started at middle C again and went up on the chromatic scale slowly, but increasing speed, always increasing speed. (The smiles were fading.) He came down in a wind-

swept cascade,—German fingering,—but you heard each note like a falling pearl. (The smiles were dead.) He went up again,—French fingering: the shadow of his hand had another shape,—and the driven keys rose up behind in a following wave as even as in the wake of a ship. Then, as his arm swung across the keyboard once more—English fingering this time—and back in any fingering that seemed to him desirable, with the speed of a falling star, his left hand rose and joined in that single scale, and the two rode down in glittering alternation: but to the listening ear it was always the same, soft, and as even as rain falling in a calm. Then came chromatics that swung apart, chromatics at outrageous harmonic intervals, and finally a storm of chromatic octaves that blended into cannonading, and drifting thunder. Always erect, effortless, his body hardly moving, it was rather like the work of some extraordinary machine built to express human emotion without the use of human words—and he stopped.

The sound of dripping on the deck came back, and the whole Sneed family drew breath as if to marvel, but they were late. He had begun again on arpeggios and involved runs, interwoven, and in the midst fell thundering chords that miraculously fitted in and made a sort of stately melody of their own, through many modulations, till the whole was permitted to die down, and the runs thinned to one trill that lived for a little in the treble and ended with a pop on a note an octave higher, as though it had been a bubble and had burst.

So far this had been nothing but refined mechanics, and his foot had never touched a pedal, but the girl looked at me with amazed eyes.

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever heard in my life," she said. She barely breathed the words, but he waited, with his hand above the keyboard. Again the Sneeds seemed about to speak; but there was something in the air, and they forbore. Appearing to consider, he let the pause endure till the dripping on the deck-planks became painful, and he reduced the imperial females of the Sneed family to extreme misery, so that they shifted noiselessly and uncomfortably in their seats. I presume nothing like this had ever happened to them in their lives.

When he began, everybody seemed greatly relieved. Why he should have chosen Beethoven's Sonata in C minor—what is ordinarily called the "Pathetic Sonata"—I failed to divine.

He opened it with restrained magnificence, and the first ponderous bars breathed mystery and momentous things to come. He overlaid it with such clean repose that the thundering first chords left no impression of noise. They drew instead the picture of a most awful calm, and it seemed as if a vast, overshadowing curtain were being parted and rolled back. I suddenly remembered the outer silence, and a light began to break, so I followed in spirit. In the middle of the first movement it pleased him to become facetious, and, without moving a muscle in his face, I truly believe that on the outer point of the sand island he dug up that jetsam flat and those seaboots for them once more, with astonishing detail. I do not for a second think that he made all this clear to the Sneed family, for people of their religion are difficult to convince, but they developed expressions that seemed to indicate grave doubt.

Then he broke into the measured words of the *adagio*, and at once it was clear why he had chosen the sonata. He was using it as a most lofty sermon. There is a pleasing irresponsibility about music that enables you to deliver many admirable maxims without seeming unnecessarily disagreeable. And this is by no means imagination.

What it may have intended to say to the Sneeds and Mr. Spiers I have, of course, no method of knowing; but I think it was something like this, though this has all the rhythm and poetry left out:

Do not have too great a dignity, most especially if you have never done anything to attain it: it will assuredly end in extreme abasement. Great possessions alone are the least of little things, for this world forgets even the names of its palaces unless there lives a just man or a good woman within. It is utter unwisdom to set up false standards and forget the true light. The unnecessary complication of beliefs is a fearful thing and will multiply your troubles as the sands of the sea, and your imaginings and your heartburnings will pass as of no value. Never forget that the true universe lies wholly outside these things. (Here, that everything might be seen strictly in its proper proportion, he brought through it all the sound of deep and far-away breakers and the rustle of sun-warmed leaves, and it seemed as if, nearer at hand, pure-minded men were building a city, intent on some great end. Then the words continued.) All the old and sweet simplicities are as they were and always will be, and the established laws are as inexorable as when

they were devised for the preservation of all good. (For fear this might not be clearly understood, the music said it all over again an octave higher, so that everybody suddenly looked at everybody else, and as suddenly away.) Insincerity, sang the notes, is a terrible thing, because it makes you most truly unhappy, and for so long that your picture of what happiness may be is utterly dimmed, and the one little satisfaction you have left in the world is in thinking that nobody else is happier than you, which is very pathetic and would make it a very miserable world indeed. "Miserable world indeed" breathed itself over again, lower down, very softly, twice. Then everything began and repeated itself with great slowness, but with great sureness from the first, so there could be no mistaking its import, after which it proceeded toward the end of that part.) But, though you may not believe it, people do not truly go yachting for the sake of San Domingo mahogany and lockers with leaded-glass fronts. There is another reason altogether, which does not involve anyone admiring you, or even seeing you, or the altering of the course of a single penny of money. No one can hear these things and doubt their sincerity, so perhaps it might be better if you believed them all. He stopped again, with that audience held in a spell, only long enough for the sound entirely to die out of the strings before he began the last movement.

And this he made into the very direct story of the oncoming of a storm and of its fury and its passing, and with it there seemed to come great discontent, and some fear, with the falling of certain obscure things that had stood before; but in the diminishing end it seemed better, after all, that they had fallen, and the spirit was joy rather than sadness. He made it altogether very significant, which is more than I had ever succeeded in thinking of the last movement of the C minor before.

From that second until he finished we seldom moved.

First, patiently, he considered the afflicted atmosphere: artificial with the breath of New World snobs, overladen with half-spoken faith in things that were largely unworthy, smoking with great jealousy, and strained with little and eternal suspicion. He smiled the least shadow of a smile and undertook to change it. Think of carrying fairies into Craig Street for Mr. Sneed to see! Yet, with Schumann's help, he did, and Mr. Sneed saw and, I think, was astounded. And the sound of little footfalls among new leaves had not quite gone before he brought children, in the flesh, velvet-skinned and shy, with their troubles and all their ambitions—Erster Verlust, Träumerei, and some others—until you dropped away from your matter-of-factness, softly backward into the era of dreams that were pure gold and questioned very seriously how nearly proper the gilded monuments you called your present-day standards might be. Here, fearless of his hold over the Sneed family and Mr. Geoffrey Spiers, he lowered the atmosphere, thinned the heat, laid bare the naked trouble, till every questioning note came out, and his enthroned detachment and tempered restraint carried him through and held each waiting ear on the fall of the next key, till the allaying harmonies let down the tension at last and he had things fully his own way. It was wholly superb. In this mood he played one thing more, the trio from Schubert's Second Scherzo, in D-flat.

Then temperately he began to build up. He did it with the old standards and led his listeners through wonder and amazement, through the recollection of their lost loves and the best that was in them, till he thralled them in transcendent grandeur at the finish. When he evenly laid out the heaven-inspired harmonies that open the Pilgrims' Chorus—he was using the Liszt transcription—I saw Mr. Spiers start. It had reached home somewhere; and when the pianist, sitting rigid as bronze, came back to the theme for the last time, with the great rhythm booming steady and enormous and slow as the swells from deep water on the outer beaches, and the violins whimpering behind, Mr. Spiers's hand moved over his eyes, as though to shade them from the light—and I think he forgot us—and Mr. Sneed sank low down in his chair and scowled at nothing, straight ahead. Of Miss Sneed it is but fair to say that she sat like a glazed doll, though her mother's face had lost half its hardness and all its cunning. As for the girl on the transom by me, except that I could see her breathing quickly, she was not moving so much as by a hair's-breadth, and her fascinated gaze lay on the rippling keys.

Here, that our feelings might be relieved, he drifted through two Chopin studies, the F minor, as though you passed where the wind moved among poplar-trees over an unseen brook, and the G-flat Major (octave), where somebody's heart danced with almost too much joy, and then the curious

little pathetic repeat at the end, so that it seemed there must always be something pathetic at the end of everything. Then three Chopin waltzes, light as blown foam, with the notes whirring under his balanced hands until it was evident that if they went a little faster your exhilarated brain would fail to follow at all; and then the Fantaisie Impromptu, but not as it is played at graduating recitals. A rush of soft-voiced notes that mounted and fell, grew, always hurrying, as though in preparation for something of overshadowing importance, rose till they sang and ran above many blaring chords that slowed into two portentous, breathless, *largo* bars, so that your heart might be fully prepared for that abused melody, and then the Fantaisie Impromptu of the salons. It was slow and full of reminiscent deviltry and it showed us the surface armour of every serious thought he ever had. It was polished, as restrained as everything else—I suspected when the restraint would depart—and suggestive of anything you might want suggested. In the middle of it he laughed himself—Miss Roche's cheeks were blazing—and I was sensible of an overwhelming desire for the dawn dimming the London lights somewhere east of the Park.

The next failed to help matters much in this direction. It was the A-flat Major Ballade, but it was long past having any reference to Mr. Spiers. However, throughout its length he never lifted his eyes from the carpet. Here came out the pianist's command of many voices. They were distinct, and as unassuming as the voices of children, and they said things with shocking directness. I don't know what the others felt, but through the scent of certain broken and fading violets I felt pure silk that clad the warmth of mature youth, and heard and saw startling voices and eyes that came from far behind the veil, until I was called away from this to see Mrs. Sneed staring and holding to her chair as the theme expanded, till it suddenly dropped away and left her in the midst of very soft music, a self-conscious, fat lady looking about her to see who might have seen. But toward the end she forgot again, her mouth drooped, and she gave herself over to wonder at least and I imagine to whatever else she might be capable of feeling.

At the end of this followed a fifteen-second silence in which the pianist stared into some country that lay beyond the keyboard, and then this amazing series, unbroken:

Rubinstein: Kammenoi Ostrow.

Rubinstein: Grande Staccato Étude de Concert.

Schubert-Liszt: Erlking.

Chopin: Sonata in B-flat minor.

In the first movement of the Kammenoi Ostrow his right hand might have been some incredible machine, and in the second the girl beside me watched the high C-sharp that struck with electric promptness and could no more conceivably be missed than a planet could swerve from its appointed way. In the Staccato Étude and the Erlking it went beyond all machinery and could only be the human hand, trained through many undoubting years by a man's full will and controlled by the slow-earned breadth of the human mind—the wonder of the world. I, being a man, remember struggling to conceive, even then, what it might be that held me altogether enwrapped, and remember judging that more than half of it must be the overshadowing repose that considered all things aside as, effortless, it led on the notes, to call out every burning association, to rake up every half-forgotten sympathy that is woven into the golden tissue of the sacred days gone past. The same sound of moonlit seas; the smoke of spring fires; the whoop of wind overhead; the sustained sigh of pine forests, long unseen; the dry rustling of ripe wheat in another country; the piled-up clouds of heart-breaking summers; the crescendo clicking of an oncoming cab-horse's hoofs in silent London streets—all as clear-cut as this; warm and sincere lips across immeasurable gulfs that it is better not even to think about, and the death of some one among the others, your own flesh and blood, and so the passing of great hopes. But with the windswept closing of the Erlking the depth was not yet reached. With the least pause he opened Chopin's great sonata, and when he attained to the Funeral March the whole world lay under the shadow of a sorrow that no one strove to mend till that beautiful voice took up the hymn of the assurance of joy, and all things to come, and your blinded, steadfast faith came back, through tears.

My silly tears were real, better to admit, though no one saw, and in front of me the girl's shoulder was shaking and the dark blue eyes were filled. What the others might have been doing I do not know, for I did not see them.

The pianist sat very formally erect, with tight lips, and moved his chair a fraction of an inch. Up to this moment it had all been

the fulness of remembered days without one word of great ambition and the hope of the days ahead. Now it was coming.

He smote the middle C-sharp with his closed fist and the following chord with the full weight of his hands. Everybody started at the crash, and, without looking, I saw Mrs. and Miss Sneed's released eyes stare at me, wondering if this might be another little joke. But it was no joke. Instead it was the Second Rhapsody; that each great pianist had played; that many great musicians had laughed at—because they couldn't play it to save their scholastic souls; that Anton Rubinstein used to use to lift up his rocking audiences out of their seats and on their feet and break them into cheering as he finished. Even in the stately metronome-beat of the Lassan, Mr. Montgomery Sneed began to shift on his chair, and later, with the restrained tempo ever coming on and the new voices shouting in the chorus, I watched the colour mantling up in the neck of that graven image, his daughter. Also a change came over the pianist. The rigidity let down a little, and the restraint that had cloaked him for an hour fell away only enough to leave you not quite sure that it had. But the moral effect, like the moral effect of any little departure from all fully consistent things, was enormous.

No man may describe the Second Rhapsody, or the stars in heaven, or the eyes of the girl he loves. Of the pianist it is sufficient to say that his tempered fingers fled down the glittering pathway with the brazen assurance of a pianola and the golden irresponsibility of a boy; and when, after the wavering octaves ran apart and massed into the final growing peal of preparatory thunder, and he romped into the theme once more and through other miraculous octaves that whirled like driven snow and blended into the succeeding crashes at the end, Mrs. Sneed, tottering with excitement, stood up and started to come forward, and Mr. Sneed, chewing a cold cigar, followed behind, with Miss Sneed in the rear. The pianist, half turning, said, "Sit down, please!" and the Sneed family lowered itself, abashed, in a row on the nearest seat, while he wheeled back and cleaned the pathway for the A-flat Major Polonaise.

It was a wholly fitting climax: the portentous introduction; the towering majesty of the main theme; all the blood of youth in the vast, insistent phrases blaring out from the strained vitals of that piano; the disposed breathing spaces; the magnificent preparation, and the sonorous oncoming of the main theme again; the great four-sharp melody clanging above the growing roar of the bass whipped by his amazing left hand, while I shivered, unashamed, and the girl beside me trembled on her seat. And when the theme came back for the last time, that screwed-down piano rocked in its place and the wine-glasses chattered in their racks over my head.

So he finished, and as he rose, everybody rose with him. The Sneeds and Mr. Spiers, stuttering, were coming on, but the girl beside me, whose eyes glistened, spoke first.

"I didn't know there was such a thing as music in the world," she said, "and I don't believe any one else in the world can play like that! Won't you shake hands? There are some things I think I can do better than any one, too." The pianist looked at her curiously, and gravely stretched out a hand.

"Yes," he said; "that is right. We can all do something better than any one else. One of the things you can do is say what you mean—and we can't all do that."

He bowed the stiff bow, and Mrs. Sneed, incapacitated, came on again, trying to cram words into a fitting phrase. The pianist's hand went up as the hand of an archbishop.

"Listen!" he said. Mrs. Sneed checked.

Rain, as it fell in the beginning of the deluge, lashed unevenly on the deck above, and borne down through the sounding mainmast by my head came the measured slat of a throat-halyard that no zephyr would move. Then rubber boots scuffed heavily across the deck, and an indistinct voice overhead said: "I think the white pinkie's gone, sir. I don't know, sir, but I think so, sir."

"Gone! Of course she's gone!" whooped the voice addressed, as from the sky or the main-rigging.

"Gone where?" inquired Mr. Sneed in the pause. I caught up my cap from a transom, and fled up the companion-stairs on the pianist's heels. The hatch was being slid open from the outside, and, as we thrust out our heads, fumbling with the door-handle, the cap went also to join the white pinkie. And perhaps it did, for when we reached the deck of the cockpit that little ship, carrying a jumbo that might have been a lady's lace handkerchief in the rain, and a treble-reefed mainsail, slid past like a phantom close under the *Gloria's* stern, slashing the seas and sailing almost into

the teeth of the wind. Her cockpit, lighted dimly by an unseen cuddy lantern, lurched within ten feet of my eyes. One shadowy figure lay stretched to windward, straining on a jib-sheet, and another crouched under the lee coaming with a hand on the jumping tiller. In one moment, in the direct light of the lantern, I saw an untroubled French face, bearded and rain-beaten, and in the next it was gone, and I was left wondering why he chose to blind himself with the light. But the explanation was at hand, for in a dozen seconds light and pinkie had vanished, and I turned to see that even the *Rorqual's* tungstens were almost smothered in the gloom. So, as he could see nothing, he had given up trying, and was bound up to windward, steering by the rain in his eyes, under the mercy of Heaven. Some one dropped on deck from somewhere, and I heard the rub of oilskins as he came aft.

"God help 'em!" he said. "I wonder where they're going." This was the captain. A voice proceeded from under the shadow of a tied-down Cape Ann hat close by my right shoulder, and, by elimination, I judged this to be the cook.

"I think they're goin' up under the lee of those islands, sir. I don't know, but I think so, sir."

"It's a sort of crime," grunted the captain to me, "to let those fellows come out with the ground-tackle they have—one little home-made grapnel that'll only hold on rock bottom, a couple of thirty-pound fishing-anchors, and thirty fathoms of line too small and mostly too old. The Lord looks after 'em, but the government ought to help. However, for our size we're not much better—maybe worse. There's another of 'em preparin' to leave us. She hasn't dragged yet, but she's taken warning by the white fellow. Watch 'em get away: it's very pretty an' quiet, like a man-o'-war comin' to anchor; but she's got three aboard. They think it's too far to le'ward to be healthy; an' they're like the big black gulls —they know."

The light of a barn lantern with a corrugated tin reflector flared suddenly almost within hand-reach and introduced two figures that laboured on a dancing, rain-swept bow. The light fanned down to a blue spark, then blazed and threw their dilated shadows across a reefed and slatting mainsail beneath which one man stood at attention. In a dozen seconds the workers ceased, a little jib slid up by magic, filled with a jerk, and that pinkie also paid off and plunged up the wind. As she drove past, a lighted hand held the lantern overside, and a boy, white-faced and spray-mantled, lay outboard over the windward bow and threw armful after armful of eel-grass to leeward like forked hay.

"Blast that stuff!" said the captain.

"Garden o' the Gulf," commented the cook, pretending not to look into the North-east. The captain stared at the void where the pinkie had vanished.

"She had half a ton of it on her anchor, did y' see?" he said. "I s'pose our mud-hook has gone to by-by in a sea-cow's private hay-field an' is liable to wake up mostly any time. Then we're due to leave immediately. How far is it to the rocks—a quarter of a mile! With this little draft of air, that should take nearly three minutes. Won't those Oregon pine sticks look nice in the gray dawn lyin' up against the scrub spruces on the bank, an' the little green crabs crawlin' over the cushions, an' the sculpins livin' inside the piano? *But* we'll have the lettuce an' the ice. F'r the Lord's sake, don't forget that!" and he spat widely down the wind and looked into the zenith, where the *Gloria's* spars towered a hundred feet in the dark. "Peter," he said, "you an' I better get the sail on her an' follow the pinks up to windward. Run and put the mainsail on, will y'!" This enormous sarcasm passed unheeded except that by the little glare from the riding-light we could see the cook's wet smile as he patted the fifty-eight-foot main-boom.

"But what are you going to do?" I inquired.

"God knows," he said, "unless you can lend us some men—an' then haven't y' got a platinotype of this acetylene-lighted palace, drawin' nine feet of water, beatin' round this hole in the dark in a gale of wind? No, Mister, we stay here—until we leave; an' then, as I said, God knows. Oh,"—his voice lowered—"*now* we're saved!" Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers barged out of the companion-hatch done up in expensive yachting oilskins.

"Blowing fresh!" said Mr. Spiers to the captain. The cook addressed the pianist and me aside.

"He learned that from me," he said proudly, "or I think he did, sir. I'm always sayin' it. He don't know the difference between a fresh breeze an' a typhoon. So long as the deck's kept level and his hair stayed on, he'd say it like that—'Blowin' fresh'—like that. He's awful nautical."

The owner and this guest did not seem to have inspired proper respect in the crew.

At this instant the third pinkie fled past us to windward, a little, troubled shadow over a rocking wake, except when she cut for a second through the white, outflung light from one of our ports. The last we saw of her was when her gaff swooped under our jib-boom and a cloud of softwood sparks from her cuddy stove rose over our bows like spray and drifted aft, fighting it out with the rain.

"It's gettin' lonely, sir," said the cook. The captain stared after the sparks.

"That was the *Sea Serpent*, from Souris," he informed us. He had been born in these parts. "But she don't look very fierce to-night. The other black one is from Georgetown—she's got no name—and the little white fellow is a Frenchman from Petit de Gras."

"It's giving them fits, isn't it?" said Mr. Spiers, joyfully, leaning against the rain. "I wish another would come along for the sake of a little excitement." The captain viewed him with an explicit eye.

"You'll get excitement enough before daylight," he said, and he unfolded to Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers the precise manner and quantity of excitement he looked forward to; and, as his feelings were overloaded, he explained fully, once more, how he thought they might have got along without the lettuce and the ice, and was altogether so eloquent and convincing that when he finished, Mr. Sneed was running about in the cockpit asking what could be done and Mr. Spiers had fallen back into silence. And the beginning of that great Northeaster played in the *Gloria's* rigging as an evening breeze plays in the awakened strings of an Æolian harp, and outboard the *Rorqual's* faint lights marched solemnly about over the unseen deep, the only visible thing in that overwhelming darkness. As for the deluge, it drifted across the *Gloria's* deck, first to starboard and then to port; for that ship, conformably with announcement, had begun to range around her suffering anchor. The captain looked at me.

"You remember what I told you about the bull-calf an' the picket," he said. "Now we start." And we started. The first result followed close. Together we had been watching the even swing and return of the *Rorqual's* lights, because there was nothing else to watch, when suddenly they paused, held steady, and moved slowly up the wind. I saw Mr. Sneed's bewildered eyes when he said, "Is your boat going, too?"

Now, excepting only the *Flying Dutchman* I had never heard of anything afloat that moved up the wind without some urgent reason, especially when at anchor. If this phenomenon appears to take place in another ship it is largely probable that your own ship is going down the wind instead. I was on the verge of submitting this theory when I was struck on the chest by the captain, going forward.

"Come on," he roared, "we're off!" and disappeared over the crown of the trunk-deck. The cook and I, following the sound of rubber boots, arrived in time to hear a mighty splash under the starboard bow and a brief run of chain through the hawse-pipe. I faced an extra sheet of water that tasted salt and fell over some one fitting brakes to the windlass.

"Here, tally on!" he said, "and we'll get that anchor up and clean the grass off it. I knew we'd start, so I had this one ready to let go, but I didn't know we'd start so quick." On one side the captain and I, and on the other the cook and Mr. Kimborough pumped frantically in the dark, while the *Gloria's* bow dipped in the rising sea, and the steel forestay overhead boomed under the stroke of each following gust that came in, a little heavier, from the open gulf. The captain grunted across the windlass-brake:

"This is going to be a snoozer, summer or no summer."

"Started in just like the August gale, sir," chimed the cook from the other side.

"You shut up and go down and get a lantern." As the cook went, Mr. Spiers was ordered in to sweat in his place. No two-hundred-pound anchor of my acquaintance ever came like that, and I said so; but what ever it was, it brought up hard at last, and the captain hung outboard with the lantern.

"Look, will y'!" he gasped. "God's wonder it came at all. We got the whole Ramp's Channel middle-ground." On the ultra-violet trail of a curse that was designed to embrace the whole eel-grass family he cast himself over the bow on to the bobstay, where the tops of the seas washed his legs to the hip, and tore at the cart-load of that sleek seaweed that swung from the hawse-pipe to the water. We ripped at it from above with a pike-pole and two boat-hooks, and it hissed in the wind like many serpents and drifted astern, until in the woven center we found the anchor, fouled on the stock beside. The captain cleared it with one deft twist of his arm, and as he rose over the rail we let it go once more. Then

for half a minute we waited; then breathed more freely. The *Gloria* was holding. But the captain spoke as a man without faith.

Aft, in the shelter and glare of the companionway, we found Mrs. Sneed and the two young ladies listening to the whole mighty performance aloft, the shouting of the wind in the stays, the steady pound of the main throat-halyard, and the clank of a threshing burton block against the shrouds, all coming down through the uneven roar of the rain. Mr. Sneed was moving distressfully about in the cockpit, Miss Sneed looked scared and white and Mrs. Sneed's voice shook.

"Is there any danger?" she inquired thickly.

"No, Madam," said the pianist. Miss Hilda Roche had put on a sou'wester and a full-length oilskin coat, new and glaring yellow. Here was the final touch. I watched the wet, brown hands, fascinated, while they buttoned the last buttons; then she came out.

"You poor things," she said in her big voice to the pianist and me, "you're awfully wet," and she felt our shoulders; "but I'm a fool—you're soaked through a dozen times. Why didn't they give you oilskins?" I am certain that up to that moment neither the pianist nor I knew whether we had on oilskins or not. "I'll go and get them for you now," she said, "they'll keep you warm, even if it's too late to keep you dry." And she would have, but at that moment a slow voice out of the darkness remarked: "I think we're goin' again, sir. I don't know, sir, but I think so, sir." The captain leaped and swung the lantern over the stern. Eel-grass once more, but this time standing eel-grass, waved in the troughs of the seas. The full curse had come upon us: the *Gloria* was over the edge of the flats. He looked aloft in the dark as though expecting heaven to open and show him a way out.

"Maybe they'll catch on the bank of the channel," I said, to be encouraging.

"They wouldn't catch on the brass rim o' hell with that stuff under them," he whooped. Mr. Kimborough prodded me in the ribs and whispered hoarsely:

"The fight is now on. The Lord has seen fit to take up my sermon where I left it off." Then the captain seized me by both shoulders.

"I don't know what y'r big gasoleners are worth on a pull," he said. "D' y' think you could tow us against this?" I said I was sure of it. The little two tons of metal in each engine contains a concentrated fury of which the steam-bred man is studiously unaware, and I had faith in the *Rorqual*. Her great anchors were handled by electric windlasses and she was as nearly a two-man boat as any ninety-footer could be. This I told in a forty-second council of war, while we hung to the boom-shears. They would need Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson and the *Rorqual's* cook, all of them, to help deal with the *Gloria's* anchors and the lines, and then their hands would be overfull. Could Mr. Kimborough and I handle the *Rorqual* alone?

"Not and handle the line," I said. "We'll need some one to steer." The girl had been listening with bowed head.

"I could steer, couldn't I?" she said.

Why not? The captain shouted at me: "She brought us from Cape Chatte to Fame Point like a quartermaster." Then turned the shout in her direction: "Good stuff! Of course you can steer, if you can ever get there. Now jump!" (I do not think this is the way captains of yachts usually talk to the owner's guests, but the spirit of the Lord was breathing in the *Gloria's* rigging, and certain apparent distinctions seemed less apparent.)

While the pianist was leading the *Rorqual's* gig in from the boat-boom, the girl dived into the saloon, and I saw her worming into a scarlet sweater, and as she came back, buttoning up again and graphically explaining to Mrs. Sneed in the companionway, I heard that scared and outraged woman say something about "chaperon," and the girl waved a hand at the roaring sky, and laughed, and came on, running.

"I'm ready," she said to me. We should need three pairs of oars, and Mr. Spiers, being the least useful thing in sight, was to come also.

"Get in," she commanded, "and help me down." Her voice was as level as an organ tone. The cook jabbed into the dark with a boat-hook, fighting off the shadow of the curveting gig, and from the invisibility to windward came the suggestive hiss of an extra large sea. Mr. Spiers paused, and the pianist sprawled in among the thwarts. The captain showed symptoms of great strain.

"For God's sake, hurry up!" he said, staring astern; and at the word Miss Roche slid blindly over the rail, and the gig and the pianist caught her miraculously in mid-air.

"Lend him a hand!" roared Mr. Kimborough, referring to Mr. Spiers. The

captain lent him a hand, two hands, under his arms, and dropped him in what seemed to be the right direction. He gasped like a frightened child as he disappeared, and we heard the clatter of upflung oars in the boat and knew that the aim had been true. I watched my chance and tumbled in on the forward thwart, the painter, wind-borne, snapped aft over my shoulder, and we were swept astern. For ten furious minutes, lashed by water, blended salt and fresh, we fought to windward toward the place where the *Rorqual* should be, found her uncertain lights at last, and gained on them a foot at a time, while the girl bailed, till we were under the polished, rolling white sides and a line fell across my arms. I knotted it into the painter and let go, and was aware that some one was hoisting the accommodation-ladder out of the way and had thrown a pilot-ladder over the side in its stead—which was great wisdom. Up this, while the gig reared, the girl went like a sailor.

"That's the dandiest row I ever had in my life," she said to me as soon as I reached the deck. Then I fell into Mr. Simpson's arms.

"Welcome home, Pop!" he bellowed in my ear. "Now y' know what a sock feels like in a washin'-machine. What y' got, a shipwrecked crew?"

"No," I said, "but they're going to be unless we can stop it," and while Mr. Anderson and the pianist fled toward the windlass I unfolded the plan. He followed down into the engine-room, where he recited in a loud voice:

"Society item: Foremouth Witness. 'Durin' the recent typhoon our genial fellow-townsman, H. Simpson, Esq., was the means of savin' from destruction in North Harbour the palatial yacht *Gloria*, of Montreal, *as* well as the life of her owner, Mr. Montgomery Sneed, *and* his family. We understand Mr. Simpson is to be knighted. Welcome back, Sir Henry.' I couldn't be wetter if I was drowned. Produce y'r orders."

A minute later, in mighty anticipation, the *Rorqual's* main engines were running free on the governors, her little electric-light plant was whirring a song of its own in the uproar, two blurred and blinded figures kneeled in the drifting water over a lantern in the extreme eyes of her, trying to watch the chain come in, and on the bridge I wrestled, as Jacob with the angel, with a merciless and thundering weather-cloth, endeavoring to trice it up, and, between jerks, to tell Miss Roche what to do, and how to run the engine-room telegraph and the searchlight, when the latter machine might be necessary. But she was free from all fear and I left her, with the light of battle in her eyes, facing ahead in that blessed eddy where the weather-cloth turns the wind and the rain upward and saves the officer of the watch.

I had forgotten Mr. Spiers, but on the way down I passed him as a distressed and inaudible shadow being driven round and round—with the sun, for luck—by the pianist, who was now coiling down a new five-inch line.

So everything was prepared for that struggle and I dropped into the engine-room and waited.

The following three minutes were the worst I had to suffer in that eventful night. The lights were out, so that whatever there was to see outside might be seen, but in all the troubled universe I could make out nothing but the wavering line of sparks that played on the brushes of the dynamo. Overhead, sea and sky locked in one unbroken roar, and below I was flanked by the clang of the unseen engines, and the little bronze reverse levers trembled under my hands. But all things have an end, and at the end of what might have been a day and a night there came the uneasy swerve of the *Rorqual's* head falling off, the engine-room floor rose up and lurched under my feet, and I barely caught the grind of the telegraph-bell in the uproar and threw in the levers. In the same instant a chance waterspout whirled in through the open hatch, and above the confused roar of water in my ears I heard the engines steady to work, and climbed the ladder in time to meet two figures that fled aft to the taffrail, where they humoured the gig like a panicky colt. The pianist still laboured patiently and seemed to be weaving a net around himself and Mr. Spiers with two heaving-lines, and the *Rorqual*, rolling most shamefully, swung into the trough of the sea and nosed her precarious way through the water-swept gloom. Cool as a fountain-bathed statue and strictly according to instructions, the girl led her just so far southeast and then headed her up into the wind, and not one flicker could we see. The Northeaster had swallowed the *Gloria's* lights as a snow-cloud swallows the Pleiades. As I reached the taffrail, Mr. Anderson spread his arms wide apart to show the utterness of her disappearance.

"Here! She was here!" he said, and pointed downward, and as Mr. Anderson

had been born with the sense of absolute position in unorganized space I was sure she had been.

"Yes," I inquired, "but where is she now?" He shook his head and swung his hand toward heaven at a venture. We stopped the screws and we sidled to leeward, mantled in such rain as I had never seen. It drifted along the deck, shoulder-high, in all respects like the out-flung steam from the blow-off valves of a liner's boilers, and overside we could hear the hiss of each comber and never once see the flash of its crest. Oilskins served only to hold more water, but even here the unabashed Mr. Simpson spoke.

"In a long and varied life," he said, "this is the most moisture I ever seen. It 'u'd make a tropical thunderstorm feel like a prohibition town in the Arabian Desert, wouldn' it? I'm what y' call a cold compress renewed every thirty seconds an' it'll take me two riotous weeks to get dee-hydrated again—jumping Jerusalem, we're aground!"

Something jarred heavily under our feet and in the same instant, athwart the sky, appeared a longish object, pointed, faintly lighted, and white-tipped, that might have been the sword of an archangel. This descended and plucked at an awning stanchion and, as we cowered, went aloft again, leisurely, taking the stanchion with it, while the frame, inch iron pipe, stood up in an ornate loop as though it might have been rabbit wire, and twanged like a harp-string. Within that second an uneasy light flashed in our eyes and we drifted past, speechless, within twenty feet of the *Gloria's* rail. The archangel's sword had been her jibboom at the extreme end of its range. Beneath the light we saw Mr. Sneed's awe-struck countenance for the last time that evening. Mr. Simpson recovered poise first and, hanging out over the taffrail, addressed himself to Mr. Sneed across the gulf.

"Peek-a-boo!" he whooped. There was no reply.

"Tag!" he roared. "*Your* turn to find *us* now!" I remember the amazed face that was swept into the obscurity. To this day I fail to see how we missed fouling that propeller in the *Gloria's* cables, or why we missed seeing her riding-light. For the next three minutes I revolved at high speed between the engine-room and the bridge, where Miss Hilda Roche presided as unshaken as an old sea-captain, and the *Rorqual* moved up to windward again, where it became my happy task to balance her like a soaring gull, within sight of the lights. It gave me an increased respect for the gull, who operates without reversing clutches.

While we paused, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Anderson, the cook, and the heaving-line went overside, entangled, into the dinghy, while Mr. Spiers balked once more. The pianist's control left him.

"You come on, will y'!" he said, and when I saw Mr. Spiers last he was fighting at an extreme disadvantage because he was being lowered over the rail in one hand, like a dunnage-bag, and in the next moment the gig had borne him away behind the ghost of a breaking sea, and Mr. Kimborough was astern, paying out line into the fathomless dark. I was certain the girl saw this last performance, but when I spoke to her in the next ten-second visit she made no sign.

"How am I doing?" She never turned her eyes from the vanishing lights nor freed a straining hand to brush back the hair stranded across her wet cheeks.

"Couldn't be better," I said.

"I'm so glad. This is the greatest thing I ever did in my life. I feel as if I owned the whole world." A dim lantern astern waved wide and free, and I heard the pianist roar from aft: "We've got 'em," and I gave the throttles two more notches. It meant as much more of that potent fluid in each second as would fill a lady's thimble. Softly the strain came on and the shadowy hawser rose up and stood out from the chock like an iron bar. "—Or we got something," he shouted, dancing on the rope like an excited shark-fisherman as I reached the taffrail. We could even see very faint objects that rose and fell rapidly.

A moment later, clinging to the bent awning stanchion, he said in my ear: "Now you stop running round and consider the magnitude of this business. You think whether now, at this minute, you'd rather be a bow-legged knight with sheet-iron pants babouching round in the dark, wet grass on a dray-horse with a clothespole hunting for somebody to stick it through, an' the green dye out of your nodding plume running in through the slats in your helmet and down your sweating nose. Talk about romance! We've sent out the villain to labour and be seasick on a treadmill, and here we are, two big boats in God's hurricane, parading up to windward into God knows where in the rain, steered by a girl with the weight of her arms—an' y' stop or y' go

ahead with the shift of your finger. Don't y' pity the chaps that were born a few hundred years ago?"

"The lady on the bridge was saying something along the same general lines about a minute ago. Better go up," I suggested, "and give her the benefit of your advice—and try to keep a lookout ahead."

The following scenes dilated in progressive magnificence.

When we might have been half-way across the harbour—the hydrostatic log stated that we were then making five nautical miles per hour—the wind came down in blasts like the muzzle-blast of a big gun, so that the little stays screamed overhead and the deck trembled under our feet. A spare oar and an unlashed life-buoy got up together and waltzed away through the night without a sound; a disused pilot-ladder went down the deck like a pursued serpent and wound itself in the taffrail, where it stayed, and I went with it as far as the engine-room hatch, where I stopped through excessive friction, because a round wooden fender had deftly seated me on the deck, after which it mounted mysteriously on the after hatch and launched itself into the sea, and that was the end of it. I hauled myself behind the hatch while the *Rorqual* seemed to pause in her tracks—which was doubtless an illusion—so that I lowered myself into the smell of warm oil, groped for the throttles, and threw them wide open. Even then, in that wilderness of thunder, I had to put my hands on the falling ignitors to tell that the engines were running.

On the bridge, which I reached on my knees, one end of the girl's weather-cloth had broken away and roared like a free topsail till we lashed it down. The grommets had blown clean out of 16-ounce duck. The rain no man could face bare-eyed, for it was a level-flung deluge and it bit like hail. So we proceeded by faith, and as we made up our distance, the pianist hung over the rail with a lead. Sometimes he got five fathoms and sometimes three, but always a few feet under the *Gloria's* keel.

"Where's this calm and restful lee you were talking about?" he shouted. It was not apparent.

"The last country we saw was Nova Scotia. Give a guess where we'll bring up." I was shaking my head again when he said: "What part of the universe are we in, anyway? See! You're going to collide with a comet if you don't pay attention," and he pointed. Perhaps thirty, perhaps sixty, yards off our starboard bow a thin banner of fire and sparks trailed to leeward. As I jumped to slow the main engines I heard the little dynamo engine alter its voice and climbed on deck again to find one black pinkie centered in the gaze of the searchlight. It was an unforgetable sight. She rode to many cables, plunging rail-deep in what might have been drifting snow, for the surface of the sea was torn to spindrift that swept man-high over the unseen harbour, and the water under the *Rorqual's* flanks was a frothing pot. On her deck, beside the flaming stove-pipe and with an arm round her mainmast, a blurred figure waved wildly for us to go to port, and to port we accordingly went. In dumb wonder as to what the new amazement might be, we and our undirected searchlight swung, and the amazement became instantly evident, for into the blazing circle over the starboard bow, in the precise, calculated center of what had been our nicely guessed course, came down the little white pinkie from Petit de Gras. We gasped together. She was under bare poles, but the Frenchman with the untroubled face, still untroubled, sat in the cockpit and steered, and she went past at an awe-inspiring speed with the other man kneeling in her bows, fighting, more furiously than we had fought, with the eel-grass on her last anchor. Her serene helmsman spared a hand to wave at us, which we took to mean "Good luck," and even smiled, and we shifted the light on to the *Gloria* that he might make no mistake. So, once more, the white pinkie vanished into that terrible night. The girl's eyes were wet with more than rain.

"Poor little thing!" she said. "I wonder where she is going now." I judged ashore, unless there might be a miracle, so offered no opinion. Our stare shifted naturally to the *Gloria*, and she also was a sight before heaven. Half a phantom in the rain, every least, movable thing aboard that gilded ship was slack and adrift. Aloft, her many halyards thrashed to leeward. Below, the flat-coiled end of each line had been combed out by the wind and festooned over the rail. Aft, her helmsman worked the wheel and she lay as steady on the starboard tack as if she were under plain sail. Forward hung an unrecognizable knot of men, prepared to anchor; and from rail to rail, over her deck as over a breakwater, swept the top of every sea that went that way.

"Look at your home!" said the pianist to Miss Roche, and Miss Roche looked in awe-struck fascination. We turned the light ahead, but it broke blind and useless

on a magic-lantern circle of the incoming smother; and, so that it might not dazzle the pinkies or us, we switched it off, and, with the dying red of the carbons passed into unblemished chaos. For a full two minutes, or until our abused pupils opened again, we could see not even the *Rorqual*, but proceeded through a rocking and deafened world clinging to wet teak and navigating by the eternal rain and nothing else. In the midst of this, my delicate business was to find a certain little three-fathom channel, and in the end, in three fathoms, somewhere, the *Gloria* sheered off and anchored, and we, moving out of reach of her utmost range, anchored as well. Mr. Kimborough, and I, sweating in the cold, heaved in the five-inch line, and for a quarter of an hour there was peace. Not that the rain or the wind eased for one quarter-second. Instead, underlying all the outrageous noise, there rose up between gusts a new and terrible sound, rather like the bourdons of a cathedral organ—the importunate Gulf of St. Lawrence worrying the beaches as they had not been worried in thirty years. But the *Gloria's* troubled lights held their place and so reassured us that we danced on the bridge grating in our glee, after which the pianist and I went down to put on oilskins over our clinging clothes, because the wind was reaching in to our marrow. I was groping for the second suspender of the overalls when the girl came down the saloon stairs in two leaps.

"Come quick!" she said. "I'm afraid the *Gloria's* gone again." And the second suspender remained unfound. If the *Gloria's* lights meant the *Gloria*, she was gone most assuredly, for the space where they had been lay as empty as the outer universe. Mr. Kimborough stared.

"Now, wouldn't that whiten your hair!" he said. "What happened to them?"

"Nothing at all," she said; "they just seemed to go out." It was a powerful description. Mr. Kimborough turned his puzzled eyes on me.

"Well?" he said, and without further discussion advanced on the windlass and drove the motors shamefully. The *Rorqual* paid off and fled down the wind once more. We came up with that harassed white schooner traveling sideways and towing her anchors at a most notable speed, and we raked her with the searchlight again to find half her overworked crew locked on the windlass and half trying to tie three reefs in her ponderous mainsail.

In his flight aft to his heaving-lines I heard the pianist say, "Poor, poor Henry!" Then I asked the poised person by the wheel if she thought she could bring us just close enough not to be dangerous. She said she could, certainly, no trouble in the world, and she did (the holy truth) in some miraculous way of her own, and she froze the crews of both boats into instant paralysis, for in one particular swoop we missed the *Gloria* by a scant ten feet. The eldest towboat captain would have turned gray with terror. In that sea a touch would have been enough, but in the manner of all women she saw only the essentials, no necessity to touch, and Providence regarded His own. And more, the pianist sent his heaving-line across the gap in the face of the gale, which was another miracle, and we saw Mr. Anderson fling himself on its end before it went overboard again, which was a third. So we prevailed on the *Gloria* once more to come up into the three-fathom channel, and once more we anchored, side by side.

Hereupon there followed the second strained, heart-breaking idleness of that magnificent night. First, through the time it took me to get into the rest of the oilskin suit it seemed as if the gale might be certainly abating, and, immediately following, the gale undertook to show that it could never abate so long as the straining universe hung together. It came, full-toned as in the beginning, out of the true Northeast, and the whole sea smoked. We three crouched under the spouting weather-cloth, fighting against chance eddies and beaten down into hard-breathing silence by the interminable roar, while the *Rorqual* lifted us aloft, little lonely children, and descended in majesty, pounding as though she were running into a reputable head sea. Once, overcome by the tension of wondering what might be the next probable happening, I took an approved and weather-proof lantern and crawled out on the railed turtle-deck to see how the cable was leading. I passed not over painted canvas, but over and through the same curse, wet eel-grass, fresh harvested from the gulf. It had climbed up the cable and lay banked elbow-deep by some mysterious back-draft between the rails; and while I groveled on my face in this heaving meadow, the radiance went out from that lantern because it had filled itself with water, and I breathed water through my nostrils and retired backward with eel-grass wreathed round my neck and in my hair, leaving the cable unseen. Once, for one moment, the rain broke, and straight ahead, within arm's reach, we made out an

imposing, battlemented shadow that was without doubt the smallest wooded island, the lee of which we sought. But there was no lee that night. From its left flank an appalling, wavering, silver-gray wall stretched across the full northern horizon, and, shivering, we interpreted that the Strait of Northumberland was breaking over the high beaches that had stood unbreached for half a century. Then it pleased the Lord that this manifestation should be withdrawn and that the deluge should come again. And as it came, some little thing ahead of it that we could see spouted white foam, flashed in the heart of the gloom, and there was one uncertain rocket-trail of sparks—and the ghost of the white pinkie drove past down the wind even once more. It was wholly uncanny and the girl shuddered as she watched the bare spars lurch and disappear.

"Oh, it's a shame! It's a shame!" she said. "Couldn't we do anything for them?"

"They might tie up astern without adding much to our load," I said; "but you never can tell how long we may stay—"

"Or how soon we may go." Mr. Kimborough wheeled me round by the arm. "There she drifts again. Come on!" He dived forward. The *Gloria's* lights were moving away, stately as the lights of an outbound steamer, and for the third time the *Rorqual's* blessed automatic anchor came up and we went in pursuit.

Now this was becoming a most wearing struggle. The engine-room clock said half-past two, and for four hours and a half, which might have been ten overfull minutes, the girl had fought with the wheel and lightly faced the storm and the responsibility of that nerve-wearing night. Now we were to meet graver trouble.

Perhaps a dozen times under the searchlight Mr. Kimborough tried to send that heaving-line aboard the *Gloria.* On seven distinct hair-raising occasions we swung too close to the schooner for any reasonable safety, while she sidled to leeward like the spirit of a white squall, first perilously close to the middleground, then across Ramp's Channel, a cauldron, and finally over the flats and into the eternal grass: but our tired star had set. We could accomplish no such wonderful feats as in the last flight. Once the line rose up and wrapped itself about the tip of her main-boom where her captain followed like a siamang ape in time to see it slip off and flash to leeward, while we held our breath. At all other times it played as free from human control as a flying pennant, for throughout these scenes the wind was such that the coil hissed aloud in your hands and no man might even stand on his feet. In the end the *Gloria's* crew saw that it was useless and we watched them leaning together on her quarter over something below. Then from under her stern appeared the upflung bow of the *Rorqual's* gig bringing Mr. Anderson and two other men who fought as if for their future salvation. But this also was useless, for three crested seas broke over them and bore them away into the *Gloria's* lee, while we watched with straining eyes till they were fished up. Within the same minute the gig filled to the gunwale, and backboard and oars went to leeward with the other flotsam of that great gale.

The next scene occurred with notable swiftness. The *Rorqual* was dropping back and Mr. Kimborough stood with coiled line for still another heave when, of a sudden, over the *Gloria's* stern, the dissolving sky under the searchlight took form, dissolved again, took form again—and remained. At the same time an awful thing went past to starboard, moving slowly up the wind, rather like a submarine running awash. The seas broke on its back in sustained thunder, the water around it was white as snow and the spray drifted in its lee like the smoke of a prairie fire.

"Steady—just as you are!" I shouted at the imperturbable helmsman.

"I'm doing my best," she snapped. "It's that high bank and—the—rocks—isn't it?"

I nodded.

Mr. Kimborough saw it, for I saw him stand braced as if all eternity depended on his next heave. The crew of the *Gloria* saw it, for they flung themselves on her gig, a lean-bilged canoe, for one more try, which would have been plain suicide. I was half turned to back into the engine-room hatch when beside me, sheer from under the distressed sky, stepped two strange men on deck—not climbed, but stepped—followed immediately by a third. Then all three lowered themselves over the rail, with the precision of a ballet entrance, bearing a line that, tracing overside in awe-struck wonder, I saw led to a red dory, new-spurned from under their feet, which rode that maelstrom like a grebe. The leader was clad in a frieze ulster and a white tam-o'-shanter with a fuzzy red ball on top, and he embraced me and spake with a pervasive deliberation.

"We was scared of gettin' too near y'r screws. Fetch the line for'd an' we'll take it from here." I motioned, and we descended on the pianist, who had been given up to watching the *Gloria* and who gasped. They plucked the coil from his relaxed hand, they threaded it outside the reeling stanchions deftly as a young woman working in floss, one jerked the painter, their carriage called, like the pause of a wind-borne basket, they stepped in, and without further words they rolled away, downward and outward and backward, bearing the line with them. It is a conjuring trick learned on the Grand Banks. Without orders, but because of the urgent necessities of the case, the three pairs of oars rose up together and dropped between the thole pin: then the entire works vanished behind a seething wall, and that line ran out at high speed into the sea. When we saw them next they were uplifted upon an instant and unstable hill, and one man, standing loosely on his feet, was delivering the line's-end into many hands on the *Gloria's* deck.

"Great God Almighty!" said Mr. Kimborough. But this was not all. Presently they returned, flung like a toy balloon through the drenched light, and stepped on deck again, while the *Rorqual* surged on the five-inch line. The man with the white tam-o'-shanter smiled and roared: "That was what y' call pretty close, but we got her." We strained over the rail while the *Gloria's* spars swung into line.

"*Where* did you come from, anyway?" inquired the pianist. "They say that a dory with three pairs of oars can go through the mouth of hell, but——"

The white tam broke in:

"That's the place—we been there an' back several times t'-night, ain't we, Isaac? Our schooner—one of the black ones—we dragged, I don't know where—but I guess it must 'a' been hell if they got a department filled with eel-grass for them that goes down to the sea—an' we sailed back, rather close-hauled, every time. Now she's holdin'—over there." (He pointed, to be exact.) "How many anchors d' y' think we got out? Only six! A ninety an' a hundred in tandem an' four thirties for luck. We just got nicely fixed when we seen you an' your fireworks come tearin' down tryin' to lassoo the big schooner; so we thought we'd come over and see what we could do. My God! but it's an awful night: the worst I ever seen in harbour. Have y' got such a thing as a drink?"

We directed them to a small barrel with brass hoops that waited on the saloon sideboard for emergencies, and they didn't keep it waiting longer than necessary.

When they came out we were labouring past the outer line of rocks, working the searchlight for our lives. They were comforted—the barrel was half empty—and they seemed to appreciate the vastness of events for the first time, and lost themselves in wonder greater than our wonder at their coming. When they were fully convinced that there were three of us, and three only, to work lines and anchors and engines and wheel aboard that plunging craft, the wonder changed to astonishment; and when they learned that one of the three was a young woman, the astonishment turned to respect, and they stared at her from behind the funnel until she motioned us all on the bridge.

"Why is it that the *Gloria* drags and this boat doesn't?" she demanded.

"The different sort of anchor, chiefly," I said.

"But you only use one, don't you?" (And all the time she was working the wheel, as the captain of the *Gloria* had said, like a quartermaster.)

I said we did, so far.

"Then why don't you give the other one to the *Gloria?*" Her hair blew in my face as I listened in that bent circle.

"How would we get it there?" Being a man in a gale of wind I spoke as her mental superior. The question seemed to puzzle her for five seconds—not more.

"But couldn't you fasten it to the end of the rope you tow with and drop it overboard from here? You've got help now." (Even at that time this recalled one feverish night before a motor-boat race when we had bent beyond hope one blade of a little two-bladed propeller, and laboured vainly to straighten it properly, until a woman suggested that we make a plaster-of-paris cast of the hub and the other blade and work from this. Which we did, and were saved.)

"By God, the lady's right!" said the man in the tam-o'-shanter. "You got a three-hundred-pound patent anchor and the big schooner wouldn't shift it in three hundred years. We can bend it on before y' could gut a herrin'," and we drew breath for another fight. The free end of the five-inch line, as stiff as wire, was passed forward.

Now, unless you have lowered a stockless anchor out of its hawse-pipe and fished it on to the rearing bow of a boat, which boat is rhythmically colliding with walls of pure

surf, with the wind at seventy miles an hour, accompanied by rain that registered five inches of fall in one night—as we learned later—and unless you have worked entirely on the crown of a turtle-deck, which resembles the extreme edge of a calving glacier, you have no conception of the interests of this process. At certain times we gave up, and clung, all five, to the anchor davit and to one another like swarmed bees, breathing water. Failing all other attacks, one of the strangers became heated, and in face of high heaven went down over the bow on the tackle and hooked the block into the clevis: and once we stopped and counted to see if we were all there. Mr. Kimborough said afterward that it was the busiest few minutes he had so far spent in this life. But in a little all was accomplished, for these men work swiftly. Otherwise they would be many times dead.

We lashed the anchor to the bitts of the windlass, ready to let go, and, belly flat, we crawled back to the bridge. There I lay against the rail in sheer weariness, unashamed, and I think my eyes closed. But immediately a new and ingenious wonder unfolded itself. The pianist seized my arm and spoke in a loud voice in my ear.

"Does Neptune or Boreas or Æolus, or whoever is running this show keep a bull?"

"Why?" I gasped, but it was an unnecessary question, for dead ahead, in the very eye of the wind, something bellowed ferociously and the bellowing grew louder. The fishermen looked at us as if we might be responsible, then at one another in dumb amazement.

"Sounds like a whistling buoy," said one.

"Then if it is, who are we?" rejoined the man with the white tam. "We'd have to be outside, an' we ain't, thank God!" The discussion was interrupted by a very white light that burst on our straining eyes and was as sharply occulted, only to blaze again in the midst of profound groans.

"Why, it's one of them new thunder-an'-lightnin' buoys," said the first speaker. "Hard a starboard or you'll hit it." He jammed the wheel over under the girl's hands, and we twisted the searchlight to bear.

"Injun Rocks buoy, by all that's holy! Adrift an' cruised over here an' into this hole all by its lonesome self. I would as soon have expected to see Grandma! Ain't it chronic to think of it comin' shoutin' across that gulf to-night!" We scrooped by and hooted on the *Rorqual's* siren to warn the *Gloria*, but she was late. It struck her once on the port quarter and though we were beyond hearing any sound, we saw flying white splinters. Then the flash dimmed down and disappeared and the bull voice was overlaid by the tireless voice of the storm.

"Now come on with your next miracle!" breathed the pianist, addressing the inspired Northeast. "What did you think of that?" he said to the girl, who actually smiled.

"I'm long past thinking: it's much too wonderful. I'm just taking things as they come—I wouldn't be surprized at anything. I s'pose I ought to have been scared sometimes, but I wasn't, truly. I think that's the Irish in me. As I told you a while ago, I think this is the best time I ever had in my life."

"Aren't you tired?" I ventured.

"Not a bit!" And she visibly was not. Instead she was standing up like a statue of Diana. The man with the white tam, speaking aside to me, said he was glad the lady was pleased, and that they would now go and explain to the *Gloria's* people about the anchor; but they would come back: and when I came out of the engine-room the red dory had blown into chaos.

Then, in due course, Mr. Kimborough and I, acknowledging a feeling of great loneliness, toppled the big anchor overboard, duly calculated our distance, and the *Rorqual* duly took up her uneasy station for the third time, as a nurse beside a patient that nears the crisis. And then, as we watched for any little sign of those fearless and casual ferrymen, an entirely new phase of the scene came with as startling swiftness as had any of the others.

The great gale broke, even as the *Rorqual's* anchor smote the water. Not with tempered lulls and heart-breaking blasts between, through an hour and half, but at once, through ten little minutes; from half-hurricane to full gale, from half-gale to heavy breeze, from light breeze to a breath of summer air, cold as steel and uncanny as a nightmare. The *Rorqual* steadied and paused with the quick-falling swell of shoal water, and within a dozen minutes lay still, while the rain went also, drifting sullenly to leeward and leaving us to listen to the drip of the surprized deck-house in a silence that was walled about with the dying roar, very far away, and the even thunder of the outer gulf, breaking crazy on every reef and bar and beach within range of our over-awed ears. And that the miracle might be complete, the canopy

overhead tore across and opened a lane of clean starlight that rifted and spread into indigo fields in which blazed every constellation that lights the snow of a winter evening. The thinning darkness showed something afloat that might be a pinkie and, a little removed, the ghostly white of the *Gloria's* hull.

Hereupon uprose the sound of oars near at hand and the voice of Mr. Simpson over the stilled waters.

"Now what have y' done?"

"Why? How?" we said.

"You've got y'r silly feet in the wires an' short-circuited the whole business." But in spite of this pleasantry he shuddered as he came over the rail. He made a precise and silent course for the brass-bound barrel, followed by Mr. Anderson and us.

"This thing don't seem to show the pressure it did," he said, holding a trembling cup under the tap till it was filled to its gold-lined edge. "Oh, I see! An' the dory's crew fluttered down the wind with their breaths smellin' like the golden gates ajar. That's what brought me home." He drank it off undiluted, gasped, and sat down with tears on his cheeks. We waited through the time Mr. Anderson took to refill and empty the cup and lower himself with hysterical chuckles on the same transom.

"It's all no use," Mr. Simpson said at last. "I couldn't tell you about it: there's no place to begin. As a general compendium, I may say that the yachting cruise to the lakes is finished an' that the patients prefer walkin' home to goin' any other way they can think of. The yacht is for sale or to let, an' the great Gulf of St. Lawrence can go—evaporate, if it wants to."—Here he brightened visibly as if the drink might have reached its destination.—"To further accentuate my point, I may say that any time in the evening y' stuck y'r head down the scuttle it was an oratorio. Such yelps y' never heard. When I wake up at night I'll hear 'em for years an' years. The last stages of a curlin' match was a deaf-an'-dumb asylum beside it. The old woman wept on every ledge from the parlor mantelpiece to the cellar stairs an' varied it by comin' out on the veranda—"

"She took a special fancy to Henry," said Mr. Anderson in ecstasy, "and used to hug him in the rain and ask him to save her till he got embarrassed—didn't y', Henry?—and a little mad. What did y' tell her?"

"I told her," said Mr. Simpson, "that she'd get intercostal neuralgia an' that if she wanted to be saved she'd better go down an' cook some coffee for the shiverin' crew."

"Then," whooped Mr. Anderson, "she forgot about the storm, and that she was a high-class lady operating an enameled yacht, and the old North-Shore-of-New-Brunswick spirit came out and she said she'd see him damned first. She did!"

"She aspersed my motives," said Mr. Simpson with moist eyes, "but for a minute we stood up man to man, as it were. Then she looked round her with a sort of horror—as if she'd made a new patent world an' it had got broke—and went below cryin'. At the same time the pale piece—*Kee-wah-gush-ta-kum-kang-kang-ge-wuk*—was havin' hysterics around the pantry an' the back stairs."—Here Miss Roche, who had been listening in amazement, choked, and Mr. Simpson continued with a trembling voice. —"The rain had washed the soot all down out of the kitchen range, an' the old man, who was goin' about like one of these whirlin' water-bugs, got lots of it on his face. He reminded me of the time the Conservative party went to Pictou Island an' the pop-valve broke an' blew all the soot out of the boiler tubes—up to that time nobody knew how quick you could make a political picnic into a minstrel show. But it was really funny. Then on top of it all that pink dromedary"—this was Mr. Spiers, but Miss Roche sat unmoved—"come out wearin' a life-preserver. This irritated the captain so that he threw himself on him an' tore it off an' heaved it to leeward, an' offered to heave him after it if he'd promise not to come back. Taken altogether, it was a pretty giddy picnic. Work! I've heaved an' sweated an' shivered an' swore. I've lifted till I've shoved my feet out through my boots"—it was so—"an' they never even offered me a cup of cold water or a piece of gingerbread. Not that I was sufferin' for cold water. The intensest moment was when that intermittent drug-store sign come down from heaven an' carried away the port rail. The whole family was convinced that we'd hit the Inchcape Rock, an' what with the whoops from the buoy, an' the sea an' the rain an' the spasmodic illumination an' me huggin' the old woman to keep her from jumpin' overboard, it was a ghastly scene. My gracious! but I'm glad I'm home!" He half filled and emptied the cup again, raised his tired feet out of an extensive sheet of water on the carpet, rolled over on the velour transom, and in one instant, in the midst of one

profound sigh, fell asleep. But Mr. Anderson sat up manfully.

We were called aside by footfalls on the deck and the voice of the man with the white tam.

"See," he said, "have y' got such a thing as some sort of a spare anchor—a kedge or some little thing? It'd be small for you, but it'd be big for us. We're goin' through the eye of the storm, an' when the Nor'-wester strikes us the Lord have mercy on us." He spoke with unabated cheer, but there was strain in his voice. We produced a two-hundred-pound kedge from the lazarette, which they received with a howl and bore away like a feather, heart-free and joking with Heaven, for they knew they were saved. The red dory vanished again to the sound of singing through the night, and in a short space of time we heard a great splash in the distance. The pianist went in and shook Mr. Simpson by the shoulder.

"Those fellows say that we're in the eye of the storm, and that it's coming in from the nor'west worse than ever. If you want to get back to the schooner, now's your time."

At the same moment I tapped the barometer and it jumped a tenth of an inch. Mr. Simpson regarded Mr. Kimborough's face.

"That'll be all right," he said. "You can tell the schooner that it's rescued as far as H. Simpson is concerned. Call me at nine o'clock," and he rolled over and appeared to slumber again instantly.

The essentials of this story are complete. In entire conformity with the laws of meteorology, and because, if you sit on the North Star and face the North Pole the earth turns round in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock, the great Nor'wester came, and it was greater than the great Nor'easter. (You will find the bald record of this whole particular storm in the meteorological records at Halifax—where it was not very bad—no longer ago than August 1, 1908.) It came with a devastating roar and it was awful. But it was apart from our interests. The *Rorqual* stayed where she was. The *Gloria* stayed where she was. If she had not, I doubt if we could have helped it. Mr. Simpson stayed where he was. It was very cold and we threw a rug over his steaming personality. Mr. Anderson walked in with an alert eye to say that he was going to see this business through, and that we might as well sit down where it was warm. And in the midst of that hurricane—to our eternal disgrace—we must have fallen asleep, for at ten minutes after six in the morning, with the bars of autumn-white sunlight lying across the saloon, the pianist and I awoke partly under one blanket on the saloon floor. Mr. Simpson snored furiously on one transom and on the other Miss Roche, wound in a Caithness rug, slept in the full stripe of the sun the sleep of weariness and peace. Her hair and the rug and the very cushions under her were soaked with water. But in the times of such events these matters pass as of no import. Her lips were parted, and the sunlight struck full across her face, which was so entirely beautiful that the pianist stared at it for, I suppose, more than a minute.

"I like that girl," he said to me as he got up. Outside, Mr. Anderson still walked the deck. The sky was swept clear and clean of every cloud. The harbour was ochre-red from the outer islands to the mainland shores, and ridged under a Nor'wester that even at that time was half a gale, and from windward we could hear plover piping as though autumn had fallen in the night. One black pinkie lay peacefully ashore, high above the highest high-water-mark since the Great August Gale, and a thin smoke drifted from where her crew crouched round an unseen fire in the bushes; and the other, our friend of the white tam-o'-shanter, rode unblemished to the *Rorqual's* kedge a third of a mile across the water. In the sparkling light between, side by side and as uninhabited as the planet Mars, sat the *Gloria* of Montreal and the little white pinkie from Petit de Gras. This latter had won her fight, but she swam very low in the water and her dory was gone: which matters bred uneasy thoughts in our minds. Presently the red dory of overnight, pulled by three men, came up the wind to investigate. They found the Frenchman of the untroubled countenance and the other man face downward on the stone ballast, half in the water and half out.

"Not dead!" we said.

"Oh, no," they said, "but very tired. They lost their boat, and then they had to work for their lives. They'll be all right in a little. My God! but it was an awful night! Have y' anything left in that cask?"

Now the curious thing about this story is that there is really no way of telling the logical end of it. It was merely a case, as advertised, of Providence making a minor adjustment, and Providence continues to work in such a crude and simple way as to

be largely beneath the complicated notice of the human mind.

The *Gloria's* motor tender with the four men arrived from Leith at its appointed time, and the men bore elaborate evidence of having been drunk, rigidly according with the captain's calculations. They did not bring the lettuce and the ice because they said they expected to find the *Gloria* ashore. That is of no importance.

After Mr. Sneed had given the three fishermen some battered canned goods and a very small check, we towed the *Gloria* back to Leith, where everybody prepared to go home, eight hundred miles by railway, because they were much unnerved.

I cannot record what Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sneed said, because they did not say anything. Mr. Spiers said a great deal, but it was to the same effect.

Miss Roche and Mr. Simpson and the pianist, who were of largely similar make-up, though of diverse education, had periodical fits of shameless and unexplained laughter. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sneed, and Mr. Spiers, who, in their turn, were of somewhat similar make-up, and similar education, did not appear to see anything funny at all in the events gone past, but carried themselves with sadness. But Mrs. Sneed was a changed woman, just the same. Her veneer had crackled and been flayed off and her unprotected soul had been exhibited to certain human beings with retentive memories, highly trained powers of recounting things and no reasons for concealment. She knew that Toronto, Montreal, the Eastern townships, and the outmost islands might as well have been present also. She was never really the same any more. I saw her often, and I know. This was one of the ends to be desired.

In the morning light Miss Hilda Roche bloomed like a rose in the face of the unveiled sun, but Mrs. and Miss Sneed looked old and exceedingly weary. Improvements on Nature do not seem to stand Nature's tests. But I know that Miss Sneed slept that night without the aid of drugs, which was another end to be desired.

Then between Miss Roche and Mr. Spiers there was a great gulf fixed, so that neither of them might cross over to the other in the least. She recalled some one who might have been awakened suddenly from a very bad dream. But there could be no doubt that she was fully awake. And this was another end to be desired. Once I think she started to say something to me about it, but before she had gone very far her voice checked and she laughed and ran away. I did not ask for any further particulars. We have been great friends ever since.

At half past twelve, noon, she received a telegram from Halifax, from the wife of the D. O. D. L.—which is a purely Imperial title and means the District Officer of Defence Lights—who was a friend of hers. The telegram did not explain how it knew she was in Leith, but it asked her to go to Halifax for a visit, and at twenty minutes past two she went. The pianist went with her as far as the rear platform of the last car, where he hung till the train had attained to a speed of possibly fifteen miles an hour.

"Freddy thinks," he said to me, "that Halifax is a nice place, and that the air in Halifax would be a good thing for Freddy's health. It's funny that he didn't think of that before. Freddy does not wish to go codfishing any more. He wishes the *Rorqual* to go to Halifax instead."

The Sneed family and Mr. Spiers started for Montreal on a train that went later in the day. They arrived safely.

Mr. Spiers and Miss Sneed have been married in St. George's. Whether that was an end to be desired I do not know.

The *Rorqual* went to Halifax and the *Gloria* went home.

Providence had doubtless in the meantime turned His attention to other things.

A Wish

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

O WERE I but rid of these ties,
Adieu to vexation and sorrow!
O were I but rid of these ties—
To go knotting up new ones to-morrow!

The Home-Coming

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

THE short, choppy waves of the sea beat against the shore. Little white clouds, like birds, chase quickly through the vast blue sky, blown along by the wind; and the village, nestling in the little dell which extends to the ocean, is basking in the sun.

At the entrance, the house of the Martin-Levesques stands alone at the edge of the road. It is a little fisherman's dwelling, with clay walls and a thatched roof, on which blue iris is growing. Before the door there is a garden, as large as a handkerchief, where onions, cabbages, parsley, and chervil is growing. A hedge separates it from the sandy, winding road.

The man is away fishing, and the woman is standing before the hut, mending a large brown net, which is stretched over the wall like an immense spider's web. A young girl about fourteen years old is seated in a chair, tilted back against the wall, and is mending clothes which are already full of patches and show signs of frequent darning. Another girl, about a year younger, is slowly rocking in her arms an infant which cannot speak nor walk; and two young shavers, about two or three years old, squatting on the ground face to face, are enjoying the amusing pastime of throwing handfuls of dust in each other's faces.

All are silent, except the little one, whom they are trying to put to sleep, and who is crying continuously in his shrill little voice. A cat is sleeping in the window; and at the foot of the wall some white flowers are growing, forming a little mound around which a multitude of flies are buzzing.

The young girl who is sewing near the door suddenly calls:

"Mother!"

"What's the matter?" the mother answers.

"There he is again."

They have been worried all day, because, since morning, a man has been prowling around the house: he is an old man, who looks like a beggar. They noticed him as they were going down to see the father off. He was seated at the edge of the ditch opposite their house. Then, on their way home from the beach, they found him still there, watching the house.

He looked sick and very miserable. He did not move for more than an hour; then, seeing that they looked at him with suspicion, he had risen and limped away.

Soon they saw him come back again with his slow, tired walk; and once more he had sat down, a little farther away this time, as though to watch them.

The mother and the girls were afraid, the mother especially, because she was naturally timid and because her husband, Levesque, was not expected home before nightfall.

Her husband's name was Levesque, she was called Martin, and so they had been christened the Martin-Levesques. This is the reason: her first husband had been a sailor by the name of Martin, who went, every summer, to Newfoundland for cod.

After two years of married life she bore him a little girl, and she was expecting another addition to the family when the vessel carrying her husband, the *Two Sisters*, a three-master from Dieppe, disappeared.

Nothing was ever heard from her again; none of the sailors ever returned, and the boat was, therefore, considered lost with all hands.

The Martin woman waited for ten years for her husband, bringing up her two children with great difficulty; then, as she was

very worthy and a good woman, a fisherman of the neighbourhood, Levesque, a widower with one son, asked her to marry him. They were married, and she had two more children by him in three years.

They existed painfully and with great difficulty. Bread was expensive and meat almost unknown in the house. Sometimes, during the hard winter months, they would get in debt with the baker. The little ones, however, were healthy. It was said in the neighbourhood:

"The Martin-Levesques are good people. The Martin woman is a hard worker, and Levesque has no peer as a fisherman."

Presently the girl continued:

"He looks as if he knew us. Perhaps he is one of the poor men from Epreville of from Auzebose."

But the mother could not be deceived. That man was certainly not from the neighbourhood!

As he was as motionless as a stick and as he kept staring obstinately at the hut of the Martin-Levesques, the woman became furious and, fear giving her courage, she seized a shovel and started for the road.

"What are you doing there?" she cried to the tramp.

He answered in a husky voice:

"Getting some fresh air! Is that hurting you any?"

She continued:

"What are you spying on my house for?"

The man answered:

"I'm not bothering anybody. Any rules around here against sitting by the road?"

Finding nothing to answer, she went back again.

The day went by slowly. Toward noon the man disappeared. He passed by again around five o'clock. He was not seen again throughout the evening.

Levesque returned at nightfall. He was told about the affair. He concluded:

"He must be some kind of scamp."

He went to bed without uneasiness, whereas his wife kept thinking about this prowler who had looked at her with such queer eyes.

When daylight came, the wind was howling, and the sailor, seeing that he could not go to sea, helped his wife mend the nets.

About nine o'clock, the eldest girl, one of the Martins, who had been out to fetch some bread, returned, running wildly and crying:

"Mamma, he's there again!"

The mother turned pale and said to her husband:

"Go speak to him, Levesque, and tell him not to watch us that way, because it gives me the shivers."

Levesque, a big, tanned sailor, with a bushy red beard, a piercing blue eye, a thick neck always wrapped up in woolen, as a protection against the wind and rain on the seas, slowly went out and walked over to the prowler.

They began to talk.

The mother and the children were watching them from the distance, anxious and trembling.

Suddenly the stranger arose and began to walk toward the house with Levesque.

The Martin woman, frightened, started to back away. Her husband said to her:

"Give him a little bread and a glass of cider. He hasn't eaten since the day before yesterday."

The two men entered the house followed by the woman and the children. The prowler sat down and began to eat, hanging his head under the curious glances.

The mother, standing up, was staring him out of countenance; the two tall Martin girls, leaning against the door, one of them carrying the last child, had fixed on him their hungry eyes, and the two youngsters, sitting in the ashes of the chimney, had stopped playing with the black kettle, as though also to observe this stranger.

Levesque, taking a chair, asked him:

"Then you come from a distance?"

"From Cette."

"On foot?"

"Yes. When there's no other way, you've got to."

"Where are you going?"

"Here."

"Do you know anybody?"

"Maybe."

They were silent. Although famished, he ate slowly, and he would take a swallow of cider after each mouthful of bread. He had a tired face with hollowed cheeks and full of wrinkles; he seemed to have suffered much.

Levesque asked him suddenly:

"What's your name?"

He answered without moving:

"Martin!"

A strange trembling seized the mother. She stepped forward, as if to take a closer look at the wanderer, and she stopped in front of him, her arms hanging, her mouth open. Nobody said a word. Finally Levesque continued:

"Are you from this place?"

"Yes," he answered.

And when he finally lifted his head his eyes met those of the woman, and they remained fixed, as if their glances had been fastened to each other.

Suddenly, in a changed, low, trembling voice, she asked:

"Are you my man?"

He answered slowly:

"I am."

He did not move, but continued chewing his bread.

Levesque, more surprized than moved, stammered:

"Is that you, Martin?"

The other simply said:

"Yes."

The second husband asked:

"Where do you come from?"

The first one related:

"From the coast of Africa. We were wrecked on a sand-bar. Three of us escaped, Picard, Vatinel, and me. Then I was taken by savages who held us for twelve years. An English traveler, who was passing by, took me and brought me to Cette. Here I am."

Her face hidden in her apron, the Martin woman was crying.

Levesque asked:

"What am I going to do now?"

Martin asked:

"Are you her man?"

Levesque answered:

"Yes!"

They looked at each other and were silent.

Then Martin, looking at the children around him, nodded toward the two girls and asked:

"Are those mine?"

Levesque said:

"Those are yours."

He didn't rise, he did not kiss them, he merely said:

"Pretty big, aren't they!"

Levesque repeated:

"What am I going to do?"

Martin, perplexed, hardly knew what to say. At last he decided:

"I'll do what you want. I don't want to do you any harm. It's annoying, on account of the house. I've got two children, you've got three, each takes his own. But the mother, is she yours or is she mine? I'm agreeable to anything you want; but the house is mine, because my father left it to me; I was born here, and I have papers for it at the lawyer's."

The Martin woman was still sobbing, her face hidden in her blue apron. The two girls had come nearer and were anxiously watching their father.

He had finished eating. He in turn said:

"What am I going to do?"

Levesque had a happy thought:

"Let's go see the priest, he'll decide for us."

Martin arose, and as he passed in front of his wife, she threw her arms around him, sobbing:

"My man! There you are! Martin, my poor Martin, there you are!"

She held him fast in both her arms, swept by the memory of days gone by, by thoughts which reminded her of her youth and of her first embraces.

Martin, moved himself, was kissing her. The two children in the fireplace began to howl when they heard their mother cry, and the last-born, which had been resting in the arms of the younger Martin girl, began to squall in a shrill voice, like a fife which is out of tune.

Levesque was standing, waiting:

"Come on, we'll have to get this arranged."

Martin released his wife and, as he was looking at his two daughters, their mother told them:

"You might at least kiss your father."

They came forward together, their eyes dry, surprized, a little timid. He kissed one after the other, on both cheeks, with a good whole-hearted farmer's kiss. On seeing this stranger, the infant began to shriek until it almost went into convulsions.

The two men went out together.

As they were passing before the Commercial Café, Levesque said:

"Let's have a drink!"

"All right," said Martin.

They entered, and sat down in the large room, which at this time was still empty.

"Hey! Chicot, two of your best brandies! This is Martin, who has come back, my wife's Martin, you know, Martin of the *Two Sisters*, which was lost."

And the inn-keeper, three glasses in one hand and a bottle in the other, fat and full-blooded, came up and asked quietly:

"Hullo! Is that you, Martin?"

Martin answered:

"Yes!"

So They Say

MANNY STRAUSS:
Recently chosen Chief Business Consultant of the millinery trade in the U. S. A.

"My objective will be threefold—to aid the manufacturer of hats, the wholesale and retail dealers in hats, and the women who wear hats. Millions of them are yet to acquire true 'hat consciousness.'"

PAUL DOUGHERTY:
American painter

"American art, with a very few striking exceptions in artists abroad, is quite the equal of any. This is a hopeful sign, and certainly it could not have been said twenty-five years ago."

DEAN T. LAWRENCE DAVIS:
College of Practical Arts and Letters, Boston University

"We are trying to uphold an ideal which does not permit the young woman of refinement to smoke."

SIR ESME HOWARD:
British Ambassador to the United States

"So far as I can judge, the future peace and happiness of this planet of ours lies very largely in the hands of the commercial classes."

GEORGE V. MCLAUGHLIN:
Commissioner of Police, New York City

"Criminals choose a criminal career because it is a soft way to make money. Don't waste any sympathy on them."

RIN-CHEN LHA-MO:
The Tibetan-born Mrs. Louis M. King

"Westerners are not good-looking according to our standards. Your noses are too big and often stick out like kettle-spouts; your ears too large like the pig's ears; your eyes blue, like children's marbles; your eye-sockets are too deep and eyebrows too prominent."

LUTHER BURBANK:
Originator of new plants, on his 77th birthday

"We must learn that any person who will not accept what he knows to be truth, for the very love of truth alone, is very definitely undermining his mental integrity and destroying his moral fibre."

GEORGE B. CHURCHILL:
of Galesburg, Illinois

"In competition with others, always give them credit for being a little smarter than you are. Then work like the deuce to prove that they aren't."

POLA NEGRI:
Actress in emotional motion-pictures, upon announcement of her "trial engagement" to Rudolph Valentino

"I say he (Valentino) is the supreme man. Believe me, I have had experience enough with men. I am really a connoisseur. But this is my great love affair. I am so eager to test it by separation—the supreme test."

SENATOR WILLIAM H. KING:
of Utah, on the floor of the U. S. Senate

"We are to-day the unquestioned miracle of the ages so far as successful government is concerned."

Benjamin Lazarus:
New York manufacturer of watches

"We made the offer of a wrist-watch for the Statue of Liberty, because we are grateful to the land of our adoption for prosperity and success."

Countess Solito de Solis:
wife of the Italian pianist

"Regardless of all the brave words to the contrary, it is my contention that no woman gets as much joy from her own achievement as she does in helping her husband win success—provided she loves him with that great love which is the only basis of successful marriage."

Nicholas Murray Butler:
President of Columbia University

"Unhappily that 'illiterate ministry,' which it was the purpose of the pious founders of Harvard College to forfend, is now, after 300 years, in ample evidence on every side."

Ferdinand Ossendowski:
Adventurer and author

"History has taught us that cannon and machine-guns are poor weapons against ideas and principles."

Robert McElroy:
Recently appointed Professor of American History at Oxford University

"The man who thinks his race is born to rule is not a friend to peace. He is her enemy."

Miss Bessie Love:
Motion-picture star

"In Paris it is an open secret that the designers copy their gowns from the American films."

Vincent Richards:
No. 2 in rank of American tennis-players

"There is no way to tell what the next development in tennis will be. My guess is that service will be developed to a much greater velocity. The most ordinary players of to-day make more service aces than the stars of thirty years ago."

Joseph C. Hutchinson:
of Philadelphia, optimistic spokesman for the bakers of pies

"The cherry, made famous by the Manhattan cocktail, is now to be found in the cherry pie."

Dr. Leo L. Gellert:
Dentist, replying to his wife's application for alimony

"I told her time and again that I liked her fine without her make-up, but she insisted she felt unclad without it."

Bill Jenkins:
Fifty years a Pullman porter, and philosopher

"Woman is the same the world over. Let her have her way and you can get along with her, no matter what kind of a disposition she has."

Lord Meston:
First Baron of Agra and Dunottar

"The great emotions of India, like the armies of her historic conquerors, have a habit of thundering over the land and passing away; while the patient masses raise their heads again and resume their ancient ways."

Mrs. Virginia Mowbray Whitney:
in a declaration of independence to her husband, during marital difficulties

"I am white, twenty-five years old and free, and am very attractive to men, and I intend to have some fun out of life."

John McCormack:
Tenor singer of sentiment

"Ireland was singing when the breath of history first parted the mists about her coasts."

George Bernard Shaw:
Dramatist, author, Fabian

"People like myself who frequent the movies testify to their desolating, romantic morality."

Charles W. Eliot:
President emeritus of Harvard University, on his 92nd birthday

"I have found the real satisfactions of life to increase as life goes on."

E. Deets Pickett:
Research secretary of the M. E. Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals

"Women have learned that they do not have to put up with anything that is unpleasant to them—and some married lives are unpleasant."

OTTO H. KAHN:
Banker and backer of musical and operatic enterprises

"Art is not the plaything of opulence. It is a robust, red-blooded thing. Art is the truest League of Nations, speaking a language and preaching a message understood by all peoples."

MME. JEAN LANVIN:
French dressmaker

"There are no old women in the United States. They are all young. And they wear their clothes better than any women in the world."

MRS. INEZ OSBORNE:
explaining how she had expressed her disapproval of a rival

"There was a golf bag in the corner. I picked out a club and hit her over the head with it—I don't know why—I didn't like her face."

ARISTIDE BRIAND:
Premier of France (now and then), when at the age of sixty-three

"Whom could I marry? A young girl would not take me, and I . . . would not take an old one."

THOMAS G. WOOD:
Professor of physical education at Columbia University

"There are certain things which women can do much better than men. Why should they try to do and be exactly the same things as men?"

J. M. KEYNES:
English Liberal economist and author

"The political problem of mankind is to combine three things: economic efficiency, social justice, and individual liberty."

MRS. SIDNEY M. WILLIAMS:
whose pet dogs, especially a favourite black-and-tan, Francie, recently returned from a European trip with her

"It costs $4,000 a year to keep Francie. My dogs have a private room and a maid to look after them. They all have various costumes. Whenever Francie goes out at night with me, she wears evening clothes, just as I do."

JUSTICE SELAH B. STRONG:
of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.; in "Cosmopolitan"

"I submit no able-bodied woman with self-respect should demand alimony. Only in American courts to-day are money payments awarded for 'lost love.'"

B. PUTNAM WEALE:
Adviser to the Chief Executive of the Chinese Republic

"Disturbance and destruction are necessary for anything new to take its place in Chinese life."

ELBERT H. GARY:
Chairman of Board, U. S. Steel Corporation

"A clear conscience is as mighty a weapon of defense for a corporation as it is for an individual."

DR. S. DANA HUBBARD:
Medical specialist on the hair

"In general it may be safe to assert that all dyes of a chemical nature do some damage to the hair and skin."

RALPH MODJESKI:
Polish builder of bridges all over the world

"I have tried golf and other forms of physical exercise, but I never get from these what I get from music."

MRS. MCKESSY:
who brought sixteen living children of her twenty from Limerick to the United States

"A large family is not so much trouble as two or three. I just keep the little ones close about me, and let the older ones take care of themselves."

L. W. ROGERS:
Theosophist, attempting to picture Krishnamurtri in whom he believes the "World Teacher" is reincarnated

"No, Krishnamurtri would not change water into wine in America. He wouldn't violate the law."

EDWIN B. HESSE:
Superintendent of police, Washington, D. C.

"Even when a prisoner becomes violent, there is no reason for discourtesy. If you must hit him, hit him in a courteous way."

DR. MAX SCHLAPP:
European neurologist

"Woman is diverting her aggressive, and losing her endocrine balance. This naturally results in the lack of babies."

Why Marry?

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

CAST

In the order of their first appearance:

JEAN (*the host's younger sister, who has been brought up to be married and nothing else*).

REX (*an unmarried neighbour, who has been brought up not to be anything but rich*).

LUCY (*the hostess, trying to be an old-fashioned wife in a new-fashioned home*).

UNCLE EVERETT (*a judge who understands all of them, and who believes in divorce*).

JOHN (*who owns the house, and almost every one in it, and who does not believe in divorce*).

COUSIN THEODORE (*a clergyman, who believes in everything—except divorce*).

HELEN (*the host's other sister, whom every one wants to marry and who doesn't want to marry any one*).

ERNEST (*a scientist, who believes neither in divorce nor marriage, but makes a great discovery*).

THE BUTLER.

THE FOOTMAN.

TIME—*A September week-end, not long ago.*

PLACE—*A country house not far away.*

ACT I—The sun-parlour. Saturday afternoon.

ACT II—The sun-parlour. Sunday morning.

ACT III—The sun-parlour. Sunday evening.

ACT I

SCENE.—*The sun-parlour of* JOHN'S *country place. The house is on the right side, showing through the open doors the library. The large latticed double doors up center show the veranda with a rambler rose-bush growing over it. At the left, columns, set at about four-feet intervals down to the tormentor, show beyond a formal garden, with hedges, trees, and shrubs. All indicates comfort and luxury. Between the doors, right, an outdoor fireplace. Before the fireplace there is a large upholstered sofa; at right center a tea-table with three chairs around it. At left center there is a smaller couch with a wicker armchair just below it. It is a bright sunny summer afternoon.*

When the curtain is fully up, JEAN, *an attractive girl of twenty-five, comes running in through the center door, hotly pursued by* REX, *a good-looking young man, a year or two older. It is clear that she is the calmer of the two and knows just what she is doing, while he is impetuous, ardent, and thoughtless. Both of them laughing as they run on.*

REX (*as* JEAN *seeks refuge below the sofa on the left*)—Take that back, I tell you.

JEAN—I won't.

REX—I'll make you. [*Starts for her.*]

JEAN—You can't. [*Runs across stage to the right of the tea-table.*]

REX (*almost catches her, but she dodges behind the table. She turns and faces him defiantly across the table. Both are panting from the race. Both laugh*)—Think I'll let you say that to me?

JEAN—Think I'm afraid of you?

REX—I'll show you. [*Makes a start for her.*]

JEAN—Booh! No you don't. [*Runs to center, pulling chair out from behind the table and getting behind it. He feints, turns suddenly and catches her. A girlish gasp, "Oh!" He has her hands, but she draws back, her face averted from him toward the audience, who can see her watching him out of the corner of her eye.*]

REX (*triumphant, dragging her to center*)—Now! you would, would you?

JEAN (*struggling*)—Let me go. [*He catches her about the waist.*]

REX—I couldn't think of it.

JEAN (*tries, not very hard, to free herself*)—You're so strong—it isn't fair.

REX (*kisses her lightly*)—You're so sweet—it isn't fair.

JEAN—No, Rex.

REX—Yes, Jean.

JEAN—You mustn't.

REX—I will! [*She struggles. Therefore,* REX *draws her close, kisses her again, passionately—without laughter.*]

JEAN—Don't! Oh, please! Somebody will come.

REX (*with the intoxication of such moments*)—I don't care who comes—I love you!

JEAN (*grasps his hands to release herself*)—Let me go.

REX (*laughing with the joy of his strength and her weakness*)—Not till you kiss me, Jean.

JEAN (*hesitates, kisses him shyly on the cheek*)—There! [*She draws back with pretty modesty. She knows that it is pretty.*]

REX (*keeping her imprisoned*)—Not till you tell me you love me, Jean. (*She nods, her eyes downcast.*) No! Say it!

JEAN (*low voice, but watching him all the same*)—I—er—do.

REX—Do *what?* . . . *Say* it! (*She hesitates. He swings her about, brings face close to his.*) You've got to say it, Jean.

JEAN—I love you, Rex—are you sure you love me?

REX—Am I sure! You irresistible little . . .

JEAN (*holding him off*)—And want to marry me, Rex?

REX (*startled, had not thought of that. They search each other's eyes*)—Why—er—of course. (*Drops his eyes, sobered. His honour is touched now, so he squares his shoulders.*) Why, what kind of a man do you take me for? [*He holds out his arms again.*]

JEAN (*giving herself to him, head sinking upon his shoulder*)—Then, oh, Rex, love me and be nice to me and—and take me away from all this! [*She covers her face with her hands and sobs. He pats her tenderly, a manly look on his face.* LUCY *enters from the garden. She is dressed in white, with a garden hat, and carries a few cut garden flowers in her hand. She is* JOHN'S *wife, the mistress of the house, sister-in-law to* JEAN. *She is conspicuously a "sweet" woman—affectedly so—a contrast with* JEAN'S *more modern, less delicate charm.* JEAN *is frank and honest, or wants to be;* LUCY *indirect and timid; pretty but fading, forty, but fighting it. The lovers, startled, break away from each other. A second's pause of embarrassed silence.*]

JEAN (*the calmer of the two. Laughing*)—It's all right, Lucy—we're engaged!

LUCY (*in a flutter*)—Well, I should hope so! (*Shoots a glance at* JEAN.) Ah?

REX (*recovering himself, gallantly to* LUCY)—I have often tried to thank you and good old John for letting me come over here so much, but now! how can I *ever* thank you—see't I mean?

LUCY—I'll tell you how. By being a good boy—after you are married to John's little sister.

JEAN (*mock-tragic manner, crosses to him*)—Rex, have you had a "fearful past"? How fascinating.

REX—I'm going to have a glorious future, all right.

JEAN (*attractively bossy*)—Not unless you do as I tell you. Going to obey me, Rex?

REX (*amused*)—You bet I am.

JEAN—Then begin now. Go! . . . Get out!

REX (*laughing and protesting as* JEAN *pushes him*)—I *will* not.

JEAN—But I want to tell Lucy how nice you are! (*Pushes him up to the center door,* REX *still lingering.*) Oh, run along over to the club-house, and by and by if you *are* good, you can take me out in your new car.

REX—Fine. [*Kisses his hand to* JEAN *and leaves, laughing.*]

JEAN (*goes to* LUCY)—If it hadn't been for you I could never have got him. My dear, he has five cars! Thank you so much. [*Alone, they throw off the mask worn before men.*]

LUCY (*embracing* JEAN)—Jean, you've done well. (*They kiss.*) How delighted John will be. . . . Now, dearie, tell me all about it. How did you work it?

JEAN—Oh, I simply followed your advice.

LUCY (*smiles*)—Picked a quarrel with him?

JEAN (*laughing and nodding gaily*)—Pretended to believe in economic independence!

LUCY—Good! They always hate that. And then you ran away.

JEAN—Of course.
LUCY—And he after you?
JEAN—Of course.
Lucy—And you let him catch you?
} (*Quickly*)

JEAN—Of course—well . . . he *caught* me.

LUCY (*both laughing*)—Oh, I can guess the rest.

JEAN—Why, it didn't take five minutes.

LUCY (*sentimentally*)—And now it's to last through all eternity— Isn't love wonderful!

JEAN (*casually*)—Um-hum.

LUCY (*looks up*)—But you do love him, don't you, dear?

JEAN—I do not.

LUCY—What? Why, what do you mean?

JEAN—I did then, for a minute—I don't now. I hate him now.

LUCY—Oh. The Bakers are one of the wealthiest families in the country—you can *learn* to love him. (JEAN *shrugs and turns away.*) Now, now, no worrying. It brings wrinkles.

JEAN—Lucy, what is the use of bluffing each other?

LUCY—Jean, you're growing cynical. You must stop thinking about that boy at the law school. Do you understand?

JEAN—Don't—don't.

LUCY—Ah, you poor child. John would kill me if he heard me say this, but I'm sorry for you. Why couldn't you wait, dear?

JEAN—He never asked me to.

LUCY—Perhaps he would if you let him.

JEAN—But it wouldn't be fair. It takes so long to get started—everything costs so much. Why, nowadays, men in the professions—unless they have private means—they can't marry until nearly forty. Helen told me that. (*Pause.*) When Bob's forty, I'll be forty.

LUCY—I know, I know.

JEAN—Oh, Bob and I'll get over it, I suppose—people do. (*Sighs.*) Some day he'll smile and say: "Just think, once I loved that fat old thing." (*Suddenly changes to sobbing.*) Oh, Lucy, when Rex caught me and kissed me just now, I shut my eyes and tried to think it was Bob.

LUCY—But you can't keep on thinking so, dear.

JEAN—And that isn't the worst. When he held me close and I couldn't get away, I began to forget Bob—to forget everything—ugh! (*Breaks off, overcome with shame.*) But not now, not now. It's not the same thing at all.

LUCY—Poor little Jean.

JEAN (*buries her head on* LUCY'S *breast, and sobs it out*)—Oh, I feel like the devil, dear. He doesn't want to marry me any more than I want to marry him—I trapped him into it. I trapped him. [*The* BUTLER *and the second man enter and place tea-service on the table and the tea-wagon behind and to the right of the table.* REX *enters from center as the men depart.*]

REX—Ready, Jean? Car's outside. (*To* LUCY.) Oh, say, John's here. [*Indicating terrace.*]

LUCY—Oh, and I wasn't there to meet him. (*Going.*) He'll take my head off.

REX—Just a minute; your cousin Theodore and the Judge came out from town with him. Here for the week-end?

LUCY (*starts to go*)—Yes.

REX—I wouldn't go out there if I were you. John and Theodore are having a fine old-fashioned family fight with the Judge.

LUCY—With Uncle Everett? What about?

REX—They shut up when they saw me. All I heard was the parson—"Marriage is a social institution." Grand old row though. (*Catching sight of servants.*) Looks as if they were coming in here. Come on, Jean. Let's go this way and duck the family. [*Starts up to the left.* JEAN *starts to follow* REX, *but* LUCY *stops her.*]

LUCY—Jean, what are *you* going to do?

JEAN—What am *I* going to do? Why, I'm going to follow—the only profession I have been allowed to learn.

REX—What's this? *What* profession?

JEAN (*runs across and kisses him lightly*)—It is called marriage, my dear. [*She gives him a teasing caress and they run off laughing.*]

LUCY—Yes, that's what it is called. [*Enter from garden* JOHN, *the* JUDGE, *who is* UNCLE EVERETT, *and* COUSIN THEODORE. JOHN, *the masterful type of successful American business man; well set up, close-cropped mustache, inclined to baldness; keen eye, vibrant voice, quick movements, quick temper; well satisfied with himself and the world. He has plenty of ability but very little perception; doesn't know much—not even this fact—but he is as generous with his own money as he is intolerant of other people's opinions. Just now he is rather excited.* UNCLE EVERETT *is a genial satirist—not only of human nature but of human institutions.* COUSIN THEODORE, *a careworn rector, who though he buttons his collar behind likes those who don't; a noble soul, self-sacrificing and sanctified, who does not obtrude his profession upon others—never talks shop unless asked to do so, and prides himself upon not being a bigot.* JOHN *and* JUDGE *are smoking cigars. As these characters enter they are continuing an earnest discussion with the intimate manner of friendly concern.* UNCLE EVERETT *is humorous and amused. As they enter,* LUCY *goes behind the table and sits, busying herself with the tea-things.*]

THEODORE—But, Uncle Everett, I can't believe it.

JOHN—Well, I never heard of such a thing.

THEODORE—But, Uncle Everett, hasn't Aunt Julia always been a good wife to you?

JUDGE—Quite so, Theodore, quite so; a good wife, a good wife.

JOHN—And a *devoted* mother to your children?

JUDGE—Devoted, John, devoted.

JOHN—Hasn't she always obeyed you, Uncle Everett?

JUDGE—Yes, John—a true old-fashioned woman.

THEODORE—She has been a great help in the parish work, Uncle Everett.

JUDGE—An earnest worker in the vineyard, Theodore—in fact, I might say, a model female.

JOHN—Then why, *why* do you want a divorce?

JUDGE (*calmly*)—Because, damn it, I don't like her!

LUCY (*in surprized whisper*)—Divorce?

JOHN—How about Aunt Julia?

JUDGE—She doesn't like *me*. [JOHN *crosses to the right.*]

THEODORE—Ah, yes, fault on both sides. [*Crosses to sofa and sits down.*]

JUDGE—No fault on *either* side . . . both patterns of Christian fortitude, to the end! —we still are. Just listen to this telegram. [*Reaches in his pocket—brings out the telegram.*]

LUCY (*seated behind table, puzzled*)—From Aunt Julia?

JUDGE (*unfolding telegram*)—Yes, from Aunt Julia in Reno. Not used to travelling without me; knew I'd worry. (*Puts on glasses.*) A night-letter. Your Aunt Julia was always a frugal wife, John—except with words. She never could keep within ten words. (*Reads.*) "Arrived safely. Charming rooms with plenty of air and sunlight. Our case docketed for March 15th. Wish you were here to see the women in Divorcée Row—overdressed and underbred." (*Looks up.*) Rather neat, eh? "Overdressed and underbred." (*Resumes reading.*) "I should love to hear *your* comments on the various types." Now isn't that sweet of her? Well, you know, I always could make her laugh—except when I made her cry. (*Resumes reading.*) "Write soon. With love, Julia." Now (*folds up telegram*) isn't that a nice message to receive from a wife suing for divorce? Bet you happily married people couldn't beat that. [*Pats telegram and puts it in pocket.*]

JOHN (*like a practical business man—breaking in*)—But if there's no other woman, no other man—what's it all about?

JUDGE—She likes her beefsteak well done; I like mine underdone. She likes one window open so much (*indicates four inches*); I like all the windows open wide. She likes to stay at home; I like to travel. She loves the opera and hates the theater; I love the theater and hate the opera. She . . .

THEODORE—Aren't you willing to make a few little sacrifices for each other?

JUDGE—A few? Done nothing but make sacrifices for a quarter of a century, Theodore. Why, I remember the first dinner we had together after we were pronounced man and wife, with a full choral service and a great many expensive flowers—quite a smart wedding, Lucy, for those simple days. "Darling," I asked my blushing bride, "do you like tutti-frutti?" "I adore it, dearest," she murmured. I hated it, but nobly sacrificed myself, gave her tutti-frutti and gained character every evening of our honeymoon. Then when we got back and began our "new life" together in our "little home," my darling gave *me* tutti-frutti and indigestion three times a week until I nearly died.

LUCY—But why didn't you tell her?

JUDGE—I did finally. By the time we celebrated our wooden wedding, I got chronic dyspepsia and struck. "*You* may like this stuff—darling," I said, "but I hate it." What do you think she said? "Dearest, I hate it, too." "Then why in thunder have you had it all these years, sweetheart?" "Because I thought you liked it, beloved." That tells the story of our whole married life. We have nothing in common but a love of divorce and a mutual hatred of tutti-frutti.

JOHN—Bah! All a cloak to hide the true story, and you know it.

JUDGE—I know it. (*Looks guilty.*) Do you want to know the truth? (*Glances about and with a hushed voice.*) John, Lucy, Theodore, your Aunt Julia has broken her marriage vow.

THEODORE—Not Aunt Julia!

JUDGE—Yes, Aunt Julia. Twenty-five years ago last June she solemnly vowed before God and some of the nicest people in town to love me until death. But she has broken her marriage vow, she doesn't love me any more than I love her, not in the least.

THEODORE—Oh, come, the promise to love doesn't mean that.

JUDGE—Then what does it mean?

THEODORE—It means—well, it means you must try to love.

JUDGE—Try. Good Lord, for twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, we have been trying our damnedest.

JOHN—Bah! A man of your age, your common sense, a distinguished member of the bar—to break up his home for that? Rot! [*Brings chair to the table and sits down.*]

JUDGE—Right again, John, that is not why I am breaking up my home. I prefer my club. What does the modern home amount to, anyway? Merely a place to leave your wife.

LUCY—How could you neglect Aunt Julia?

JUDGE—But I *didn't* neglect her. I *sacrificed* myself, stayed at home, listened to her prattle about clothes and people, people and clothes—and got bored to death every night like a good husband.

LUCY—That's the way men always talk. It never occurs to you that business, business, business, is just as much of a bore to us.

JUDGE—Wrong again, Lucy. It did occur to me. I knew I bored her—she told me so; she knew she bored me, I told her so. Just like tutti-frutti.

JOHN—Well, couldn't you do something?

JUDGE—We are doing it now. Getting a divorce. What more could we do?

JOHN—You ought to be ashamed. Every man should love his home.

JUDGE—Certainly, every man should love his wife, too. But a promise can't make you love. It only makes you lie.

THEODORE—I love *my* home.

JOHN—So do I. [*He glances sternly at* LUCY.]

LUCY (nervously)—So do I.

JUDGE—All right, stick to it, if you love it!—only don't claim credit for doing what you *enjoy*. Now, I detest domesticity myself, yet I stuck to it all the same—for a quarter of a century, and at last—I'm free to tell the truth about it. Just think of it, Lucy, free to utter those things about marriage we all know but don't dare say! Free to be honest, John. No longer a hypocrite, Theodore, a soul set free—two souls, in fact. Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one.

THEODORE (*rises and comes to center*)—Seriously, Uncle Everett, "whom God hath joined together!"

LUCY—Yes, Uncle Everett, marriages are made in heaven.

JUDGE (*seeing through her bluff*)—I see, Lucy, I see, but your aunt Julia and I were joined together by a pink parasol made in Paris.

LUCY—Pink parasol!

JOHN (*exasperated*)—Oh, stop your fooling and speak the truth, man!

JUDGE—The truth? Just what I'm doing, John, but nobody wants or expects the truth about marriage—that's why you think I'm fooling. A very pretty parasol—but it wasn't made in heaven, Lucy. You see God made poor dear Julia *pale*, but on that fatal day twenty-five years ago the pink parasol, not God, made her rosy and irresistible. I did the rest—with the aid of a clergyman, whom I tipped even more liberally than the waiter who served us tutti-frutti. Blame *me* for it—*blame her*, blame the parasol, blame the parson—but do not, my dear Theodore, blame God for our own mistakes. It's so blasphemous. [*They are all seated at the tea-table.*]

LUCY—We've forgotten all about the tea. [*She hands a cup of tea to the* JUDGE.]

JUDGE—Ah! yes—and I love tea—your Aunt Julia hates it. (*To* THEODORE.) That's another thing.

LUCY—And to think we invited Uncle Everett here—of all people! To-day of all days! (*To* JOHN.) We mustn't let Rex know—the Bakers don't believe in divorce.

JOHN (*leaning forward excited*)—What's this—you don't mean Jean is engaged at last? Why didn't you tell me! (*To others, loud, excited, crossing to the center.*) Jean has landed him! We're marrying into the Baker family! Why, Jean'll have more money than any of us!—Well, well! (*Laughs.*) We'll *all* have to stand around before little *Jean* now! My! (*Kisses* LUCY.) Lucy, you're a wonder— Those pearls—I'll buy them, they're yours?

LUCY—Now, if we could only get Helen to give up her unwomanly ambitions for a scientific career.

JOHN—Yes, to give up this absurd fad for scientific research, and be safely married to some nice man.

THEODORE—What's the matter with her scientist, Ernest Hamilton?

JOHN—I said some nice man.

JUDGE (*sipping tea*)—Meaning one having money?

THEODORE—The Hamiltons are an older family than the Bakers, older than our own.

JUDGE—Meaning they *once* had money.

JOHN—Waste a beauty on a bacteriologist?—A crime!

THEODORE—See here, John, Ernest Hamilton is the finest fellow in the world, and if you expect me—why did you ask me here?

JUDGE—Far as I can see, we're here to help one of the girls marry a man she doesn't love and prevent the other from marrying the man she does.

THEODORE (*as* LUCY *hands him a cup of tea*)—John, Doctor Carmen, the head of the Institute, told me the other day that Hamilton has the biggest future of all those brilliant fellows down there. Why, he has already been called one of the most *useful* men in America.

JOHN—But he gets just two thousand dollars a year. Lucy, send for Helen. This is a practical world, Theodore. [LUCY *goes obediently.*]

JUDGE—Well, you're one of the trustees of the Baker Institute. Why not give the young man a raise?

JOHN (*standing, legs apart, hands in pockets, jingling coins*)—Oh, that's not a bad salary for scientists, college professors, and that sort of thing. Why, even Doctor Carmen, the *head* of the Institute, gets less than the superintendent of my mills. (*To* THEODORE.) No future in science. Got to look at these things *practically*, Theodore.

JUDGE—Yes, you've got to look at these things practically, Theodore; the superintendent of John's mills saves the company thousands of dollars. This bacteriologist merely saves the nation thousands of babies. All our laws, written and unwritten, value private property above human life—I'm a distinguished jurist and I always render my decisions accordingly—I'd be reversed by the United States Supreme Court if I didn't! We're all rewarded in inverse ratio to our usefulness to society, Theodore. That's what business men call "practical."

JOHN (*good-naturedly*)—Muck-raker!

JUDGE—It's all on a sliding scale, John. For keeping up the cost of living, you and old man Baker get—oh, so much. (*Stretches arms out full length.*) For saving the Constitution, I get, well, I get a good deal myself. (*Rises, hands three feet apart.*) For saving in wages and operating expenses, your superintendent gets—so much. (*Hands two feet apart.*) For saving human life, Ernest Hamilton gets—so much (*Hands six inches apart.*) For saving immortal souls, Theodore gets—so much. (*Holds up two forefingers an inch apart.*) Now if any one came along and saved the world—[*To* JOHN.]

THEODORE (*interrupts*)—They crucified Him.

JOHN (*re-enter* LUCY; JOHN *rises and turns to her*)—Where's Helen? [THEODORE *places cup on table.*]

LUCY (*comes to table timidly*)—Tried my best, John, but Helen says she prefers to talk with you alone some time.

JOHN (*furious*)—She prefers? Am I master in my own house or not!

JUDGE—Of course you are, John; that's why your sister left it.

THEODORE—John, you can't stop Helen marrying Ernest, if she wants to—he's head over heels in love with her. [*Others show surprize.*]

LUCY—What! Are you sure?

JOHN (*to* LUCY)—You told me he was a woman-hater. You told me he was in love with his work.

LUCY—But, John, dear, I thought he was. He's always so brusque with her, so different from nice men.

THEODORE—All a bluff, Lucy—thinks there's no hope for him, poor boy.

LUCY (*to* JOHN)—And she is mad about him! What'll we do?

JOHN (*to* LUCY)—And he is on the way out here now! What *can* we do?

JUDGE—What's this, coming here? Before she even gets her trunk unpacked?

THEODORE—What did I tell you? Head over heels.

JOHN—Oh, he doesn't know she got back this morning—thinks she's still in Paris.

JUDGE—Then why is he coming?

JOHN (*goes up stage*)—Because I invited him, damn it.

THEODORE—You *invited* him? [*He and* JUDGE *laugh at* JOHN.]

LUCY—But when we invited him we thought Helen would not be back till next week. We wanted to have a frank talk with him first.

JOHN—That's why we invited you fellows.

JUDGE (*to* THEODORE)—Oh, we're to do the dirty work. As usual.

JOHN (*to* JUDGE)—But *we* don't know how to talk to highbrows, and you do. And Theodore, here—well, Hamilton's a Harvard man, so's Theodore.

THEODORE—You want us to talk to him about the love microbe?

JOHN—I want you to put it up to him as a gentleman to quit compromising *my sister.*

JUDGE—Has he got the habit?

JOHN (*with his "Do be serious" manner*)—But you know perfectly well what happened a month ago, before she sailed.

LUCY—Everybody knows.

JUDGE—Yes, the newspapers were full of it. (JOHN *and* LUCY, *startled and perplexed.*) You mean his discovery of the Hamilton antitoxin. [*He knows they mean nothing of the sort.*]

JOHN—I mean *our* discovery that he kept her working with him *all night* in his laboratory.

LUCY—Without a chaperon.

JUDGE—Oh, shocking, Lucy, shocking.

JOHN—Come. You see? Something's got to be done at once and done delicately.

JUDGE (*bursts out laughing*)—Well, you've done it—all right. These lovers haven't met for a month and *to-night there's a moon.*

THEODORE (*also laughing*)—You may as well give in, John—the simplest solution.

LUCY (*timidly*)—John, perhaps, after all, they are right. Think how she treats all the *nice* men.

JOHN (*to* LUCY)—Who's doing this? You go tell Helen—that her *Uncle Everett* wants to see her! That'll fetch her. [JOHN *goes up to the door at center.* LUCY *shrugs, starts reluctantly, then lingers listening at the door on the right.*]

THEODORE—Now, uncle, you have more influence over Helen than any of us—don't let her know about—Aunt Julia.

JUDGE—Of course not. Never let the rising generation suspect the truth about marriage—if you want 'em to marry.

THEODORE (*modestly, charmingly, not preachy*)—There are other truths than unpleasant truths, Uncle Everett, other marriages than unhappy marriages.

JUDGE (*seriously*)—Want me to tell her the *truth* about your marriage? [THEODORE *rises slowly.*]

LUCY (*surprized*)—Why, uncle! Even you must admit that Theodore and poor dear Mary are happy.

JUDGE (*from the sofa*)—Happy? What's that got to do with marriage? Selfish to be happy. Theodore told me so. A social institution. When a boy kisses a girl she must first inquire: "Are you doing this for the benefit of society?" And if he really loves her he will answer: "Yes, a sacrifice to gain character." Then, but not till then, "Darling," she will murmur, "do your duty," and he'll do it.

LUCY (*brightly*)—Well, Theodore has certainly done *his* duty to society—six children!

JUDGE—Then society hasn't done its duty by Theodore—one salary.

JOHN (*coming back to center*)—The more credit to him! He and Mary have sacrificed everything to their children, and the church—even health and success.

THEODORE (*at the door*)—We don't need your pity. We don't want your *praise.* We love each other through it all! Poverty, suffering, even separation, have only drawn us closer. Why, in her last letter from the sanitarium she said, she said . . . (*Suddenly, overcome with emotion, turns abruptly*). Excuse me, Lucy . . . [*He breaks down and goes into the house.*]

JUDGE (*rises—facing* THEODORE'S *exit—with a touch of tenderness*)—They don't need your praise or pity. They need something more substantial—and, by George, I'll raise it for them! [*Turns to* JOHN, *who interrupts.*]

JOHN (*reprovingly*)—See the example *he* sets to society. Character! Courage!

JUDGE—Character and courage can't restore Mary's radiant health, Theodore's brilliant youth.

LUCY—Ah, but they have their children. Think how they *adore* those beautiful children.

JUDGE—Think how they *rear* those beautiful children—in the streets. One boy gone to the devil already from things picked up in the streets. (*To* LUCY *as he crosses to the table.*) If you really want the *truth* . . . why, a marriage like mine is worth a dozen like Theodore's—to society. Look at *my* well-launched children. Look at my successful *career*, a jackal to big business, look at my now *perfectly contented* spouse.

LUCY (*blinking,* JOHN *scowling*)—Yes, look at her—getting a divorce.

JUDGE—Is the object of marriage merely to stay married? Holy matrimony a vulgar endurance contest? Shocking, Lucy, shocking!

JOHN (*reprovingly sharp*)—Then, what *is* the object of marriage?

JUDGE (*coming down behind the table—in same manner*)—Something you two have never attained, John—children! (JOHN *and* LUCY *turn their backs.*) But it takes more than character and courage to raise kids, it takes cash. (*Takes check-book from* JOHN'S *pocket and fountain-pen from his own. Offering them.*) I supply the ink, you supply the check. Fifty-fifty.

JOHN (*snatches away check-book*)—Why should I pay for the other people's children?

JUDGE—Why should other people's children pay for you?

JOHN—For me!

JUDGE (*rapidly*)—If none of us had any more children than you, who'd work your mills, consume your products, increase your dividends?

LUCY—Please, John, I'll give up those pearls.

JUDGE (*rapidly*)—We're in the world for two social purposes, John, production and reproduction. Theodore and Mary are underpaid for the one, and not paid at all for the other, so they are failing at both.

But simply because they never complain, simply because, God bless 'em, they love each other through it all, you call it a "successful marriage"—hand them out praise and pity. Humph! that's cheap. (*Sits behind table, hands pen to* JOHN, *spreads out check-book.*) Go on, pay your honest debts.

JOHN (*seated at left of the table, he writes a check*)—You make me tired with all your talk. (*Looking up, he stops writing.*) But they're both so confoundedly proud.

JUDGE—Leave that to me. You sign that check! (*While* JOHN *writes.*) And now they've got to sacrifice even their pride, the one thing left to sacrifice.

JOHN—Well, you get this to them somehow. [*Hands check to* JUDGE, *who takes it eagerly.*]

JUDGE—Five thousand? Generous John!

JOHN (*impatiently*)—Never mind about me. *That* problem is all settled—Lucy, I thought I told you to find Helen. [LUCY, *in a guilty hurry, goes out.*]

JUDGE—Charity never settles problems, John; it perpetuates them. We can't cure social defects by individual treatment.

JOHN (*seated at the table—more impatiently*)—Does talk settle anything?

JUDGE—Everything! Just got this out of you (*waving check*) by talk. We may even settle the marriage problem if we talk *honestly*—only, you won't. [LUCY *and* THEODORE *enter.*]

LUCY—She'll be down in a moment.

THEODORE—Now remember, uncle, not a word about your divorce. [*Crosses up behind table.*]

JUDGE—Oh, I'm not divorced *yet.* So I'll lie like a married man.

JOHN—Ha! I have it. I know how to work this thing.

JUDGE—What're you going to do John?

JOHN—You'll see. As long as she wouldn't stay abroad, I'm going to make her give up her job. That'll put a stop to this gossip—that'll keep them apart.

THEODORE—John, these two *love* each other.

JUDGE—Yes, young people still fall in love. They *will* do it. Only, if you church people had any imagination, you'd change your tactics. If we ever expect to reform marriage, instead of making it harder to get apart, we've got to make it easier *to stay together.*

LUCY (*sits back of table*)—Ssh, here she comes.

THEODORE (*to the* JUDGE)—Please, please don't say such things before *her.*

JUDGE—I won't tell the truth! Can't you believe me? [*Enter* HELEN.]

HELEN (*greeting* THEODORE *and the* JUDGE *affectionately*)—Hello, uncle—hello, Theodore—I'm *so* sorry to hear about dear Mary. (*As* THEODORE *turns away, she speaks to the* JUDGE.) But why didn't Aunt Julia come? (*Slight panic in the family group.*) Is she ill, too?

JUDGE—Yes, needed a complete change. Gone to Re-Re-Rio Janeiro— Lie number one. (*To* JOHN.) [JUDGE *crosses the stage and sits on the couch. Another silence.* JUDGE *wags head.* LUCY *makes tea for* HELEN. JOHN *has seated himself in a chair on the left.* THEODORE *sits to the right of the table.* HELEN *looks at each and smiles.*]

HELEN (*taking cup from* LUCY)—Well, go on!

THEODORE—Go on with what?

HELEN (*stirring tea*)—Whatever it was I interrupted.

JUDGE (*with great gravity*)—We were just discussing holy matrimony.

HELEN (*smiles and nods*)—I might have guessed it. (*All look consciously at one another.*) Everybody's talking about marriage nowadays.

THEODORE—My dear, marriage is woman's only true career.

HELEN (*sipping her tea*)—So Lucy tells me, Cousin Theodore. But a woman can not pursue her career. Her career must pursue her, otherwise she is unwomanly.

JUDGE (*on sofa*)—Ahem! As we passed the garden a while ago, I think I saw your little sister being pursued by her career.

HELEN (*laughing. She and the* JUDGE *understand each other*)—Yes, uncle, but Jean is a *true* woman. I'm only a *new* woman.

JUDGE—All the same, you'll be an old woman some day—if you don't watch out.

HELEN—Ah, yes, my life's a failure. I haven't trapped a man into a contract to support me.

LUCY—You ought to be ashamed—making marriage so mercenary. Haven't you new women any sentiment?

HELEN (*returning cup*)—Enough sentiment not to make a mercenary marriage, Lucy, dear.

LUCY—Some more tea?

HELEN—Not any, thank you, Lucy.

JUDGE—Ahem! And what kind of a marriage *will* you make?

HELEN—Not any, thank you, uncle. I don't believe in marriage. [JUDGE *amused,* LUCY *shocked,* THEODORE *distressed,* JOHN *pleased.*]

JUDGE (*with amused gravity*)—What! You don't believe in holy matrimony?

HELEN—Only as a last extremity, uncle, like—UNHOLY DIVORCE.

JUDGE (*in alarm*)—What do *you* know about that?

HELEN—I know all about it! (*All arise in alarm.*) I have been reading up on the subject. [*All sit with relief.*]

THEODORE—Come now, simply because many young people rush into marriage without thinking . . .

LUCY (*interrupts*)—Simply because these new women . . .

JOHN—Simply because one marriage in a thousand ends in divorce!

HELEN (*interrupting*)—One in a thousand! Dear me. In America there's one divorce to every eleven marriages, John.

JOHN (*turning with others to* JUDGE *incredulously*)—One in eleven? Is that true?

JUDGE—It is not.

JOHN—There!

JUDGE (*to* HELEN)—Such inaccuracy! And you a scientist. [JOHN *goes behind sofa and down to the left.*]

HELEN—According to last year's census reports, one divorce to every eleven marriages.

JUDGE—But don't you know that according to *this* year's census reports there is one divorce to every *ten* marriages? [JOHN *exasperated at the* JUDGE'S *defection.*]

LUCY—Well, I may be old-fashioned, but it seems to *me* that *nice* girls shouldn't *think* of such things . . . their husbands will tell them all they ought to know about marriage—after they're married.

HELEN (*comedy*)—I see. In other words, nice girls must not rush in without thinking, but they mustn't think until after they rush in. You make it all so simple for us.

JUDGE—Right! The way to cure all evil is for "nice people" to close their minds and mouths to it. "Unpleasant" for the mind—"leaves a bad taste in the mouth." [*Goes up stage and sits.*]

JOHN (*to* HELEN)—See here, everybody downtown wonders why a sister of mine works for a living. You get just nine hundred a year at the Institute——

HELEN (*to the others, blaspheming* JOHN'S *gods with her smiling flippancy*)—Oh, but John's so rich now, his credit can stand having a working girl in the family.

LUCY—But, my dear, it's so hard to explain you to one's friends.

HELEN (*dryly*)—Then you have the wrong kind of friends, my dear. It's quite smart nowadays for women to have a job.

LUCY—But, Helen, going downtown every day! working with those horrible highbrows? It seems so, well, so unwomanly.

HELEN—But when I first came back from college, didn't I try my best to be "womanly"? Instead of going downtown and working with highbrows, I stayed uptown and played with lowbrows until I was bored to death.

LUCY (*secretly envies* HELEN, *but must play up to* JOHN'S "*ideals*")—Well . . . I'm just an old-fashioned wife. Woman's sphere is the home— My husband says so.

HELEN (*smiling*)—But suppose you haven't any husband! What can a poor spinster do in the home?

LUCY (*vexed but not ill-natured*)—She can *stay* in it—till she gets one. That's what the *old-fashioned* spinster used to do.

HELEN—But the old-fashioned spinster used to—SPIN.

LUCY (*becoming nettled, for the very reason that she envies* HELEN)—At any rate, even the new-fashioned spinster needn't stay *out* of her home all *night!* And get herself *compromised!* Talked about! Sent *abroad* by her family! (*Still higher.*) Or is she does, she ought to know enough to *remain* abroad until the *gossip* blows over, and it hasn't blown over. Helen, every one is still talking about that night.

HELEN (*mock-romantically*)—Ah, that wonderful night! (JOHN *jumps up from his chair.* (*All start, shocked, excepting* JUDGE) —The night he discovered the Hamilton antitoxin! The night that made the Baker Institute famous! And just think, I had a hand in it, Lucy, a hand in the *unwomanly work* of saving children's lives! (*Drops that note and burlesques maidenly coyness.*) But of course an old-fashioned spinster would have blushed and said: "Excuse me, Doctor Hamilton, but now we must let a whole year's work go to waste because you are a man and I am a woman, and it's dark outdoors!"

LUCY—You think we can't see through all this? Science—fiddlesticks! The good-looking young *scientist*—that's why you couldn't stay abroad. Came back in a month. We see it—John sees it. . . .

JOHN—You're right, Lucy. See here, young lady, I offered to pay all your expenses abroad for a year. As Lucy says, you came back in a month. You didn't seem to appreciate it—well, the trustees of the Institute are now to give *Doctor Hamilton* a year abroad. How do you like that? [*All turn to see how she likes it.* JOHN *has air of triumph.*]

HELEN—Splendid! (*Pause, other shows surprize.*) Just what he needs! Doctor Metchnikoff told me in Paris that America always kills its big men with routine. When do we start, John?

JOHN—"We"! Think *you* are going?

HELEN—Of course! I'm his assistant—quite indispensable to him. (*To all.*) Oh, well, if you don't believe *me*—ask *him*.

JOHN—Paris! Alone! With a man! Good Lord! What next! Here's where I call a halt!

HELEN—But if my job calls me, I really don't see what you have to say about it, John.

JOHN (*smiling—not snarling. He loves and admires her*)—Better not defy me, Helen!

HELEN (*quite good-naturedly*)—Better not bully me, John!

JOHN—I am your brother!

HELEN—But not my—owner.

JOHN (*a gesture sweeping all that aside*)—That's all right in theory, but this is a practical world. You give up this wild idea or give up your job.

HELEN—What if I refuse to give up either, John?

JOHN (*loud*)—Then, as a trustee of the Baker Institute of Medical Experiment, I ask for your resignation—right here and now! (*Turns away—all settled.*) I guess that will hold her a while!

HELEN (*rises*)—On the contrary, I *must* go to Paris now. Nothing else to *do*.

JOHN (*turns back—triumphant smile*)—You will, eh? Who'll pay your expenses this time?

HELEN (*calmly matter-of-fact*)—Doctor Hamilton.

JOHN (*all scandalized except* JUDGE)—What!

THEODORE (*rises*)—Helen—please!

LUCY—You oughtn't to say such things, my dear, even in joke.

HELEN—He'll be delighted to take me—as his private secretary, if I ask him. (*Pause.*) I'll telephone him at once. [*Going to right to* THEODORE, *who stops her.*]

JUDGE—John, she's got you—might as well quit. [*Seated up stage.*]

JOHN (*confidently*)—Nonsense, I have just begun.

THEODORE (*detaining* HELEN)—If you're so independent, my dear, why don't you marry your scientist and be done with it.

HELEN—You want to know why? . . . Can you keep a secret? (*She comes in front of table—all gather about her.*) He has never asked me! [*All smile.*]

LUCY (*match-making ardour*)—No wonder, dear; he has never *seen* you except in that awful apron. Now in one of these stunning frocks John bought you in Paris, or in one of the evening gowns, you are quite irresistible.

JUDGE (*apart to* JOHN)—Irresistible? Pink parasol—same old game.

HELEN (*suppressing mirth and amusement at* LUCY)—Thanks for your advice, Lucy, but, you see, I don't *want* him to ask me.

LUCY—What! You don't want him!

HELEN—Why, I've had all I could do to keep him from it. [*All dumbfounded.*]

LUCY—But suppose he did ask you, dear?

HELEN (*she s not going to take them into her confidence—too sacred*)—Why, I'd simply refer the matter to John. If John said, "Love him"—I'd love him; if John said "Don't love him"—I don't love him. I'd turn it off like electric light.

LUCY (*insinuating*)—Oh, you can't deceive us—*we* know how much you admire him.

HELEN (*warmly. The truth is the surest way to deceive them*)—Oh, no, you don't. (*They all look surprized again.*) Not even *he* does. Did you ever hear how he risked his life in battle? Why, to me he's a perfect hero of romance!

JOHN (*sneers*)—Never even saw a battle—mollycoddle germ-killer.

HELEN—The battle against yellow fever, John, down in Cuba. No drums to make him brave, no correspondents to make him famous—merely rolled up his sleeve and let an innocent-looking mosquito bite him, and then took notes on his symptoms till he became delirious. He happened to be among those who recovered. Four of the others died. [*She is betrayed into showing considerable feeling, after all.*]

THEODORE (*after a pause*)—Old-fashioned maidens used to marry their heroes, Helen.

HELEN (*bracing up, getting herself together. With a glance at* JOHN—*smiling*)—But this new-fashioned hero gets only two thousand a year, Theodore.

JOHN—She's got some sense left.

THEODORE (*rises and goes down stage a little disappointed*)—Helen! You selfish, too? Why, Mary and I married on half that, didn't we, John? and see how successful our marriage has been. [*He looks round, but all drop eyes.*]

JUDGE—Couldn't you live on that, Helen?

HELEN (*quietly*)—Live? Yes, but Doctor Hamilton needs every cent of that enormous salary for his work—books, travel, scien-

tific conferences—all the advantages he simply must have if he's to do his best for the world. Why, nowadays the most selfish thing a girl can do is to marry a poor man. Besides, I don't believe in marriage, I tell you—not at any price. [*Shrug.*]

THEODORE—All the same, deep down under it all you have a true woman's yearning for a home to care for and a mate to love. (*He finds that she is in tears.*) Why, my dear child, what's the matter?

HELEN (*to all of them, strong. She has reached her limit. Can't stand any more*)—Oh, why can't you let me *alone!* You make what ought to be the holiest and most beautiful thing in life the most horrible and dishonest. I hate marriage—I hate it.

THEODORE (*going down to* HELEN)—Oh, just you wait till the right one comes along.

BUTLER (*entering—to* LUCY)—Doctor Hamilton has come, ma'am.

HELEN (*with old-fashioned gasp*)—Good gracious! What's he doing here? (*No answer.*) What does this mean? [*Looks from one to other, but no one answers.*]

LUCY (*calmly to* BUTLER)—Show Doctor Hamilton out here. [*The* BUTLER *takes off the tea-wagon.*]

HELEN (*with increasing perturbation*)—Does he know I'm here? (*No answer.*) Surely you didn't invite him?

JOHN—Why, er . . .

JUDGE—Why not?

HELEN (*to* JUDGE)—But they never invite *him.* They don't "approve" of him.

JUDGE—Oh, John will learn to love him.

JOHN—Why, er . . .

JUDGE—John issued the invitation himself.

HELEN (*stops*)—Then I understand! (*Excited but smilingly.*) You think it's my last chance to marry. A plot to *entrap* him.

JOHN—Nothing of the sort.

HELEN (*going*)—Oh, I understand now. Ugh! these horrible relatives! But it's no use! I'm going out and I'm going to stay out until he's gone! [*She goes into the garden.*]

JUDGE—Fighting hard, poor child!

THEODORE (*to* LUCY)—But what'll we do?

JUDGE—Don't worry—she can't stay away—the sweet thing!

JOHN (*with something up his sleeve*)—Now we must all jolly him up, make a fuss over him.

JUDGE—Going to surrender, John?

JOHN (*knowingly*)—What I'm going to do requires finesse. . . . Now that SHE's home I'll get HIM sent abroad for a year . . . he'll jump at the chance. That'll keep them apart. Now, then, follow my lead. Jolly him up, I tell you.

LUCY (*rises. In a flutter, seeing* HAMILTON *approach*)—Oh, dear! How does one talk to highbrows? [*To* JUDGE.]

JUDGE—Talk to him about himself—highbrows, lowbrows—ALL men love it. [*The* BUTLER *announces* DOCTOR HAMILTON. *Enter* ERNEST HAMILTON, *about thirty-five years old; although a highbrow, he looks like a pretty good fellow, and he is not in the least shy or embarrassed, being "well born and well bred." He talks very rapidly; does not take the trouble to despise conventions; merely views them with frank, scientific curiosity, tinged with amused contempt. He is startlingly honest.*]

JOHN (*crosses and greets the distinguished guest at entrance*)—Ah, Doctor Hamilton! Delighted to see you on my little farm at last. Out here I'm just a plain old-fashioned farmer. [*Shakes hands effusively.* ERNEST *glances about at the magnificence, raises his eyebrows, and smiles quietly to himself. Says nothing at first to these greetings; merely bows urbanely, complete master of self and situation.*]

LUCY (*comes down in front of the table and, after greeting him, returns to her seat with an affected manner before a stranger*)—Doctor Hamilton! So good of you to come.

THEODORE (*an old friend*)—How are you, Ernest? Glad to see you. [*Shakes hands.*]

LUCY—I don't think you've met Judge Grey.

JUDGE (*rising. Humorously adopting their manner, across table*)—Charmed! I've heard so much about you—from—ahem—my niece. . . . [*Sits again.*]

LUCY (*hastily coming to* ERNEST's *rescue*)—A cup of tea, Doctor Hamilton?

ERNEST (*not disturbed by mention of* HELEN)—Thanks. [*Sits at the table. As the jolly proceeds, he catches on and has fun with them.*]

JOHN (*standing right of table, while* LUCY *makes tea, trustee manner*)—I have often desired to express my admiration of your heroism in the war against yellow fever in er—ah . . .

JUDGE—Cuba . . .

JOHN—*Cuba,* when you let an innocent-looking mosquito bite you, and, and . . . [*Looks around for help.*]

LUCY (*coming to* JOHN's *rescue, nodding and posing the tongs*)—And then took notes on your symptoms till you became delirous!

ERNEST (*to* LUCY)—No sugar, thanks.

JUDGE—No drums to make you famous—no correspondents to make you brave. (JOHN *nudges* JUDGE *to call his attention to his blunder. To* JOHN.) I got that wrong, didn't I! I mean the other way round!

ERNEST (*to* LUCY *poising cream-pitcher*)—No cream, please.

JOHN (*straight now*)—Senator Root says this one triumph alone saves *twenty million dollars a year* to the business interests of the United States. I call that patriotism.

ERNEST (*with a whimsical nod, to* LUCY)—Lemon.

THEODORE—General Wood says it saves more *human lives* a year than were lost in the whole Spanish War! I call it service.

JUDGE—General Goethals says the Panama Canal could not have been built if it had not been for you fellows.

JOHN—In fact, scientists might well be called philanthropists!

ERNEST (*receiving cup from* LUCY)—Thanks. Better let it go at heroes and patriots. Philanthropists give dollars. (*Stirring tea.*) Never give a cent to charity myself.

JOHN (*to others*)—I happen to know that Doctor Hamilton gave up a lucrative private practice to join the staff of the Baker Institute.

ERNEST (*getting rather bored*)—Private practice didn't interest me. (*Drinks.*) The ones who deserve your praise are the ones who died to prove that theory. But I don't suppose you ever even heard of 'em.

JOHN (*standing at right of table*)—Why, Doctor Hamilton! Of course we've heard of them. The fame of those four men is immortal.

ERNEST—I see— One of the "four men" happened to be a woman. (*Silence. . . .* JOHN *looks at* THEODORE, *who looks at* LUCY, *who looks at* JUDGE. *All uncomfortable.*) By the by, of course you all know their immortal *names?* (JOHN *looks at* THEODORE, *who looks at* LUCY, *who looks at* JUDGE. *Same business.*) Then, if you don't mind, cut out (*good-natured sneer*) "philanthropists" and make it *scientists.* Everybody *knows* the names of philanthropists. (JUDGE *coughs.*) Delicious tea.

JUDGE—He's right. Philanthropists don't give their lives. They give their names.

THEODORE (*standing*)—Ah, but that is what makes the sacrifices of scientists so beautiful—they don't work for fame, they don't work for money, they work for humanity.

ERNEST (*with his quiet smile*)—I see . . . that's what Congress told us when we suggested a pension for one of the widows. [*Finishes his tea.*]

THEODORE (*to* ERNEST)—Do you mean to say Congress refused to grant the pension?

ERNEST—Not at all. They granted the pension.

JOHN—How much?

ERNEST (*to* JOHN)—Seventeen dollars a month for the widow. Two dollars a month for each of the children.

JOHN—Is that all?

ERNEST (*returning cup, answers* LUCY's *business of offering to fill it*)—No more, thanks—charming little farm you have out here. [*Rises and crosses to* THEODORE.]

JOHN (*to* JUDGE)—Watch me.

JUDGE—Oh! I'm watching you *all the time.*

JOHN (*crosses to* ERNEST. *Approaching with a "Now watch me" manner*)—Doctor Hamilton—America kills its big scientists with routine, you are too valuable to the nation to lose—the trustees think you need a year abroad!

ERNEST—Funny! I was going to suggest that very thing. Somebody's been rooting for me over in Paris—just had a letter from Metchnikoff himself—invites me to come and work a year in the Pasteur Institute. You didn't have to jolly me up to consent to that! [THEODORE *lights his pipe here.*]

JOHN (*pacing up to terrace arm in arm with* ERNEST)—By the by, my *sister* is rather keen on science.

ERNEST (*businesslike. Turns back down center*)—Best assistant I ever had. She's over there already, so we can go right to work.

JOHN (*coming down*)—Well—er—she'll be back before you start.

ERNEST (*stops short*)—I didn't know that. (*Looking from one to the other. A keen observer, he knows that* JOHN *is trying to do something, and is both amused and annoyed. To* THEODORE. *The others all watching.*) Oh, hell, what's it all about?

THEODORE (*seated on the bench*)—Don't you see, old chap, under the circumstances it would hardly do for her to go back to Paris with you?

ERNEST—Why not?

LUCY—You're a man.

ERNEST (*smiles*)—You mean I'm dangerous.

LUCY—But she's a woman.

JUDGE—They mean *she's* dangerous!

JOHN—My dear fellow, we are going to ask you very frankly to decline to take her.

ERNEST (*looks about at the circle of anxious faces*)—So that's it, eh? But she needs it

more than I do. She's had so little chance to do original work.

JOHN—But she's a woman.

ERNEST (*impatiently*)—What of it?

JOHN—Doctor Hamilton, we have the highest opinion of you, but one must respect the opinions of the world, you know.

ERNEST (*thinks it over*)—That's right, one must. I forgot to think of that. When you *work* with women of ability you learn to respect them so much that you quite lose the habit of insulting them.

JUDGE—Too bad how new conditions spoil fine old customs.

ERNEST—Suppose we let *her* go, and *I'll* stay.

JOHN—But I fear that would offend our generous benefactor. Mr. Baker has set his heart upon your going abroad for a year—(*winks at others*) meeting the big men over there, getting fresh ideas for our great humanitarian work. (*The family exchange glances as* JOHN *lies on.*) Besides, my sister would only go to accommodate you. She particularly desires to stay with us this winter.

ERNEST (*believes it*)—I didn't know that. I thought she didn't like you.

JOHN—Why else should she be returning so soon?

ERNEST—Oh, I see. Well, I'm sure I have no desire to *drag* her over with me. I thought . . . but that's all right; if she doesn't care to go with me, that settles it.

JOHN—You agree to go alone?

ERNEST—Yes, alone.

JOHN—And we have your word on it?

ERNEST—Certainly.

JOHN—How soon could you start?

ERNEST—Soon as I get some one to run my department.

JOHN—Could my sister run it?

ERNEST—Could she RUN it? It can't run without her! She's a born executive. I hate that side of it.

JOHN (*with a look at the others*)—Then that's all fixed. Could you arrange to start on Monday's steamer?

ERNEST (*hesitating*)—By leaving here at once I could.

JOHN (*with a triumphant glance at others, takes* ERNEST'S *arm and rushes him toward the door*)—Then, come, we'll telephone for your passage. The next train leaves directly after dinner.

ERNEST (*protesting*)—But—er—don't you see——

JOHN—Of course I hate to cut short your week-end, but I take great interest in scientific careers . . . [JOHN *rushes* ERNEST *off.*]

THEODORE—Well, John certainly did finesse it.

LUCY—Can't you see, you stupid MEN, Doctor Hamilton's crazy about her, but thinks there's no hope.

JUDGE (*sitting down*)—When she finds he's leaving Monday for a year, her views about marriage may undergo a sudden change.

THEODORE—They were made for each other. They need a woman's helping hand. Come, Lucy, now . . .

LUCY (*still seated behind table*)—Oh, *I* could manage it. See how I landed Rex, but John would kill me.

JUDGE—John needn't know anything about it until too late. Just bring the two together and let Nature take its course.

LUCY—All right, we'll get Helen and Doctor Hamilton together in some way, and after a decent interval we'll excuse ourselves, leave them alone . . .

JUDGE—And let Nature take its course.

ERNEST (*as he re-enters*)—Well, I'm sorry to have to run away like this after dinner . . .

JUDGE—Oh, er—where's John? [*Rising and going to* ERNEST.]

ERNEST—Waiting in his den for the long-distance telephone.

JUDGE—Ahem! We were just discussing the marriage danger—I mean the marriage problem.

ERNEST—Go right on, don't mind me.

THEODORE (*old-friend manner*)—See here. When are *you* ever going to get married?

ERNEST—When am I ever going to get more than two thousand a year? [*Pulling chair down stage and sitting at head of sofa.*]

THEODORE—Bah! What has money got to do with it?

ERNEST—Nothing—I don't believe in marriage.

JUDGE—I've heard that before.

THEODORE—Just you wait till the right one comes along.

ERNEST (*smiling*)—How do you know "the right one" hasn't come already? [HELEN *comes from the garden. She stands and looks at him, unseen by* ERNEST. THEODORE *sees her and smiles. She signals* THEODORE, *finger on lips, and tiptoes toward house.*]

THEODORE (*with a chuckle*)—Then don't let her go by.

ERNEST—Oh, I couldn't stop her, if I wanted to. [HELEN *is so interested that she stops.*]

THEODORE—Looks to me as if you could.

ERNEST—And what do YOU know about it? (THEODORE *laughs.*) What's the joke?

THEODORE (*still laughing*)—Ever try?

ERNEST—To marry her? Lord, no. Even if I did believe in marriage, I wouldn't marry *that* girl. [HELEN *is amazed and indignant.*]

THEODORE—Why not?

ERNEST—She hasn't any money.

LUCY (*surprised*)—Well, really!

JUDGE (*astonished*)—Good Lord! [HELEN *is surprized.*]

THEODORE (*straight*)—Money! I didn't suppose *you* would marry for money!

ERNEST—You don't suppose I'd marry a girl *without* money? Most selfish thing a poor man can do. [HELEN *pantomimes applause, makes a moue at* THEODORE, *pantomimes "just what I said."*]

THEODORE (*wagging his pipe at* HELEN)—Oh, you modern young people! [JUDGE *and* LUCY *see* HELEN.]

ERNEST—Make her nothing but a superior servant in an inferior home. Not *that* girl. [HELEN *gives silent applause.*]

THEODORE (*to* ERNEST)—Feministic nonsense! (*To* HELEN.) The old-fashioned womanly woman. . . .

ERNEST (*interrupts*)—Sentimental twaddle. Why more "womanly" to do menial work *for* men than intellectual work *with* them! Twaddle, Theodore, twaddle! [HELEN *gives silent applause, now enthusiastic.*]

THEODORE—All the same, if you really cared for a woman enough to marry her . . .

ERNEST—But I don't.

THEODORE—Then why run away to Paris just as she returns?

ERNEST—Well, if you must know, you silly old idealist, I don't believe in marriage, but, Theodore, she *does.*

HELEN (*coming down behind* ERNEST)—I do not. [*All laugh.*]

ERNEST (*jumps up and retreats*)—My heavens! Where did you drop from?

HELEN—I dropped from Paris. Don't be afraid, I agree with you perfectly.

ERNEST (*going up to* HELEN *and shaking her hand*)—I'm awfully glad to see you.

HELEN—And I'm awfully glad to see you.

ERNEST—Do you know, I thought *you believed* in marriage.

JUDGE—Wronged her. Apologize.

HELEN—And all this time I thought you did.

JUDGE—Wronged him. Both apologize.

HELEN (*with humour*)—Think of the *discussions* we might have had.

JUDGE—Not too late yet. Your aunt Julia and I had discussions for twenty-five years.

HELEN (*crossing to the right with* ERNEST, *humorously provoked with him*)—Why didn't you ever tell me?

ERNEST—Why didn't you ever tell me?

JUDGE—Each understands the other now . . . everything is lovely!

HELEN (*indicating the others*)—Please don't think *I* had any hand in this. [*Laughs.*]

ERNEST—In what?

HELEN (*mock-tragic whispers*)—Can't you see? . . . A plot to entrap us in marriage! They want to *throw* me at your head. (HELEN *crosses to the tea-table, and busies herself with the tea things.*) Come! Sit there! We'll have some fun with them. [*Indicating chair to the right of the table, in which* ERNEST *sits.*]

THEODORE (*to* JUDGE *and* LUCY—*in a whisper*)—Shall we go now?

LUCY—No, no! too obvious!

HELEN (*leans toward* ERNEST)—Come, you must be attentive to me; tell me all about anterior poliomyelitis. [THEODORE, LUCY, JUDGE—*all have their heads together.*]

THEODORE—The strangest courtship *I* ever saw.

LUCY—They ought to be spanked.

JUDGE—Old Mother Nature will attend to that. (*With hand to his ear tries to hear what* ERNEST *and* HELEN *are saying.* ERNEST *and* HELEN *have heads together.*) I can't hear a damn word.

THEODORE—They're getting on famously.

LUCY (*rises and crosses to* ERNEST)—If you'll excuse me, Doctor Hamilton, I always take forty winks before dressing. We dine at eight. [*Going.* ERNEST *and* HELEN *exchange glances and smile.*]

THEODORE (*whispers to* JUDGE)—Come on, Uncle Everett.

JUDGE—Excuse me, Theodore—I want to be in at the death.

THEODORE—If you'll excuse me, Ernest, I think I'll have a look at the evening papers. [*He follows* LUCY.]

HELEN (*seated behind table*)—Seriously, you oughtn't to have dropped the polio experiments.

ERNEST (*seated right of table*)—You oughtn't to have dropped *me* . . . right in the *midst* of the experiments. Those agar plates you were incubating all dried up and spoiled. You played the very devil with my data.

JUDGE (*on couch*)—God bless my soul, what are we coming to?

HELEN—Oh, it's perfectly proper for your little ears, uncle, only you can't understand

a word of it. . . . Won't *any* one play billiards with you? [*And turns at once to* ERNEST.]

JUDGE—But I'm fascinated. It's so idyllic. Makes me feel young again. [*Rises and goes up center.*]

HELEN (*seated behind table. To* ERNEST)—Oh, you have plenty of men assistants who can estimate antitoxin units.

JUDGE—Estimate *what?*

ERNEST (*shakes his head. To* HELEN)—Men assistants lose interest. They are all so confoundedly ambitious to do original work. Why is it women can stand monotonous details better than men? "The female of the species is more *faithful* than the male."

HELEN—Because men have always made them tend the home!

JUDGE (*coming behind the table and getting between the two*)—Ah, nothing like a good old-fashioned love-scene—in the scientific *spirit.*

HELEN (*to* JUDGE *after pause*)—Uncle, dear! Haven't you any tact? *Can't* you see that he is paying me wonderful compliments? Go and play Canfield in the library.

JUDGE—Very well, I'll leave you to your own devices—(*Keeps lingering up stage.*) But don't forget the scientific spirit.

HELEN (*with animation and camaraderie—she thinks they are alone at last. Transition.*)—Now I must tell you what Metchnikoff said about you and your great future. He said that if you will only let nothing interfere with your career—absolutely nothing— (*Significance.* ERNEST *pantomimes that* JUDGE *is listening—she proceeds, brisk and loud.*) He advises you to confine your original research to proving the absence of toxicity and antiphylaxis following the absorption of albumnosis and protiosis from the anteric mucosa.

JUDGE—Help! Help! (*Running off.*) May God, your God, have mercy on your scientific souls.

ERNEST (*different note, now they are alone*)—I wonder why they all take for granted that I want to make love to you?

HELEN (*avoids his eye*)—Well, you took for granted that I wanted you to. You are about the most conceited man I ever knew, and that's saying a good deal.

ERNEST—How can I help it when you admire me so?

HELEN (*aroused*)—I? Admire you?

ERNEST—You're always telling me what great things I'm going to do, stimulating me, pushing me along. Why, if it hadn't been for you, the so-called "Hamilton Antitoxin" would never have been discovered. And, after you left, everything went slump. Tell me, why did you leave me? Was I rude to you? Did I hurt your feelings?

HELEN (*looks away*)—On the contrary, it was entirely out of respect for your feelings.

ERNEST—My feelings? Oh, I see. You got it into your head that I wanted to marry you. Well, well. What an idea!

HELEN—Men sometimes do.

ERNEST (*looks at her. She is adorable. What of it?*)—I suppose they do.

HELEN—It's been known to happen.

ERNEST (*looks away*)—I suppose it has. . . . Well, you needn't be afraid. *I'll* never ask you to marry me.

HELEN—You can't imagine what a weight this takes off my mind.

ERNEST—Yes. I feel as if a veil between us had been lifted.

HELEN (*slightly nervous*)—What were you saying—about those agar plates?

ERNEST—What agar plates? Oh, yes, yes, the polio experiments. Look, look, there's a new moon. [*Looking off to the left.*]

HELEN (*seriously*)—You promise never to mention the absurd subject again?

ERNEST—What subject?

HELEN—Marriage.

ERNEST (*with undue force*)—Oh, that. Certainly, I promise. [*He keeps eyes averted.*]

HELEN (*turning to him with sudden change to girlish delight*)—Good! Then—I'll go to Paris with you! (ERNEST *recoils suddenly. She misunderstands.*) Why, Doctor Metchnikoff—he *promised* me he'd invite you!

ERNEST—Yes, but . . . you—*you* can't go.

HELEN—If you need me, I can. And you just said . . .

ERNEST—But *you* mustn't go to Paris with me.

HELEN—Don't you want me with you?

ERNEST—I thought you would like to stay at home and run the department for me!

HELEN (*hurt*)—Don't you *want* me?

ERNEST (*with heart in voice*)—Do I *want* you! But . . . (*Stops.*) I am a man—you *are* a woman.

HELEN—What of it? (*Contemptuously.*) Are you one of those small men who care what people say! No. That's not your reason. What is it? Tell me.

ERNEST (*hesitates*)—It's only for your sake.

HELEN—Then I'm to be left behind like a child because you don't care to be embarrassed with me.

ERNEST—It's so unfair. I simply can't take you now.

HELEN—Oh. Very well, that's settled then. (*Rises and goes down below the table.*) Go on to your wonderful career and leave me behind. Only I can't understand it. It's not what I'd do, that's all.

ERNEST (*rises*)—Oh. Please, please.

HELEN—Oh. I hate men. I hate you.

ERNEST—And I love you.

HELEN (*to self more than to him*)—Oh. This spoils everything.

ERNEST—No! It glorifies everything! (*He takes a step forward and breaks loose.*) I have loved you from the first day you came to my dreary old workroom. I didn't want you there. I didn't want any woman there. I tried to tire you out with overwork, but couldn't. I tried to drive you out, by rudeness, but you stayed. And that only made me love you more. Oh, I love you! I love you!

HELEN (*breaks in*)—Do you? Oh, don't love me—ah, say it just once more.

ERNEST—I love you! I love you! I love you! I love everything about you—those wonderful brave eyes that face the naked facts of life and are not ashamed; these beautiful hands that have worked so hard, so long, so close to mine, and not afraid, not afraid.

HELEN—Oh, don't! don't! I *am* afraid now. I made you say this. (*She smiles—though near to tears.*) I have always wanted to make you say it—I have always sworn you *shouldn't.*

ERNEST—Because you can't care enough?

HELEN—Enough? Too much!

ERNEST (*overwhelmed*)—*You—love—me.* [*He takes her in his arms. He laughs—then she laughs—both are embarrassed.*]

HELEN—It is because I loved you that I didn't want you to say it—only I did. It is because I loved you that I went abroad—to stay, only I couldn't. I couldn't stay away! Oh, do you know how much I love you? No!—you're only a *man!*

ERNEST—You darling—do you know how much I love you? Every day there in the laboratory, when you in your apron, the apron I stole from your locker after you left—when you asked me for orders, did you never guess that I wanted to say "Love me!" Every day when you took up your work, did you never feel how I wanted to take you up in my arms?

HELEN (*eyes shut—nods*)—Why didn't you?

ERNEST—Why didn't I? How could I dare to hope that all this trembling loveliness could be just for me? I never dreamed there could be women like you. I always thought women were merely something to be wanted and worshipped, petted, patronized, soft little things to be wooed and won, married and owned. But you ... (HELEN *looks front. Moves away to left a step.*) Helen, what's wrong?

HELEN—Married, Ernest; we can't marry.

ERNEST—Can't marry—why *can't* we marry— Oh! You mean your career—

HELEN—My career—what does that matter? No, I mean yours ...

ERNEST (*with a snap of his fingers*)—That for my *career*—you love me. You have been in my arms once—you and I can never forget that now. There's no turning back. It's all or nothing. Come to me! [*She darts toward him, then stops.*]

HELEN—But, Ernest! We *can't* marry. Think of all we've said—

ERNEST (*seizing her in man-fashion—he holds her fast*)—All we've said?—all we've said is nonsense. I love you.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE—*Same as Act I. The next morning, Sunday.* ERNEST *and* THEODORE *are discovered at breakfast, at table down right center.* ERNEST *doesn't seem hungry and forgets to eat.* THEODORE, *enjoying his breakfast heartily, watches* ERNEST *out of the corner of his eye and smiles knowingly.*

THEODORE—What's the matter, old top? No appetite this morning? (ERNEST *is gazing at the door at right, and doesn't hear. He is smoking a cigar.*) Expecting something, eh? Why, of course, you were longing for codfish balls. (*Removes cover from plate and helps himself.* ERNEST *refuses the offered fish-ball, abstractedly shakes his head, and returns his gaze to the door.*) Oh, I know what you want. You want to go to church with me. (ERNEST *doesn't hear.*) Their rector is ill. So I agreed to take the service this morning. (*No answer.*) Always the way when off for a rest. (*No answer.*) Isn't it? (*No answer.* THEODORE *rises and walks around behind table and shouts in* ERNEST'S *ear.*) Isn't it?

ERNEST (*startled, jumps up*)—I beg your pardon.

THEODORE (*laughing*)—Oh. You're hopeless. (*Crossing to center.*) I can't stand people who talk so much at breakfast.

ERNEST (*suddenly waking up*)—Wait a minute. Sit down. Have a cigaret. (*Offers cigarets which are in a silver box on the table.*) Let's talk about God. (THEODORE, *about to take cigaret, drops his hand.*) But I mean it. (THEODORE *takes cigaret.*) I'd like to have a religion myself.

THEODORE—My dear boy, I never talk shop at the table.

ERNEST (*laughs*)—You never talk shop at all, unless one wants it. That's what I like about you, Theodore; you button your collar behind, but you believe in those who button theirs in front.

THEODORE—I had an idea you took no stock in religion. [*Sits left of table and lights cigaret.*]

ERNEST—Just what I thought—until—well, I've made a discovery, old friend. [*Sits at right of table.*]

THEODORE—Oh. Another discovery! (*Smiling.*) A scientific discovery?

ERNEST (*not sentimentally*)—It makes all science look like a . . . mere machine.

THEODORE—Well, if you feel so strongly about it—better come to church, after all!

ERNEST—I'm not talking about the church—I'm talking about religion.

THEODORE (*after surprise*)—You're not talking about religion; you're talking about love——

ERNEST—Same thing, isn't it?

THEODORE (*amused*)—Well, I'd hardly go *that* far!

ERNEST (*quietly*)—The divine fire that glorifies life and perpetuates it—the one eternal thing we mortals share with God—If *that* isn't religion, what is? (THEODORE *smiles indulgently.*) Tell me, Theodore—you know, my father never allowed me to go to church when young, and since then I've always *worked* on the holy Sabbath day (*smiles*)—like yourself—does the church still let innocent human beings think there's something carnal and wrong about sex? (THEODORE *drops his eyes.* ERNEST *amused.*) I see "nice" people should drop their eyes even at the mention of the word.

THEODORE (*uncomfortably*)—Sex is a necessary evil, I admit, but . . .

ERNEST—Evil! The God-given impulse which accounts for you sitting there, for me sitting here? The very heart and soul of life evil! Really, Theodore, I don't know much about *religion*, but that strikes me as blasphemy against the *Creator!*

THEODORE—My dear boy, unlike the modern young person of eighteen, I haven't the relish for such subjects. I still feel outrageously reticent—a quaint heirloom from the Victorian age. But I think I may say that the church believed in marriage before science was born.

ERNEST—But why does the church keep on making women promise to "serve and obey"? Why marry them with a ring? It's merely a link of the ancient chain (*smiles*)—in the days of physical force, made of iron, in the days of financial force, made of gold. But still a chain, Theodore, still a chain.

THEODORE—Symbols, my dear fellow, not to be taken in a literal sense; time-honoured and beautiful symbols

ERNEST—But why insult a woman you love, even symbolically?

THEODORE (*with a laugh*)—Oh, you scientists! Have you no idealism in your views?

ERNEST—I haven't any *views*. Science merely tries to find the truth, and the church—the church tries to hide it.

THEODORE (*teasingly*)—Well, I know two young *scientists* who tried to hide the truth from each other and from themselves. And if I'm not mistaken, the church helped to find it for them. (*Leans across the table.*) You may as well know, my boy, the whole family are on to you. Last evening after dinner when you took Helen for a walk in the moonlight, instead of taking the train for town, John threw fits all over his "little farm." By the way, how late did you two stay up? I was in the library writing my sermon until half after one. You and Helen were still out telling each other—well about anterior poliomyelitis!

ERNEST (*has scarcely heard* THEODORE)—Theodore, there's one belief you and I have in common, one faith I'll never doubt again—I believe in heaven now.

THEODORE—Why?

ERNEST—Because I've been there. (*Enter* JOHN *scowling.*) Good morning. (JOHN *grumpily rings bell, for breakfast.*) Could you spare me five minutes?

JOHN—Haven't had breakfast yet. [*Picks newspaper from couch, sits down and reads paper.* ERNEST *looks at* THEODORE *and smiles—then rises and follows* JOHN *to center.*]

ERNEST—Oh, all right, after breakfast.

JOHN—I've an appointment.

ERNEST (*smiles*)—I'll wait *my* turn.

JOHN—Going to be pretty busy to-day—you, too, I suppose, if you're sailing to-morrow. (*Enter* THOMAS.) Breakfast, Thomas. [THOMAS *signals the second man,*

who brings on table, set for breakfast. He places it in center, then picks up other table and leaves. THOMAS *arranges chairs and brings couch down stage a little before he goes.*]

ERNEST (*still agreeable*)—I can postpone sailing till next week.

JOHN—Mustn't let *anything* interfere with your scientific career.

LUCY (*as she enters*)—Good morning.

ERNEST (*ignores* JOHN, *eagerly to* LUCY)—Could you tell me when she'll be down?

JOHN (*overriding* LUCY)—My sister is ill and won't be down at all, until *after* you leave. [LUCY *shows discomfort.* THEODORE *tactfully turns to go.* LUCY *sits behind breakfast-table.*]

ERNEST (*crosses back to* JOHN. *Aroused at this snub, but controls himself and smiles*)—I don't believe you quite understand. It's merely as a conventional courtesy to you that I suggest and *advise* an interview.

JOHN—Don't inconvenience yourself on my account. When I want your advice I'll ask it.

ERNEST (*shrugs shoulders*)—Oh, very well, do as you please. (*To* THEODORE, *who has picked up hat and Bible.*) Wait, Theodore. (*Crosses up center for his hat, which is on a small table, and looks at his watch.*) I think I'll go to church after all—until my train leaves.

THEODORE (*smoothing it over as he leaves*)—Come along . . . I'm going to preach about marriage!

ERNEST (*going, turns to* LUCY, *and bows urbanely*)—Thanks for all your kindness . . . may I trouble you to have the valet pack my things? I'll call for them on the way to the station. (*Starts off, then stops and turns to* JOHN.) I have no favours to ask of you. You don't own your sister—she owns herself. You might remember that. [*The scientist goes to church.*]

JOHN (*looks after* ERNEST. *Then sits at the table, with a loud laugh to show he doesn't care—and turns to Lucy*)—Rather impertinent for a two-thousand-dollar man. (*Throws newspaper on table, turns to his grapefruit*—LUCY *says nothing—she pours his coffee daintily, hands it to him solicitously. With growing resentment.*) Got his nerve! Seems to forget that I'm a trustee of the Baker Institute. (LUCY *says nothing.* JOHN *tastes coffee, puts down cup violently and glares at* LUCY.) Cold again! (*Eats grapefruit during following.*) Helen got her own way about going to college, going to work, going to live in her own apartment, but if she thinks she can marry *that* fellow . . . (LUCY *cringes in dutiful silence as* JOHN *glares at her.*) Humph! I've got more influence with old man Baker than all the rest of the Board combined. I could get Hamilton fired, too, if I tried. (LUCY *pretends to be proud of her wonderful husband, like a true old-fashioned wife.*) Well, why don't you say something?

LUCY (*startled*)—Why—why—I thought you did not like me to talk at breakfast, dear. [*She is frightened now—a worm that has never turned.*]

JOHN—Think I like you to sit there like a mummy? (LUCY *hurt, but hiding it, smiles at her husband's witticism, makes no reply.*) Doesn't it ever occur to you that I'd like my wife to be interesting? (*No reply.* JOHN *starts to open and glance at letters during following.*) Not often—just once in a while—for a *change.*

LUCY—Nothing I say seems to interest you any more, dear.

JOHN—Well, is that my fault?

LUCY—You don't like me to discuss your business affairs, John.

JOHN—What do you know about business affairs?

LUCY—What do you ever tell me?

JOHN—Why should I tell you? Suppose I want *my wife* to bother about money-making? Your business is to spend it. Woman's place is in the home.

LUCY—But, John, you're never interested in what I do in the home— Oh, not that I blame you, but . . .

JOHN—Well, why should I be? How many roses were transplanted Monday; what Cousin Margaret told you about the baby's new tooth Tuesday. Humph!

LUCY—When I try to take an interest in anything outside the home . . .

JOHN—Bah! Fads! Fads! One unwomanly female is enough for any family.

LUCY—Then, whatever you like, John, I'll try!

JOHN (*opens second letter*)—I'd like you to be just an old-fashioned wife, like my mother.

LUCY (*the tragedy of her life is in this line, but both the suppressed yearning and the reproach should be conveyed, if at all, quietly*)—But I'm not a mother.

JOHN (*angered. It's clearly an old sore subject. Crushes letter in his hand*)—If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times! You're not to throw that up in my face. Haven't I given you everything else to make up for it? And what do I get? In season and out, when you speak and when you're silent, when you look at me and when you look away—it's reproach, re-

proach, reproach, all my married life. . . . For the last time, *cut that subject out!* [*He turns to his mail, opens the letter containing check.*]

LUCY—I'm sorry, John. It's only that—well, one finds it rather difficult to be an old-fashioned wife in a new-fashioned home.

JOHN (*does not reply. Tense over a letter. Sudden change in manner*)—Have you a dressmaker named Charcot?

LUCY—Yes, John, this is one of Charcot's—(*Indicating the dress she wears.*) Do you like it, dear?

JOHN (*holding letter*)—Did you have it charged in my name?

LUCY—Why, John! You *know* you never let me pay cash for anything. Every shoestring is charged to you.

JOHN (*significantly now*)—Do they ever overcharge me?

LUCY (*suddenly terrified, but controlling it*)—I suppose we all make mistakes at times.

JOHN—Yes, Thomas made a mistake this time. He put this letter among mine. It's addressed to you.

LUCY (*panting*)—Then give it to me. [*Reaches for letter.*]

JOHN (*keeping it out of her reach*)—No! I'll read it to *you* first. (*Reads.*) "Dear Madam, enclosed please find check to your order for twenty-five dollars, being balance due from bill paid August 1st." (LUCY's *eyes down, she is twisting her napkin.*) You said nothing about their overcharging me when we went over the bills last month.

LUCY—I never *can* understand business affairs.

JOHN—But the bill was paid by my secretary at my office. This check—(*holding it up*) is sent to my wife at my home. Why? (LUCY *makes no reply.*) Lucy, how long has this been going on?

LUCY (*after a pause*)—The first time I ever tried it—and of course I'm caught.

JOHN (*growing wrath*)—So! My own wife deliberately enters into a conspiracy with a vulgar little dressmaker to overcharge her husband so that she may obtain a rebate in cash! Oh, Lucy, Lucy! And all for twenty-five dollars. (LUCY *weeps.*) Who taught you this woman's trick?

LUCY—It was not a woman.

JOHN—What's this? A man, eh? (*Half rises.*) Oho! (*Jealousy surging up.*) Who is he? (LUCY *cowers in silence, leaning across table.*) Are you going to tell me?

LUCY (*leaning back, nods*)—As soon as I get my courage up.

JOHN (*rising*)—Quick! His name. I'll kill him.

LUCY (*surprisingly bold—sneers*)—Oh, no you won't!

JOHN—The damned sneak—(*Goes down stage a step or two, then turns back.*) Who taught you this contemptible trick? Answer me.

LUCY—You did.

JOHN—I? What are you talking about?

LUCY—Weren't you indicted and fined for entering into a conspiracy to take rebates from the railroads?

JOHN—Lucy! How dare you?

LUCY—Well, that's how I got the idea.

JOHN (*crosses down right*)—How like a woman! That was business. Why, at that time the biggest men in the country were indicted.

LUCY—Precisely. You told me at the time it was all right to do such things.

JOHN—Of course it was, everybody did it. But to cheat your own husband.

LUCY—But it's all right to cheat your own country.

JOHN—Bah! At that time those fellows at Washington — they understood the country's needs about as well as you do.

LUCY—And what do *you* know about *my* needs?

JOHN—Your needs! That's the limit! Why, I give you everything! (*Crosses back to table.*) You don't have to raise a finger, you don't even have to *think* for yourself. What more do you want? (*To himself.*) Twenty-five dollars.

LUCY—Yes, twenty-five dollars. I wanted a little ready cash . . . something I could call my own—spend as I pleased without first wheedling it out of you and then having you scowl over the bills. Oh, if men only knew how we loathe this begging and wheedling!

JOHN—But don't I give you everything money can buy?

LUCY—But you never give me money to buy anything.

JOHN—What did you want money for?

LUCY—A taxicab.

JOHN (*amazed, perplexed, sits again*)—A taxicab? Haven't we cars enough?

LUCY—I can't always take one of our cars when I go into town to shop—it's too far. The day I bought this frock, Jean paid for the taxicab from the station— That's why I asked her to go with me. You give her a regular allowance—you never give me a cent, if you can help it. Marjorie Hendricks paid for my luncheon. Why, I didn't even have a twenty-five-cent piece to tip the porter on the train or the girl in the restaurant cloakroom; and oh, it's so

humiliating always to let one's friends pay for everything.

JOHN (*a pause*)—Say, do you suppose Marjorie Hendricks and the others talk this over with their husbands?

LUCY—I don't know; I don't care!

JOHN—Well, I do. See here, Lucy, I'm going to forgive you (*tears up check*); I'm going to tell my secretary to send you a regular monthly allowance like Jean's and you can spend it as you damn please. Nobody shall say *I'm* a tightwad with my wife. [*Rises, crosses to right.*]

LUCY—I don't want an allowance.

JOHN (*crossing back to table again*)—You don't want an allowance! Then what *do* you want?

LUCY (*after a slight pause*)—I want to go.

JOHN—Go where? When? How long?

LUCY—Now—any place—always.

JOHN (*sits again. Picks up newspaper and starts to read*)—Oh, I guess not. This is just a sudden feminine whim.

LUCY—It's been my constant thought ever since I married you. But—I never dared tell you till now.

JOHN—So you'd like to leave me, would you? Divorce? (LUCY *nods yes.*) You have no grounds for divorce, my dear.

LUCY—But *you* will have, after I leave you.

JOHN—You've got no lover to leave with.

LUCY (*fastidiously*)—But couldn't I just *desert* you—without anything horrid?

JOHN—No money to desert with—(*Smiles.*) You don't expect me to grant you that allowance on *such* terms?

LUCY—I'll earn my own living.

JOHN—You, you've never been trained to earn money, only to spend it. Think of all the young women looking for work who *are* trained for it. You, you aren't even young!

LUCY—You won't let me escape decently when I tell you I don't care to stay? When I tell you I can't stand being under the same roof with you? When I tell you that I am sick (*rises*) in my soul of this life!

JOHN—But, you see, I *can* stand it. I want you to stay. I am not sick of it. (LUCY *turns to him in disgust.*) In fact, when you look that way, you interest me. [*Throws newspaper over on couch. Rises and crosses to* LUCY.]

LUCY (*shrinking from him*)—Don't come near me! Every time you touch me I have to nerve myself to stand it.

JOHN—Why, what's suddenly got into you?

LUCY—Suddenly! Since the first.

JOHN—Good Lord, if I only gave you something to worry about; if I ran after other women like old man Baker . . .

LUCY—If you only would! Then you would let *me* alone.

JOHN—Oh, I'll buy you those pearls. [*Crosses in anger over to the right.*]

LUCY (*indignant and infuriated by his lack of imagination*)—Pearls! Ugh! I'm not your mistress to be bought with pearls!

JOHN (*shocked*)—Why, Lucy, you ought to be ashamed. (*Coming back to her.*) You are my wife.

LUCY—Yes, that's the difference. If I were your mistress, I could get away.

JOHN—I forbid your saying such things. I forbid your even thinking such things!

LUCY—By what right?

JOHN—The right given me by law and religion. I am your lawful husband. [*Takes her in his arms.*]

LUCY—Yes, this is lawful, but—oh, what laws you men have made for women.

JOHN (*making free with her*)—I love you—despite everything. I want you and you belong to me. I'll never let you go.

LUCY—But you don't respect me, and I—I hate you; oh, how I hate you.

JOHN (*releasing* LUCY, *whispers*)—Now brace up; what's the use of letting others know? Play the game. You must.

LUCY—Oh, I suppose so. I always do. What else can I do? But day after day—day after day—ugh! [*Enter the* JUDGE, *telegram in hand.* LUCY *and* JOHN *separate.*]

JUDGE (*enters in a very unhappy frame of mind*)—I never felt so blue in my life. [*Almost to himself.*]

JOHN (*turning from* LUCY)—Another telegram from Aunt Julia? Get them every day?

JUDGE (*proudly*)—Yes, John, fresh every hour. What do you think's happened? (*Shows the telegram.*) She went to the theater last night and caught cold.

JOHN (*smiling*)—But why telegraph *you* about *that?*

JUDGE—Got the habit of telling me her troubles—can't break it, even in Reno.

JOHN (*signalling* LUCY *to play up*)—But you said she hated the theater.

JUDGE—She does, she does, but I'm fond of it. Went for my sake—got the habit of sacrificing herself for my sake. Just as hard to break good habits as bad, John, just as hard.

JOHN (*with a significant glance at* LUCY)—True women enjoy sacrificing themselves. [LUCY *crosses up to center.*]

JUDGE—Yes, that's what we tell 'em.

Well, we ought to know, John, we make 'em do it. (*Brings out fountain pen and sits abruptly on the couch.*) That's what I'll tell *her*. I can hear her laugh. Say, John—(JOHN *looks.*) You remember her laugh?

LUCY—A telegraph blank?

JUDGE (*with a humourous expression he brings a whole pad of telegraph blanks out of another pocket*)—No, thanks, carry them with me nowadays. (*Begins to write.*) Wish I hadn't sold my Western Union stock, John.

JOHN—I don't think you want that divorce very much.

JUDGE (*reprovingly as he begins to write*)—Doesn't matter what *I* want—what she wants is the point. You should give the woman you marry tutti-frutti, divorces—everything . . . Good heavens! I believe I've got the habit myself—and God knows *I* don't enjoy sacrifice. I'm a man! . . . The superior sex. . . .

JOHN—I don't believe you appreciate that wife of yours.

JUDGE (*between the words he's writing*)—Don't I? It isn't every wife—that'd travel away out to Reno—you know how she hates traveling—and go to a theater—and catch a cold—and get a divorce—all for the sake of an uncongenial husband. I'm proud of that woman. (*Suddenly getting an idea, strikes stand.*) *I* know what gave her a cold. She raised all the windows in her bedroom—for *my* sake. I'll give her the very devil for that—(*Writing.*) "How dare you leave the windows open in your bedroom when I'm not there." (*Pause—sentimentally.*) Poor little thing! She doesn't know how to take care of herself without me. (*Musing.*) I wonder if she ever will.

JOHN (*as a servant enters*)—Thomas, send that telegram.

JUDGE—Wait till I sign it. (*Writes.*) "Ducky." [BUTLER *takes telegram and goes.*]

JOHN—Uncle Everett, I want your advice.

JUDGE (*as if shocked*)—Oh, John, you want a divorce?

JOHN—No, we are not that sort—are we, Lucy? (*No answer.*) Are we, dear?

LUCY (*after a pause*)—No. We are not that sort. [*She turns away.*]

JOHN—We believe in the sanctity of the home, the holiness of marriage.

LUCY—The holiness of marriage. (*Turns away, shuddering and goes into house.* JUDGE *replaces small stand*).

JOHN (*goes up stage and sees* JEAN *and* REX *on the terrace*). Oh. Here come Jean and Rex. Let's give them a clear field. Love's young dream, Uncle Everett. [JUDGE *rises and goes toward the door with* JOHN.]

JUDGE—Hum. So you've given that young scalawag your consent. You didn't bring up that little chorus-girl matter?

JOHN—Oh. That's all fixed. No scandal, no blackmail. The old man fixed it.

JUDGE—Old man Baker? Well, that old reprobate ought to know how. [*As* JOHN *and* JUDGE *go out*, JEAN *and* REX *enter.*]

JEAN (*coming down as if to go out*)—Good-by, Rex, I'll see you at dinner.

REX (*coming to center, stopping* JEAN *before she can leave*)—But, what's the matter, Jean? You've hardly said a word all through our ride.

JEAN—Rex, you weren't in love with me yesterday—you aren't now. You would get out of it if you could; but you can't, honourably. You're a good sport and I admire you for that.

REX—Do you? I can't say I admire myself very much, after what happened yesterday. I've felt like a brute ever since. Of course you tried your best to prevent it—see what I mean? you ran away from me.

JEAN—Don't you know why I ran away? to make you follow. I made you catch me. I made you kiss me. Then you realized that we had been thrown together constantly, purposely together, if you care to know it.

REX—Why, I never thought a woman could be capable of such honesty. Say, you aren't like the rest that have been shoved at me. Why, I can respect you.

JEAN—Could you respect me if you knew that I let you propose to me yesterday, when I cared for some one else?

REX—What's that, Jean, some one else? . . .

JEAN—That's not fair to you—to me—to him.

REX—Who is he? why didn't you tell me?

JEAN—I am telling you now. What have you ever told me about yourself?

REX (*angry, loud*)—You had no right to play fast and loose with me.

JEAN (*agreeing, low*)—I'm making the only amends I can. You are free, I tell you.

REX (*with sudden desire, high*)—But I don't want to be free. He can't have you. You are mine. If you think you can make me stop loving you . . .

JEAN (*interrupting, low*)—You don't love me, Rex. You're jealous. You've never been in love with me. Let's at least be honest about it. You merely want me now because you can't have me.

REX (*frantic to possess what he cannot*

have)—You're thinking of that other chap. You're engaged to me and you stay engaged to me. I usually get what I want, and I *want you* now as I never wanted anything in my life! I'll win you from him yet. [*Enter* HELEN *from the house.*]

HELEN—Oh, I beg your pardon. Lucy said John was out here.

JEAN—I'll call him. (*She goes into the garden, running, glad to escape from* REX.) John! John! [HELEN *sits down.*]

REX—I'll call him. (*He runs into the garden after* JEAN) Jean! Wait, Jean! [JOHN *enters. He looks after* REX *and then comes down. He and* HELEN *take each other's measure in smiling silence.*]

JOHN (*pleasantly, but with gravity*)—You and I aren't going to quarrel, are we, Little Sister?

HELEN—Depends on you, Big Brother.

JOHN (*insisting on seriousness*)—Helen, dear, you are about to make the most momentous decision of your whole life.

HELEN (*lightly*)—I've already made it, And now I'll tell you a-all about it.

JOHN (*stopping her*)—Just a minute. . . . I'm afraid that we'll have to look at this little romance of yours practically, my dear. I know it all sounds very pretty in a story-book—"willing to sacrifice her career for love" and all that. But how about the man you love? Want to sacrifice his career too?

HELEN—But I have no intention of sacrificing what you are pleased to call my career. And so he won't have to sacrifice his. All you have to do is to give me back my job.

JOHN (*taken aback*)—What's that?

HELEN—I am absolutely indispensable to him. He is going to demand of the Board that I be reinstated. [*She looks determined.* JOHN *does too, but temporizes.*]

JOHN—Is Hamilton that sort? Would he want the woman he loves to work? [*She understands* JOHN'S *views, and smiles.*]

HELEN—He says the woman he loves is too good to loaf. Wasn't it nice of him? I think it's one of the nicest things he ever said to me. [*He cannot comprehend her views, and scowls.*]

JOHN (*sitting on sofa with* HELEN)—That's all very well in theory, but who'll take care of your home when you're at work, and who'll take care of your work when you're at home? Combine the two and you'll fail at both.

HELEN—But suppose I stop working with him.

JOHN—But you couldn't both live on his salary. What was it you said yesterday . . . "needs every cent of his two thousand for books, travel, scientific conferences" . . .

HELEN—Then what do you want?

JOHN (*with force*)—I want you to show that you meant what you said. Invent some excuse to send him off to Paris at once. For the lives of little children, for the whole future of the race, sacrifice yourself! Refuse to marry Ernest Hamilton.

HELEN—You needn't shout so, John. (*Places hand over* JOHN'S *mouth, then rises.*) I've done it already.

JOHN (*rises and follows her*)—What! You have refused to marry him?

HELEN (*calmly*)—That's what I came to tell you.

JOHN—You give him up? He'll go to Paris alone?

HELEN (*directly, forcefully, but still amused*)—Give him up? Never! We'll give up marriage, but we won't give up each other. We're sailing for Paris in the morning.

JOHN (*springing back, almost screams*)—Without a marriage ceremony?

HELEN (*quietly*)—Of course. We never believed in it, anyway.

JOHN—What! And this is my own sister! Think what you're saying.

HELEN—I've thought all night, John. You've shown me how to say it. I agree with all you said. Marriage *would* destroy his usefulness, *but* so would separation. "Your great humanitarian work"—he needs *me* for that work—more than he needs a home.

JOHN (*interrupting*)—But—but . . .

HELEN—As you said: "Who would take care of my home when I'm at work—who would take care of my work when I'm at home." It's all true, too true. We cannot have a home . . .

JOHN (*interrupting*)—But—I . . .

HELEN—But didn't you say "For the lives of little children—for the whole future of the race, I must sacrifice myself—refuse to marry Ernest Hamilton?" Well, John, I have followed your advice already.

JOHN (*still gasping*)—But—but—why, I'm not even shocked. Do you notice? I'm not even shocked. Because everything you have said, everything you have done—it all *proves* that you are a good woman.

HELEN—If I were a bad woman, I'd inveigle him into *marriage.*

JOHN—Inveigle? Into marriage? Are you joking?

HELEN (*as if saying "calm yourself"*)—

John, weren't you serious when you begged me not to marry him?

JOHN—But this . . . did you for one moment dream that I would consent to this sort of thing?

HELEN—Not for one moment. I'm not asking your consent—I'm just telling you.

JOHN (*looks at her. She returns his gaze. She is not defiant, just determined and sweet.*)—Bah! All pose and poppycock! (*Crosses and touches push-button on door-frame.*) I'll soon put a stop to this nonsense. (*Muttering.*) Most ridiculous thing I ever heard of.

HELEN—John, I haven't told you half my reasons—only those you can understand, but nothing you can say, nothing you can do, will stop me now.

JOHN—We'll see about that. (*Enter* BUTLER.) Ask the others to step out here at once—all except Miss Jean and Mr. Baker. I don't want them. (BUTLER *bows and starts off.*) Is Doctor Hamilton about?

BUTLER—No, sir, he's gone to church. [*He goes out.*]

JOHN—To church! My God! (HELEN *pays no attention, looks straight out in front, head high, eyes clear and wide open.*) First of all, I'm going to ask them to look you in the *face*. Then you can make this statement to them if you wish, and . . . look *them* in the face.

HELEN (*dignity—force—conviction*)—John, if I were being forced into such a marriage as poor little Jean's—if I led such a life as Lucy's—I'd be ashamed to look any one in the face; but in the eyes of God who made *love*—no matter how I may appear in the eyes of man, who made *marriage*—I *know* that I am doing right. [*Enter* LUCY *followed by the* JUDGE.]

JOHN (*not seeing them*)—Say that to Uncle Everett and Cousin Theodore, say that to my wife, stand up and say that to the world if you dare!

HELEN—Certainly, I'll say it now. (*To others, simply, quite cheerfully.* JOHN *turns and sees* LUCY *and* JUDGE.) John has convinced me *practically* of what I already believed *theoretically* about marriage, and I have made up my mind not to marry Doctor Hamilton.

LUCY *and* JUDGE—What! [*Turn to each other.*]

JOHN (*takes* HELEN *by the hand and brings her over a little*)—Wait, Uncle Everett! Lucy! Look this girl in the eye. (*They do so.*) Go on, Helen.

HELEN (*looking back at them*)—But as we need each other—in our work and in our life—why, we simply are going to have each other—always, until life is ended and our work is done, and that's all there is to it.

JOHN—That's all there is to it!

JUDGE—That's all there is to it!

JOHN (*laughingly*)—Without a marriage ceremony! Can you beat it?

LUCY—Helen! No! [LUCY *almost faints and sits on sofa.*]

JOHN—Don't you see through all this? A bluff to gain my consent—a trick to get his salary raised.

HELEN (*simply*)—No amount of money can induce me to marry Ernest Hamilton. I have too much self-respect.

LUCY (*gasping*)—Too much!

JOHN—Why, the whole thing is utterly absurd on the face of it. If she really meant to run away with this highbrow, would she stand up here and announce it in cold blood to her own family? [*All turn and look at* HELEN. *Enter* THEODORE *from the left.*]

HELEN (*with quiet scorn*)—Do you suppose I'd run away *without* announcing it to my own family?

THEODORE (*coming down to* HELEN—*beaming*)—Announcing it? Aha! And what are you announcing, my dear? [*All in a panic.* JOHN *gets behind the sofa.*]

LUCY—Her engagement, Theodore, her engagement.

JUDGE (*crossing to center*)—Exactly. John has suddenly seen a new light.

JOHN (*louder*)—Helen has gained my full consent to marry Doctor Hamilton. I think most highly of him.

JUDGE (*aparl*)—Yes, I thought you would.

THEODORE (*delighted*)—And withal he has a deep religious nature. Congratulations, my dear; he'll make an ideal husband. [*Takes Helen's hands, about to kiss her.*]

HELEN (*can't help smiling*)—Thank you, Theodore, but I don't want a husband and I'm not engaged to be married.

THEODORE (*looks from one to the other*)—A lovers' quarrel?—already!

JUDGE (*enjoying it*)—No, Theodore, these lovers are in perfect accord; they both have conscientious scruples against marriage.

JOHN—Conscientious!

JUDGE—So they are simply going to set up housekeeping without the mere formality of a wedding ceremony. [THEODORE *drops* HELEN'S *hands.*]

HELEN (*crosses to* JUDGE)—We are not going to do any thing of the sort.

THEODORE—Shame, Uncle Everett, shame.

HELEN—We are not going to set up housekeeping at all. In Paris I'll go back to that same nice little *pension* near the Luxembourg Gardens, and he'll live near the Pasteur. We'll work together and we'll play together and we'll take wonderful trips together. When we come back to America, he will keep his present quarters and I mine. But we won't have that daily binding, grinding prosaicness of married life together.

JUDGE—There are worse things, Helen, even than marriage.

HELEN—I thought so too at first, but I know what marriage will do for this man. I haven't played with him; I've worked with him, and I know.

THEODORE—But if you love him, my dear, marriage brings together those who love each other truly.

HELEN—But those who love each other truly, don't need anything to bring them together. The difficulty is to keep them apart.

JOHN—Oh, that's all romantic rot. Every one feels that way when they are first married.

HELEN—First? When the object of marriage is not to bring together those who love each other, but to keep together those who do not. What a horrible thing marriage must be.

JUDGE (*puzzled*)—Let me get that, will you? (*Then understanding.*) Oh, you wish to be free to separate. Now I have it.

HELEN—To separate? What a dreadful idea. Free to keep together. Marriage always puts people asunder.

JUDGE—God bless my soul! (*Apart to others.*) Always goes me one better.

HELEN (*correcting herself*)—Oh, not all people, uncle. (*She fondles* JUDGE.) I admit that *you* and dear Aunt Julia are happy together—you have so many tastes in common.

JUDGE (*apart*)—Tutti-frutti!

HELEN (*takes* THEODORE'S *arm and* JUDGE'S)—But look at *most* modern marriages. He goes down-town and works, she stays up-town and plays. He belongs to the labouring class, she to the leisure class. They think different thoughts, talk different languages, care for different things; legally it's union, but socially it's a mésalliance, and in the eyes of God it must be something worse. (*To* JUDGE.) No wonder there's one divorce to every ten marriages, uncle.

JUDGE—Be logical, my dear, married first and divorced later. Be chronological, at least.

HELEN—But you see *I* don't want to be divorced—or married either.

JOHN (*behind the sofa*)—Do you want to be disgraced? [*During this bit of conversation* THEODORE *goes up and around behind sofa with* JOHN.]

LUCY—Do you want to be ostracized?

HELEN (*crosses to* LUCY)—Of course none of those costly well-kept *wives* on your visiting-list will call upon me. But so much the better! Instead of *one* day at home like a lady, instead of making a tired husband work for me, I'll have all my days free to work *with* him, like the true old-fashioned woman you all admire.

JOHN (*bursts out*)—Oh, this is all nonsense. I tell you, whether you like it or not, you've simply *got* to marry this fellow.

LUCY—Why, certainly.

THEODORE—You've got to.

HELEN—I can't marry Ernest, I love him. [THEODORE *is astonished, the others throw up their hands, the* BUTLER *appears.*]

BUTLER—Doctor Hamilton is outside in a taxicab, sir.

JOHN—Ha! Show him here at once.

BUTLER—He says he does not care to come in, sir, unless you are ready to talk to him.

JOHN—Well, of all the nerve! You bet I'm ready. [*Starts off;* LUCY *comes down restraining* JOHN.]

JUDGE (*rising and coming to center*)—Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. (*Restraining* JOHN. *Calmly to servant.*) Ask Doctor Hamilton kindly to wait in the library. (*The* BUTLER *goes.*) Now, we're *all* a bit overwrought. (*Soothes* HELEN, *pats her hand, puts arm about her.*) I still believe in you, Helen. I still believe in him. (*To all.*) They both want to do right, but love has made them blind—blind to *their own interests.* He's so absorbed in his great work for mankind that he doesn't realize what he has asked Helen to do.

HELEN (*can't help smiling as she puts it quietly*)—So I told him—when he asked me to marry him.

JOHN—What?

LUCY—He asked you?

THEODORE (*coming down to right center*)—To marry him?

HELEN—Of course! So absorbed—not in mankind, uncle, but in me, that he—"didn't realize what he was asking me to do."

LUCY (*utterly amazed*)—And you refused him? The man who loves you honourably?

HELEN—Of course! (*All amazed, look at one another.*) You don't suppose I'd take advantage of the poor fellow's weakness.

JOHN—And then he proposed this wicked substitute! Poisoned her innocent mind—the bounder! (*Going.*) I'll . . .

HELEN (*interrupts, unexcitedly.*) But he did nothing of the sort.

JOHN (*turning*)—Oh, your own idea, was it?

HELEN—Of course! (*All exchange looks.*) In justice to Ernest, I must tell you that in his heart he quite agrees with me about marriage, but he has a quaint mannish notion that I must be "protected"!

JOHN (*to others*)—But he's willing to take advantage of the poor child's ignorance—the cad! (*To* THEODORE.) "Deep religious nature"—eh?

THEODORE—I can't believe it of Ernest.

HELEN—He knows nothing about it yet.

JOHN (*stops*)—What?

HELEN—Why, I haven't even seen him since I refused to marry him. (*Sensation.*) [*The* BUTLER *returns.*]

BUTLER—Doctor Hamilton asks to see Miss Helen while waiting. [HELEN *crosses to the right.* JOHN *stops her.*]

JOHN—Just a minute, Helen—please. (*To* LUCY.) Hold her! [JOHN *crosses to center as* HELEN *goes up to the sofa with* LUCY. *Apart to* JUDGE *and* THEODORE.) We've got to get him off to Paris at once.

JUDGE (*apart to* JOHN)—But you can't stop her following. John, she's on the edge of the precipice—don't shove her over! (*Calmly to* BUTLER, *overriding* JOHN.) Tell Doctor Hamilton that Miss Helen will see him here. [*The* BUTLER *leaves.*]

JOHN—Are you crazy? We've got to keep 'em apart—our one chance to save her!

JUDGE—No, bring them together. *That* is our one chance!

JOHN—All the same, I'm going round in front and keep an eye on that taxi. [*Starting up stage.*]

JUDGE—What for?

JOHN (*excitedly*)—Because I know they are going to elope in it.

JUDGE—They're not going to elope.

JOHN—How do you know?

JUDGE—If they were going to elope they'd elope first, and write you all about it later. [*Exit all except* HELEN *and* LUCY, *who lingers.*]

LUCY (*has turned back to* HELEN, *as the others leave*). Helen . . . do you really mean to offer yourself on such terms to the man who loves you honourably?

HELEN—Under the circumstances, no other terms would be honourable—yes, Lucy, I'm going to do it now.

LUCY—Then if you do he'll never look at you again. (*Exit* LUCY.) [ERNEST *enters from the house and rushes down to* HELEN *eagerly.* HELEN *is seated on the sofa. She rises as* ERNEST *enters.*]

HELEN—Ernest!

ERNEST—At last! (*He takes her in his arms, she clings to him and gazes into his eyes, a long embrace.*) Tell me that you're all right again.

HELEN (*smiling with love and trust*)—Except that you deserted me, dear, just when I needed you most.

ERNEST—Deserted you? Your brother said you were ill.

HELEN—Ah, I see (*shrugs*) . . . he was mistaken.

ERNEST—But, never mind now, I've got you at last, and I'll never, never let you go. You've got to sail with me to-morrow. Together! Oh, think! Together! [*Another embrace. He is jubilant and boyish.*]

HELEN—Are you *sure* you love me?

ERNEST (*laughs from joy of her nearness*)—Am I sure? Ten million times more to-day than yesterday.

HELEN—All the same, it can never be as I love you.

ERNEST (*gaily, her hands in his*)—Then you can apologize.

HELEN—Apologize, for what?

ERNEST—For saying, years and years ago—in other words, last night—that you didn't think you'd marry me after all. (*She starts. Sits on sofa.*) Why, what's the matter? You *are* ill.

HELEN—No, oh, no.

ERNEST (*sitting with* HELEN *on sofa*)—Then let's get good old Theodore to marry us to-day. (HELEN *gazes at him.*) Still a few lingering doubts? I had hoped a good night's rest would put those little prejudices to sleep.

HELEN—Sleep? [*Just gazes at him.*]

ERNEST—So you couldn't sleep? Neither could I, I was too happy to sleep. I was afraid I'd miss some wondrous throbbing thought of your loveliness. (*Takes her passive hand, puts a kiss in it, and closes it reverently, while she looks on without moving.*) Do you know—(*smiling sigh*) I'm disappointed in love. I always thought it meant soft sighs and pretty speeches. It means agony, an agony of longing, delicious agony, but oh, terrific. [*She says nothing but gazes at him.*]

HELEN—Ernest. (*Rises.* ERNEST *also rises.*) It isn't easy for me to say this, but— I cannot marry you, dear.

ERNEST (*takes her in his arms*)—You've got to. You are in my arms. You are

helpless. So am I— In the clutch of forces more potent than our little selves—forces that *brought* us into the world. Forces that have *made* the world. Whether you will or no, this beautiful thing is sweeping you and me together. And you must yield.

HELEN—Ah, my dear, could anything make it more beautiful than it is now?

ERNEST—It is perfect. The one divine thing we share with God. The church is right in that respect. I used to look upon it as a mere contract. It's a religious sacrament.

HELEN—Do the words repeated by a clergyman make it sacred?

ERNEST (*laughs*)—That medieval incantation? No, love given by God—not the artificial *form* made by man.

HELEN (*jubilant*)—Just what I said! I knew you'd agree. (*Steps back and offers her hand.*) Yes, I'll go with you.

ERNEST (*about to take her in his arms again*)—You darling!

HELEN (*stops him*)—But not as your wife.

ERNEST (*stops—perplexed*)—You mean (*a long pause*) without marriage?

HELEN—I mean without marriage. [*They look into each other's eyes; neither blinks.*]

ERNEST (*solemnly*)—A moment ago I thought I loved you as much as man could love woman. I was mistaken in you—I was mistaken in myself. I love you as man never loved before. (*With adoration*) You wonderful woman!

HELEN (*holds out her hand to be shaken, not to be caressed*)—Then you agree?

ERNEST (*takes her hand*)—Why, of course not! You blessed girl, don't you suppose I understand? It's all for my sake. Therefore, for your sake—no. Do you think I'd let you do anything for anybody's sake you're sure later to regret?

HELEN—Then don't ask me to marry you, Ernest. We'd both regret that later. It would destroy the two best things in life, the things that have brought us together, love and work.

ERNEST—Nonsense. Nothing could do that, not even marriage! And, besides—think of our poor horrified families! Think of the world's view.

HELEN—Do you fear the world's views?

ERNEST (*enfolding her*)—With you in my arms, I want nothing from heaven. I fear nothing from hell, but my dear . . . (*shrugs and comes down to earth, with a smile, releasing her*) consider the price.

HELEN—I am willing to pay it.

ERNEST—I am not willing to let you.

HELEN (*getting away from him*)—You'll have to be. I shall go with you on my terms or not at all.

ERNEST (*steps back. Emphatic*)—You will come with me as my wife or stay at home!

HELEN (*gasping*)—Now? After all I've said, all I've done? Ernest! I've told the family! I took for granted . . . why, Ernest! You wouldn't, you couldn't leave me behind now.

ERNEST—Thanks to you and what you've made of me, I must and will!

HELEN—Ernest! . . . Ernest! (*She puts arms around his neck.*]

ERNEST—If you love me enough for that—(*taking her arms away*) I love you enough for this. Come when you're ready to marry me.

HELEN (*breaks out angry and injured*)—Do you think I'll offer myself again on any terms? Never!

ERNEST (*low*)—You must marry me, and you will!

HELEN—You don't know me. I will not!

ERNEST (*after a struggle*)—Then—I go alone.

HELEN (*broken-hearted*)—No!

ERNEST—Good-by! [ERNEST *goes out. She waits motionless until she hears the automobile carrying him away. Immediately she turns from stone to tears, with a low wail. In utter despair, hands outstretched, she sinks down, and buries her face in her hands.* LUCY, THEODORE, JUDGE, *and* JOHN *hurry back all excited.*]

THEODORE (*enters first*)—Did you see the horrified look on Ernest's face? [*Going down.*]

LUCY—Revolted—running away from her.

JOHN (*to* HELEN)—What did I tell you?

LUCY—You've thrown away the love of an honourable man.

THEODORE—Trampled on the finest feelings of a deep nature.

JOHN—You've lost your chance to marry, you've lost your chance to work—and now, by George, you'll cut out independence, and stay at home where women belong—and live down this disgrace, if you can.

LUCY—With one excuse or another—he'll stay away, he'll never come back.

HELEN—He will, he will. He can't stay away. [ERNEST *enters rapidly, stops and takes in scene. No one sees him.*]

JOHN—He'll never look at you again, and I don't blame him. I'm a man and I know. We don't respect women who sell out so cheap.

ERNEST—You lie! (*Coming down. All turn amazed.*) Helen!

HELEN—Ernest! (*He takes her in his arms.*) I knew you'd come back. You *will* accept my terms.

ERNEST—We'll discuss that later.

HELEN—Then why did you come back?

ERNEST—Because, just as I started, I saw in a flash all this. I knew what they'd think. I knew what they'd say. I knew *they* could not understand.

JOHN—Understand what? If you respected this girl, why did you run away?

ERNEST (*turning to* JOHN)—To protect her from myself.

JOHN—Then why come back?

ERNEST—To protect her from you. Cowards, hypocrites, pharisees.

JOHN (*advancing menacingly*)—By what right do you come into my home? By what right do you take my sister in your arms?

JUDGE (*gravely, judicially*)—Careful, John, careful.

ERNEST—By a right more ancient than man-made law. I have come to the cry of my mate. I'm here to fight for the woman I love. (*Turning to* JOHN, *defying the world.*) My trip to Paris is postponed. One week from to-day gather all your family here, and we'll make our declaration to the world.

JUDGE (*stepping down to* JOHN)—Play for time, John.

JOHN (*to* ERNEST)—Do you mean to marry her or not? Speak my language.

ERNEST—She decides. Not you. [*He steps back and* HELEN *crosses to* JOHN.]

HELEN—No. No. No.

JOHN (*to* HELEN)—Then you'll go with this damned fanatic, only over my dead body. [JOHN *advances toward* HELEN *in rage.* THEODORE *and* JUDGE *cross between* JOHN *and* HELEN, *restraining him.*]

HELEN (*high*)—And that will only tell the world the thing you wish to hide.

ERNEST (*higher*)—There are laws to prevent marrying in some cases, but none to enforce it on women—unless they will it. [JEAN *enters from center. Stops on hearing the following.*]

JOHN—Enforce? Do you think I will ever allow a sister of mine to marry a libertine?

JEAN—But I'm not going to marry Rex. I've just told him. My engagement is broken. [*General consternation.* JEAN *runs into the house sobbing.*]

JOHN (*to* LUCY)—Great heavens. What next? Don't let the Bakers get wind of this, or we'll never patch it up. (*Turning to* ERNEST.) As for you, you get right out of here. [JUDGE *goes up stage and sits, and remains there to the curtain, trying to think of some way out of the difficulty.*]

ERNEST (*stepping back a little*)—Oh, very well, this is your property.

HELEN (*starts up. To* JOHN)—But I am not your property. I go, too.

THEODORE—Helen, don't commit this sin.

JOHN—Let her go. A woman who will give herself to a man without marriage is no sister of mine.

HELEN—Give? But if I sold myself as you are forcing poor little Jean to do—to a man she does not love, a libertine, who does not really love her—that is not sin. That is respectability. To entrap a man into marriage by playing the shameless tricks of the prostitute, that is "holy matrimony." But to give yourself of your own free will to the man you love—and trust—and can help—oh, if this is sin—then I will live and die a sinner. [*She turns to* ERNEST, *then bursts into tears on his shoulder, and, with his arms around her protectingly, they go out.*]

JOHN (*in an awed tone*)—I didn't suppose she had the nerve.

JUDGE (*strong*)—You fool! You drove her to this yourself.

LUCY—But what'll we do, what'll we do?

JUDGE (*to* LUCY)—Order your fastest car, your best chauffeur. (*Looks at watch.*) Quick! Their train leaves in five minutes. (LUCY *rushes out.*) If I miss the train I'll have to chase them all the way to town by motor. [*Buttons up coat to go.*]

JOHN—What's the idea?

JUDGE—Idea? They don't want to do wrong—they want to do right. (*Going.*) I'm going to patch up with common sense and sympathy what you bungled with bullying and browbeating. Leave it to your uncle Everett. I'M GOING TO GET 'EM MARRIED.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE—*Same as Act II. It is early evening of the same busy day of rest. The draperies at right are down, shutting out the night. It is dark outside. The bracket-lamps over the mantel and the piano-lamp are lighted.* THEODORE *is pacing up and down, shaking his head, glancing toward the door down right, when* LUCY *enters, also worried. He crosses to her eagerly, inquiringly.*

THEODORE—Hasn't Uncle Everett telephoned from town yet?

LUCY—No, and he must have reached town long ago.

THEODORE—If Uncle Everett only hadn't missed their train.

LUCY—If John only hadn't lost his head, Uncle Everett might have brought them to their senses before they left. Oh, what will people say, what will people say?

THEODORE—Calm yourself, Lucy, calm yourself. Has John come back?

LUCY—No, John is still hunting for Rex. Rex disappeared as soon as Jean broke with him this morning, and no one has seen him since.

THEODORE—I wonder if he has looked for Rex on the links? Shall I telephone over to the club?

LUCY—I'll be so grateful to you if you would. [THEODORE *goes out.* JOHN *enters hurriedly from center and goes down to* LUCY.]

JOHN (*breathless and excited*)—Well, I found Rex. Over at the golf club. Terribly cut up, but listen, not a drink, not one. (LUCY *turns away from* JOHN.) Oh, Lord, what's the matter now? Can't you forget what happened this morning?

LUCY—Forget?

JOHN—Well, what good does it do to keep on talking about it?

LUCY—Have I talked about it?

JOHN—To keep on thinking about it, then.

LUCY—It's hard not to think.

JOHN—But this is no time to think about yourself. What do your little troubles amount to? Play the game.

LUCY—Haven't I played the game all day? I will play it to the end. I have no alternative.

JOHN—We've got to stick together now. The reputation of the whole family is at stake. We've got to patch it up between Rex and Jean, and we've got to do it quick. Any news from Uncle Everett? [THEODORE *enters on hearing* JOHN'S *voice.*]

LUCY—No, and when the Bakers hear about Helen! They'll never let Rex marry into our family! Never! We're disgraced, John, disgraced!

JOHN—They're not *going* to hear about Helen. No one knows, and no one *will.*

LUCY—But, John! John, don't you recall, just before they ran off, Doctor Hamilton threatened to announce it to the whole family next week?

JOHN—Uncle Everett will attend to them. *He'll* make them keep it dark. They'll do *that* much for the family.

THEODORE—But if he doesn't catch them?

JOHN—Don't be an ass! I attended to *that.* When Uncle Everett missed their train this morning, I telephoned a detective to meet their train and follow them—to report to Uncle Everett when he arrived by motor. All fixed.

THEODORE—It's bound to leak out in time. Why, if they both sail on the same steamer to-morrow——

JOHN (*interrupts*)—Before the story can get back from Paris, Jean is going to be married to Rex—and then we're safe. See? The Bakers will *have* to stand for us *then.* Everything now hangs on little *Jean*—our position in the world, my business relations with the old man—everything. (*To* LUCY.) Tell her I've got to see her at once. . . . Hurry! *Rex* is coming to see her later. He's gone to get his father's approval. [LUCY *stops.*]

LUCY—But will he give it?

JOHN—Go on—I fixed the old man long ago.

LUCY—All right, I'll get Jean. [LUCY *goes out.*]

THEODORE (*crosses as if to follow* LUCY, *but stops and calls to* JOHN)—John, you're not going to put it up to Jean to go in for that sort of a marriage. You're too good a fellow.

JOHN—Haven't I done everything in the world to please my sisters? Can't they even marry to please me?

THEODORE—But not Rex, not if I can prevent it.

JOHN (*harassed*)—But you can't. You have nothing to do with it—except to perform the ceremony and get a big fat fee.

THEODORE—I—marry Jean and Rex?

JOHN (*pacing and thinking about* JEAN)—Oh, you think you won't, but you will. [JOHN *goes up to door.* JEAN *enters from the house. She looks frightened, runs to* THEODORE *for protection.* THEODORE *puts arm about her, pats shoulder.*]

THEODORE—There, there, my dear, don't cry any more. I'm on your side. (JEAN *cries on* THEODORE'S *shoulder.*) Now, now, now! John's got a rough outside, but the kindest heart in the world. I've found that out for myself.

JOHN (*gently*)—Jean, we mustn't detain Theodore. He has an important business letter to write.

THEODORE (*to* JOHN)—No, I haven't.

JOHN—Yes, you have. (THEODORE *turns to* JOHN *in surprise.*) Your wife's sanitarium bills— (JEAN *turns away.*) Better settle up before they dun you again.

THEODORE—Oh, that's the idea; with

your money? [*Takes* JOHN's *check out of pocket, about to tear it.*]

JOHN (*catching* THEODORE's *hand*)—Want to kill your wife? Then take her out of the sanitarium. Want to ruin your children? Then take them out of school. Cash that check, I tell you, and pay your debts. [THEODORE *glances at* JEAN, *at check—a struggle. At bay, he finally pockets the check and goes out.*]

JEAN (*turns to* JOHN, *with crumpled handkerchief in hand*)—Well? You can't force me to marry Rex. So what are you going to do about it? Cut off my allowance or merely bully me to death?

JOHN (*kindly*)—Oh, come! You've filled your romantic little head full of novels. I never force *anybody* to do *anything*. (JEAN *looks at him in surprise.* JOHN *suddenly breaks out.*) My heavens! What's the matter with this family anyway? Lord! I guess I have some rights, even if I have got money!

JEAN—Rex has money, too. Should that give him the right to women? I, too, have some rights—even though I *am* a woman.

JOHN—Well, if you expect to find a saint, you'll never get married at all.

JEAN—And if I never married at all? Then what?

JOHN—Yes! *Then* what?

JEAN—Oh, it's so unfair—you wouldn't allow me to go to college—you wouldn't allow me to learn a profession—oh! I wish I could earn my own living. I envy Helen so.

JOHN—Helen? bah! You don't know what you're saying. If you don't marry Rex now, you'll never have a chance to marry anybody. Now think before it's too late. Think what it means to be a dependent old maid.

JEAN—It isn't fair to train girls only for this. To live on the charity of a disapproving brother, or a man I can't love. What choice have I?

JOHN—There you are. (REX *enters.* JOHN *sees him and goes up to him. As* JEAN *crosses the stage, not seeing* REX, *but sobbing with her face in her hands,* JOHN *pantomimes and whispers to* REX.) It's all right. [JOHN *goes out.* REX *steals down upon* JEAN *unawares, and taking her in his arms, kisses her.*]

JEAN (*indignant, struggles, frees herself and rubs her cheek*)—Ugh! How could you!

REX—Because I love you.

JEAN—Love! It isn't even respect now.

REX—Has that chap at Harvard ever kissed you? JEAN (*shuddering*)—I have begged you never to refer to him again.

REX (*becoming more jealous*)—He has! He has held you in his arms. He has kissed your lips.

JEAN—How many women have you held in your arms? Have I ever tried to find out?

REX—Ah! You don't deny it, you can't.

JEAN—I can! *He* respects me. (*Turns away.*) I don't deserve it, but he *does*.

REX—Thank heavens. You don't know how this has tormented me, little Jean. The thought of any other man's coming near you——

JEAN (*biting her lips—then deliberately whirls around to him*)—Well, then, other men *have* come near me—other men *have* kissed me.

REX (*getting wild again*)—What! When? Where?

JEAN (*laughing cynically*)—Oh, conservatories in town—John's camp in the North Woods, motor rides in the country—once or twice out here on this very spot when I felt sentimental in the moonlight.

REX—Oh, Jean. I never supposed *you* were that sort!

JEAN (*with distaste*)—Oh, I don't make a habit of it! I'm not *that* sort. I've merely been handled, not hurt. Slightly shop-worn, but as good as new.

REX—Oh, stop! If you're not going to marry me, say so.

JEAN—But I am! I am *not* going to be dependent on my *brother* all my life. (REX *nonplussed, only gazes at her.*) But first, I want you to know exactly what you're getting for your money. That seems only businesslike.

REX (*recoils*)—Would you marry me only for that?

JEAN—I told you I loved another man. Do you still want me?

REX (*with jealousy returning*)—Do I *want* you! (*Seizes her passionately.*) I'll make you love *me!* (*Kisses her triumphantly.*) I'll bring a different light into those cold eyes of yours. Wait until you're married! I'll make you forget that man, all other men. You are mine, all mine. (JEAN *remains passive.*) Can't you love me a little? Haven't you any sentiment in your cynical little soul?

JEAN—In my soul? Yes, but must I sell my soul too?

REX—Look out, here comes the parson. (THEODORE *reënters from the house.* REX *retreats.*]

JEAN (*cynical, rapid, gay, reckless, with abandon.*)—Oh, Theodore! Rex and I have come to an understanding. Will you solemnize our blessed union?

THEODORE (*surprised and grieved. Stern.*)—No, not unless you truly love each other. Marriage is sacred.

JEAN (*rapidly*)—A large church wedding—that will make it sacred. A full choral service—many expensive flowers—all the smartest people invited—that always makes the union of two souls sacred.

THEODORE—My dear child, when two people love each other, their friends should witness the solemn rites . . .

JEAN (*interrupts—to* REX)—And my wedding-gown will be white satin with a point-lace veil caught up with orange-blossoms, and a diamond tiara—"the gift of the groom." That will make it solemn.

THEODORE—The white veil is the symbol of purity, Jean.

JEAN—Of purity, Rex, do you hear? Whenever you see a bride in the white symbol of purity she is pure—that proves it. That makes it all so sacred. So holy! (*As she goes to the door.*) Holy! Holy!

THEODORE (*stopping* REX *as he follows her*)—Stop! I command you to stop. (JOHN *enters.*) You shall not marry that woman.

JOHN—That's all right, Rex, I'll take care of him. [REX *crosses* THEODORE *and leaves.*]

THEODORE (*to* JOHN)—I warn you—I'll prevent this marriage! I'll tell every clergyman in the diocese. I'll inform the bishop himself. Such a marriage would be sacrilege.

JOHN (*voice trembling with rage*)—You *dare* threaten me! After all I've done for you?

THEODORE (*excited*)—Your five thousand was a loan—not a bribe—every cent of it will be returned.

JOHN—You can't return it, I wouldn't let you if you could. (*Calms down.*) Come, it's all in the family. We've all got to stand together now. (THEODORE *shakes his head.*) Say, you know the Gothic chapel old man Baker is building on his estate—he likes you, Theodore; I'll tell him you're just the man he's looking for.

THEODORE—But I'm *not.* He told me this morning after service that he was looking for a "safe and sane" man . . .

JOHN—Oh, he needn't know anything about those radical views of yours.

THEODORE—But I'd know—that I was preaching one thing while believing another; praising the easy generosity of the rich when I know the awful sufferings of the poor—advocating charity while I long to fight for justice.

JOHN—Oh, there are plenty of other things to preach about. Come, don't be an idiot. I can land that job for you.

THEODORE—Don't trouble yourself. Mr. Baker offered it to me this morning.

JOHN—What! You didn't refuse a chance like that?

THEODORE—Do you think I want to live on that old hypocrite's money?

JOHN (*losing all patience with him*)—Then how *do* you expect to live? On your relatives?

THEODORE (*insulted*)—I never asked *your* aid.

JOHN—But you took it?

THEODORE—I never shall again. . . . Yes, I did refuse the offer this morning, but just now, out here, when you showed me what it meant to be in debt to you, I reconsidered. I telephoned Mr. Baker . . . John, I've landed "the job." [JOHN *rises* and goes to THEODORE *and smiles at him cynically.*]

JOHN—I thought you didn't want to live on that old hypocrite's money?

THEODORE—Want to? Do you think I'm doing this for myself! I'm doing it to keep my wife alive. To keep my children out of the streets. To keep myself out of deeper debt to you. That's why many a man sells his soul to the devil. If I had only myself to consider—why, John, to me a little thing like death would be a blessed luxury. (*Pause.*) But I cannot afford—even to die. I must compromise and live—live for those dependent on me.

JOHN—But you're going to marry Jean and Rex all the same.

THEODORE—You are mistaken. Your money can dictate to me no longer.

JOHN—Theodore, *money* talks in this world—louder than the church. Refuse to marry Baker's son and how long will you keep Baker's Chapel?— Think it over, Theodore, you'll be fixed for life.

THEODORE (*staggered*)—John—you're right— Yes! I'll be fixed for life. Fixed for life.

JUDGE (*off stage*)—John! Where's John? [*The* JUDGE *suddenly enters in motor clothes covered with dust, followed excitedly by* LUCY. The JUDGE *is panting and running.*]

LUCY—But Uncle Everett! Uncle Everett! Couldn't you find them?

JOHN—Will they keep it dark?

LUCY—Where did they go—quick!

JUDGE (*panting*)—Just give me time to get my breath. [*Fans himself with hat, pants, and mops his brow.*]

JOHN—My detective—didn't he meet their train? [JUDGE *nods yes.*]

LUCY—But they saw him first? [JUDGE *shakes head no.*]

JOHN—Didn't he follow them? [JUDGE *nods yes.*]

LUCY—Where are they *now?*

JOHN—Speak, man, speak!

JUDGE (*raises his hands, holding his hat and handkerchief*)—Now, just give me a chance and I'll tell the whole story. . . . The detective was waiting at the station. He saw them step out of the train—watched them get into a taxi—jumped into another himself—and followed them— Even now they don't know they were watched—or—(*pauses, shakes head*) they might have taken another course.

LUCY—Quick, tell us the worst.

JUDGE (*hesitates*)—Well . . . they drove straight to Helen's apartment.

JOHN (*all horrified—heads shaking*)—To Helen's apartment! Oh!

LUCY—And you were too late! (*To* THEODORE.) What did I tell you?

JOHN—But my detective?

JUDGE—He followed and reported to me when I reached town.

LUCY—Reported what? Tell us all.

JUDGE—First he saw Ernest help Helen out of the taxi—very tenderly, like this. (*Pantomimes helping a lady out of a cab with exaggerated manner.*) By the way, they never dreamed how every detail was to be reported to you.

JOHN (*impatient*)—Go on! Go on!

JUDGE—Then the detective saw Ernest deliberately . . .

LUCY (*interjecting*)—Yes, go on.

JUDGE—Deliberately lift his hat . . . (*removes hat*) like that, say good afternoon, and drive on to his own apartment a mile away. [*Turns up stage—removes coat and hat—places them on sofa. There is a sudden silence, the others waiting.*]

LUCY—Oh, is *that* all? [*They exchange glances.* LUCY *seems somehow disappointed.*]

JOHN (*exasperated by* JUDGE'S *fooling*)—But where are they now? (JUDGE *drops his eyes, business of hating to tell.*) Quick, man, speak.

LUCY—They met later! (JUDGE *nods.*) I knew it.

JUDGE—They are alone together at this very moment!

ALL (*excited*)—Where? Where?

JUDGE (*pointing to the house*)—There. [*Takes out cigar-case and smiles—and sits on sofa.*]

ALL (*amazed*)—What?

JOHN (*amazed*)—What are they doing here?

JUDGE (*clipping cigar*)—Waiting to receive your blessing.

JOHN—My *blessing*?
LUCY—*Married*?
THEODORE (*down left*)—*Already!* [*Almost simultaneously*]

JOHN—Hurray! (JOHN *slaps* JUDGE *on the back with joyous relief, knocking cigar out of his hand. During following* JUDGE *tries to speak but they give him no chance.*]

JOHN—Cold feet—he saw it wouldn't pay.
LUCY—The disgrace—she couldn't face it. [*Together*]

THEODORE—A deep religious nature— I said so all along. [*Then turning to* JUDGE *again.*]

JOHN—How'd you work it?
LUCY—Tell us all about it. [*Rapidly, laughingly, almost simultaneously*]

THEODORE—Who married them?

JUDGE (*having a chance at last*)—*Married* . . . If you only wouldn't interrupt—They aren't *dreaming* of marriage'

ALL—What!

JUDGE—Helen has a worse opinion of holy matrimony now than ever. . . . [*All three in despair again.* THEODORE *groans,* LUCY *throws up her hands,* JOHN *starts indignantly toward terrace—then stops bewildered.*]

JOHN—But, see here! If they're not married—how on earth did you get 'em back?

JUDGE (*seated on sofa smoking clamly*)—Oh, perfectly simple! Promised Helen you'd apologize to Ernest, promised Ernest you'd apologize to Helen. Theodore, go tell them John's ready.

JOHN—Apologize— I?

JUDGE—Of course you will—and I promised both we'd arrange a nice little family party for them.

JOHN—A family party?

LUCY—For *them?*

THEODORE—Why?

JUDGE—To spread the glad tidings that they're not going to marry—merely going to Paris.

JOHN (*higher*)—See here. Are *you* crazy? Are *they* crazy? Do you think *I'm* crazy?

JUDGE—Well, don't jump on *me.* You did your best to make them crazy, but they indignantly decline to run away together until after they make a formal announcement to the whole damn family. Theodore, Helen's got a million new arguments against marriage, and if you don't hurry, she'll tell them to you.

LUCY—You expect us to invite the family here for that?

JOHN—We'll do nothing of the sort!

JUDGE—You don't have to. *I* have invited them already. They're coming for dinner this evening.

LUCY—This evening!

JOHN—You invited the family!

JUDGE (*nodding*)—I had your detective send out an S. O. S. call by telephone.

JOHN (*crosses down left*)—You think you're very funny, don't you? But that's *my own sister* in there planning to be that fellow's mistress—right here in my own home—anything funny about that?

JUDGE (*flicks cigar-ashes*)—Oh, well, if you don't like your sister to be that fellow's mistress, as you call it, why don't you put a stop to it?

JOHN (*turns*)—You bet I will!

JUDGE (*stopping* JOHN *with voice*)—How are you going to stop it, John? (JOHN *hesitates.*) Kick them *out* of your home again? (*Stopping* JOHN *again.*) Think they'll come back again? (JOHN *comes down quickly, alarmed.*) John, you're up against it. I know it pains you to think, but sometimes it's necessary. Women like Helen are a new proposition to men like you. Maybe you can force *Jean* into marriage—with a man she doesn't love. She is the old-fashioned girl. But Helen—you can't force Helen into marriage, even with the man she does love. She's the New Women. We're at the dawn of a new era, John; women are going to do what they believe is right, not what we men *tell* 'em to believe is right. What are you going to do about it? (JOHN *is silent.*) Nothing. I thought so. Call 'em bad and let it go at that. Blame it all on human nature, made by God, and leave unchanged all human institutions, made by man. But I tell you right now, unless we change the rules and regulations of the game, marriage is doomed.

JOHN (*has shown signs of growing impatience, and now breaks out*)—All right, all right, but we can't alter marriage overnight, just to suit Helen—what are *you* going to do about it?

JUDGE—There's only one thing to do now. They didn't have to come back, if they didn't want to, did they? (*All assent.*) You don't deserve it, if you ask me. Why, they're the kindest, truest, noblest pair of lovers I ever knew.

THEODORE—Uncle Everett, would you call immorality noble, exactly?

JUDGE—Have they done anything immoral?

THEODORE—Not yet, but . . .

JUDGE—Well, they won't either, if we work it right.

JOHN—What are you going to do?

JUDGE—Will you back me up in everything I do, anything I say?

JOHN—Everything. Anything.

JUDGE—Then tell them they don't have to marry!

THEODORE—What's that?

JOHN—Don't have to *marry!*

THEODORE—You don't expect us to countenance their wicked *substitute* for marriage?

JUDGE—No, but I expect you to pretend to do so. [*All draw around him.*]

THEODORE—How do you mean?

JOHN—What's the idea?

JUDGE—If we pretend we don't want them to marry, then they'll want to marry. John, when you want your dog to come in out of the rain and be happy, how does he invariably behave when you try to *drag* him in by the collar? Balks, doesn't he? Just let him alone and he will trot right in of his own accord and wag his tail. (*The others nod understandingly.*) We've been fighting these young idealists, so naturally they fought back. Just let them alone and they'll come to their senses. They're not fools. And they've done a lot of thinking since you saw them last. Now just follow my lead and you'll see. Keep your eye on your uncle Everett. (*Goes up and calls off to the right.*) Oh, Helen! Ernest!

LUCY (*to* JOHN *and* THEODORE)—Now, we must be nice to them.

THEODORE—After all, they've done nothing wrong. We misjudged them. [HELEN *enters first, then* ERNEST.]

LUCY (*in a low voice, and quickly*)—Now, John, be nice.

HELEN—Well, John? [JOHN *opens his arms magnanimously.*]

JOHN—My sister! All is forgiven!

HELEN (*stops short, her lips curl*)—*You* forgive *me?*

ERNEST (*faces* JOHN)—You forgive her? For what?

JOHN—Didn't my sister run away with you? Under the circumstances wasn't it natural for us to think that—that——

ERNEST (*to* JOHN)—You evil-minded married people! How dare you judge us by yourselves! [*Turns to* HELEN.]

JOHN (*apart, gasping*)—Well, I'll be damned!

JUDGE (*whispers*)—Stand for it, John . . . he's right.

THEODORE—But, Ernest, I'm bound

to say when two people run away together——

ERNEST (*pityingly disgusted*)—Oh, Theodore, not you, too! Are all married people alike?

THEODORE—But, Ernest . . .

ERNEST—Did we *want* to "run away," as you call it? (*To all.*) Didn't I distinctly state that we'd wait a full week to give this question calm consideration? That at the end of that week our final decision would first have to be announced *before the whole family?* Could language have been clearer? (*Turns to* JOHN *and sneers.*) But this absurd person—what did *he* do? Ordered us off his property like poachers. What could *we* do? Sit down in the road and wait a *week?* Bah! You suspicious married people. You hypocritical, *unspeakable* married people! [JOHN *starts in anger toward* ERNEST. JUDGE *stops him and crosses to* ERNEST *at right center.*]

JUDGE—Oh, now, wait a minute—don't be hard on them, Ernest. John wants to apologize to you. [ERNEST *turns to* HELEN, *and* JUDGE *forces* JOHN *over to* ERNEST *to apologize.*]

JOHN (*to* ERNEST, *angrily*)—I apologize! [*He then goes up center.*]

LUCY (*after* JUDGE *has urged her*)—So do I.

THEODORE—We all do, Ernest, we all do. [*Crosses to* ERNEST *and then joins* JOHN *and* LUCY *up stage.*]

ERNEST (*to* JOHN, THEODORE, *and* LUCY)—Not to me . . . to her. It doesn't matter about me, but . . .

JUDGE—Do it all over again, if he wants you to. [*Pushing* THEODORE *over to* HELEN, *who is still standing.*]

THEODORE (*coming down to* HELEN)—Why, certainly, Helen, I apologize most humbly.

LUCY (*kissing* HELEN)—My dear! Of course. . . . [*Passes* HELEN *over to* JOHN *and crosses to* THEODORE.]

JOHN (JUDGE *forces* JOHN *down to* HELEN)—My sister, forgive me. [*Crosses to* LUCY *and* THEODORE.]

JUDGE (*to* ERNEST *over L*)—There—I told you they would.

ERNEST (*coming to L C*)—Then I'm going. That's all I came back for. Now, then, one week from to-day gather all your family here and we'll announce our decision. [HELEN *crosses and joins* ERNEST. *They start up.* JUDGE *stops them.*]

JUDGE (*coming between* HELEN *and* ERNEST)—Oh, wait a minute, wait. I've got some good news for you. (*To both.*) I've talked the whole thing over with John and Lucy and Theodore and I find they agree with all you say about marriage. Your arguments are unanswerable—we all advise you to try this conscientious experiment.

HELEN—What?

ERNEST—What's this? [*Lovers exchange glances during following.*]

JUDGE—Why, we wouldn't let a little thing like matrimony come between them for the world, would we, Theodore?

THEODORE—Those who love each other truly don't need anything to bring them together.

JUDGE—John, how do *you* feel?

JOHN—How do I feel—[*Pounces on* JUDGE, *who retreats a step.*]

JUDGE—Don't raise your voice. I'm nervous.

JOHN (*recovers, swallows*)—"Marriage always puts people asunder." [*Goes up to mantel.*]

JUDGE (*to* LUCY)—You agree, don't you, Lucy?

LUCY (*to* HELEN)—You can't marry Doctor Hamilton. You love him.

JUDGE—Exactly. Too much self-respect.

HELEN (*laughs and turns to* JUDGE)—I don't know what you are up to, you dear old fraud, but we don't believe a word of it.

JUDGE—You wait and see.

HELEN (*to* LUCY, JOHN, *and* THEODORE)—Very well, then, if you really mean it, you will invite the whole family here a week from to-day.

ERNEST—That was our stipulation—a week from to-day.

LUCY—They'll be here in half an hour.

HELEN (*taken aback, recoils*)—In half an hour.

ERNEST—But we said in a week.

JUDGE—A little surprise-party.

JOHN—Why wait? Begin your new life together this evening.

JUDGE—Isn't it all lovely?

HELEN—But—but—that's so sudden.

ERNEST—We . . . we aren't ready.

THEODORE—You're just as ready as you'll ever be.

JUDGE—And the family dinner this evening, your—in a manner of speaking—wedding-party. (*Waving aside all the lovers' objections.*) Now it's all fixed let's go and dress for the—as it were—ceremony. (LUCY JOHN, THEODORE, *and* JUDGE *start to go out.* JUDGE *leads the way, speaking apart to the others.*) When it comes to the scratch, you'll see. [*Almost off.*]

ERNEST—Wait! Judge Grey! (*All stop,*

turn, exchange glances.) Did I ever say I would not marry Helen?

JUDGE—What did I tell you? [*To* JOHN, LUCY, *and* THEODORE.]

JOHN—Ah! so you'd like to marry my sister after all?

ERNEST (*turning to* JOHN)—What have I been doing for the past twenty-four hours? *Begging* her to marry me. What have you been doing? Preventing it. Why did I postpone sailing for a week? Why did I insist upon a family gathering? Oh, you're *such* an ass.

JUDGE (*coming behind* JOHN *and holding him as he starts for* ERNEST)—Stand for it—he's right. Tell him you love him, like a brother . . . *in-law.* [JUDGE *sits on the sofa.*]

JOHN (*controls self—to* ERNEST)—Well, I—I—you have my consent.

ERNEST—Your consent? What's that got to do with it? (JOHN *starts for him again.*) Now wait! This morning you tried bullying. Did that work? And now bluffing. Think that will work? You can't frighten this glorious girl into marriage. I've tried that myself. If you want *this* woman to marry, prove the morality of *marriage.*

THEODORE—The morality of marriage! What next?

ERNEST (*to* THEODORE)—That's what I said—the morality of marriage. (*To all.*) This woman is not on trial before you. Marriage is on trial before her, and thus far you've made out a rotten case for it. Simply *justify* Helen's marrying me, and—(*to* THEODORE) I give you my word, you can perform the ceremony this very evening. No license is required in this State, you know.

JUDGE (*rises*)—Now, what could be fairer than that! (*To* HELEN.) You agree, Helen? [*Rises and goes down stage a little.*]

HELEN—Ernest and I agree in everything. But why should I contract by law for what is better done by love? What's the sense?

THEODORE—Perfectly simple — I will leave out the promise to obey.

HELEN—But the promise to love.

THEODORE—Well, no, we can hardly leave that out, my dear.

HELEN—But what right has Ernest in his present state of emotional irresponsibility to promise to go on loving me? Look at him!

JOHN—Yes, look at him! The idiot! [JUDGE *goes back to sofa and sits.*]

THEODORE—My dear Helen, are you so cold, so scientific, so unsexed as not to trust the man you love?

HELEN—Trust? Contracts are not for those who trust. They're for those who don't. Why, if I couldn't trust Ernest—(*she turns to him*) I'd be terribly tempted to marry you, dearest.

JOHN (*impatient to settle the matter*)—But the plain, every-day, practical question is—if you don't marry him, how long would he keep his job in the Institute? Old man Baker's views happen to be old-fashioned.

ERNEST—Baker? Every one knows Baker's public views and private practices. Even the church knows and pretends not to, like his wife.

HELEN—The church, like his wife, needs his support.

THEODORE (*weakly*)—At least, Mr. Baker does not parade his sin in public.

ERNEST (*more sarcastic*)—Oh, now we have it; a sin to be honest, but moral to be a hypocrite.

HELEN—Why, Theodore! You defend Mr. Baker! What has got into you?

ERNEST (*to* HELEN, *half-seriously*)—I'm beginning to believe you're right, after all! If I learn much more about morality—I'll withdraw my offer of marriage and ask your pardon for making it.

JOHN (*can't stand it*)—And then I'll withdraw my offer of a year abroad and ask for your resignation.

JUDGE (*rises*)—There he goes— My God! [*Throws up hands in despair.*]

ERNEST (*angered, to* JOHN)—You can have it now! I don't need the support of church pillars.

JOHN—Then how'll you get your bread and butter? Private practice? No respectable home will let you inside the door!

ERNEST (*more angry*)—I've seen quite enough of "respectable homes." (*Takes a cablegram from pocket.*) This morning I came to ask for your sister's hand in marriage. Your manners were very bad. So I cabled over to Metchnikoff. (*Hands cablegram to* JOHN.) Here's the answer. Positions await us both at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. [JOHN *glances at cablegram and returns it to* ERNEST.]

JOHN (*excited, rapidly but beaten*)—Doctor Hamilton, you're a man of the world. You know what this means; she doesn't. She is in your power. For God's sake, go to Paris without her.

ERNEST—What! Leave her here in *your* power? No! You've forced her out of her job. You'd force her into legalized prostitution, if you could, like her innocent little

sister. No, married or not, she sails with me in the morning. That's final. Come, Helen! [*The lovers start up hand in hand.*]

THEODORE (*stopping them*)—Ernest! This dear child loves you better than herself! You cannot, must not, *will* not let her sin.

ERNEST (*angered, turns on* THEODORE)—Sin! Who dares accuse this woman of sin? I've had enough of this ridiculous cant about sin. [ERNEST *and* HELEN *continue up stage to the center door.*]

JUDGE (*up at center door, stops* HELEN *and* ERNEST. *He is the only calm one*)—Where are you going?

HELEN—To ask Julie to pack my things.

ERNEST—To telephone for a taxi.

JUDGE (*detaining lovers*)—You are determined to go to Paris together without being married?

HELEN—Yes.

JUDGE—Nothing can alter your decision?

HELEN—Nothing.

ERNEST—Absolutely nothing. [JOHN *desperate but helpless*, LUCY *distracted but futile*, THEODORE *grieved but silent*, JUDGE *the only calm one.*]

JUDGE—Just a minute. (*Comes down a few steps, then turns to* HELEN.) Well, at least you won't start until the family arrive.

JOHN (*interrupting, crossing over to* HELEN *and* ERNEST)—In ten minutes—they're on the way here now.

HELEN—Of course not.

JOHN (*to* ERNEST *now, not* HELEN)—We have your word on that? You promise not to leave this house until after you meet the family?

ERNEST (*about to say* "You ass," *but instead*—)—Didn't we ask to meet the family? [HELEN *and* ERNEST *turn to go.*]

JOHN—Wait. Helen, do you actually mean to acknowledge before the bishop and all your relatives that when you leave this house to-night you leave as this man's mistress?

HELEN (*returning a step—to* JOHN)—Oh, do you still think that we are entering upon a sordid *liaison?* Can't you see that in the sight of God I am to be his wife, he is to be my husband?

JOHN—Oh, that sounds all right, but when it comes to the scratch she won't dare. [*This is to* LUCY *and* THEODORE.]

ERNEST—Won't she? You don't know her—oh, you're *such* an ass! [HELEN *and* ERNEST *go out.*]

JUDGE—Well, you bungled it. I knew you would. [*Enter* BUTLER *from the right.*]

BUTLER—Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and the bishop have come.

LUCY—Good gracious! Already?

JOHN—Ask them to wait in the drawing-room. [*The* BUTLER *goes out.*]

LUCY—Oh, save us, Uncle Everett, save the family.

JUDGE—How do you expect me to save the family? If John could only keep his mouth shut . . . (*To* JOHN.) Finesse! You can't do anything but make money.

JOHN—Ah! Why didn't I think of it! Money. We've given 'em nothing but scares and sermons—we've got to give 'em some real *inducement* to marry.

THEODORE—John, that won't work.

JOHN (*with a significant smile*)—Every man has his price, Theodore. (THEODORE *turns away.* JUDGE *comes down and sits on the arm of the sofa.*) Listen. First, I'll announce Jean's engagement. Then I'll offer Hamilton and Helen a big raise in salary and——

LUCY—And announce *their* engagement.

JOHN—Yes, and with Theodore right here on the job, why, we'll get 'em safely married before they leave the house.

JUDGE (*rising and coming to center*)—And if that doesn't work, I have a plan that will—if I can only manage it.

JOHN (*turns to* JUDGE)—What is it—quick! [BUTLER *enters with a telegram on tray.*]

JUDGE—It's desperate, it's high-handed, it's one chance in a million, but it's our last hope. If I can only work it, only work it!

BUTLER—Telegram, sir. [BUTLER *hands telegram to* JUDGE.]

JUDGE—Hello! Another? [*Opens telegram.*]

BUTLER (*after crossing back to door on the right*)—Shall I announce dinner as soon as all the family arrive?

THEODORE—What shall we do with them?

LUCY—We're not even dressed.

JOHN—All right, all right, Thomas. [BUTLER *goes out.*]

JUDGE (*jumping up and waving the telegram*)—Your Aunt Julia's coming back to me! She's coming back, I tell you. [*Hands telegram to* JOHN.]

JOHN—Think—man—think. Rex is dining here, too. If Hamilton gets up and announces to the whole table that he is taking Helen to Paris as his mistress—[JOHN *hands it to* LUCY.]

JUDGE (*to* LUCY)—Read it, read it!

LUCY (*handing telegram unread to* THEODORE)—Jean's engagement will be broken. . . .

JUDGE (*to* THEODORE)—She's coming back, I tell you. Theodore, read it.

THEODORE (*handing telegram unread to* LUCY, *who returns it to* JOHN)—And my chapel's gone . . .

JOHN (*handing telegram, still unread, back to* JUDGE)—My business with the old man is gone; everything is gone.

JUDGE—What do I care about all that! What do I care about Jean's engagement—my wife's coming home! [*Starts to dance, crosses and grasps* LUCY *about the waist and begins to dance with her. He sings.*]

"Your Aunt Julia's coming home,
Coming home, coming home;
Your Aunt Julia's coming home,
Coming home from Reno."

[*After finishing he goes up center.*]

JOHN—Oh, won't you keep quiet?

JUDGE—Why should I keep quiet? My wife's coming home.

JOHN (*to* JUDGE)—Aunt Susan and the bishop will hear you. [*Goes down and joins* THEODORE *and* LUCY.]

JUDGE—What do I care—I *want* 'em to hear. (*Shouts.*) My wife's coming home! (*Comes down to left of* JOHN.) Just hear this . . . (JOHN, LUCY, *and* THEODORE *confer apart excitedly.*) JUDGE (*reads telegram.*) "Dear Boy: I can't stand this separation another day. Come to me or I'll go to you." [*He sits on the sofa. Kisses telegram—brings out from his pocket his sheaf of blanks—and during the triologue below—singing between sentences:*]

"My bonnie is coming from Reno—
My bonnie will not be divorced—
My bonnie is coming from Reno—
Oh, bring back my bonnie to . . ."

[*Stops and makes correction in his writing.*]

JOHN (*to* LUCY *and* THEODORE—*speaks through the* JUDGE'S *singing*)—First I'll propose a toast to Rex and Jean; then I'll say: "Another toast, and another engagement."

LUCY (*nodding*)—They won't deny that they're engaged.

THEODORE (*nodding*)—Yes, sweep them off their feet, conquer them by kindness, and then play for time.

JUDGE (*stops writing, thinking they are all interested*)—You know, we thought we believed in trial marriage. Nothing of the sort. Trial separation. What marriage put asunder divorce has joined together! Good! (*Ducks down to write.*) She'll love that. (*Rises and crosses to* JOHN, *as if granting them a favour.*) I'm going to let you hear my telegram. (*Reads.*) "Come home immediately, darling. Can't live without you. Wire me at Ogden—also at Cheyenne, Omaha, and Chicago, and Pittsburgh. Sweetheart."

JOHN (*to* JUDGE, *over shoulder*)—Oh, won't you *please* shut up? (*To others again.*]

JUDGE (*too happy to notice* JOHN'S *rebuke, sorting out received telegrams*)—You know, John, this morning when she telegraphed me about catching cold for my sake, I wired back a question. (*Picks out one of the many telegrams.*) Want to see her reply, John?

JOHN (*turning from others to* JUDGE)—I do not. [*Turns to others.*]

JUDGE (*insists*)—Only one word. I had asked her: "Are you getting a divorce for my sake, too?" Here is what she says—the sweetest word in the English language, John; read it. [JOHN, *irritated and angry, snatches telegram and reads it.*]

JOHN—"Tutti-frutti"—Bah! (JOHN *crosses to left and throws down telegram.* JUDGE *at once picks it up and smooths it out, kisses it, places with the others in his pocket, and goes up center, where he meets* HELEN *and* ERNEST. *The* BUTLER *enters.*]

BUTLER—Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and Doctor Hawksbee are in the drawing-room. All the guests have arrived and dinner is served. [HELEN *and* ERNEST *enter.*]

LUCY—What'll we do? Oh, what a day, what a day!

JOHN (*to* BUTLER, *waving him off*)—In a moment, in a moment.

ERNEST—Thomas, let me know when my taxi comes.

BUTLER—It's coming up the drive now, sir.

HELEN (*coming down center*)—Thomas, have my trunk brought down. [THOMAS *goes out.*]

JOHN—Helen, for the last time, the whole family are in there. Rex is dining here, too. In a minute we are going to announce Jean's engagement— (JEAN *enters and joins* LUCY.) If you announce that you and he— (*Sees* JEAN.) If you announce your plan, you will ruin the whole family and your whole future.

HELEN—Jean, you are not going to marry Rex?

JEAN—I *am* going to marry him. You can earn your own living; I can't.

HELEN—Jean, are you going to live on a man you don't really love?

JEAN—Haven't I got to live on some man?

ERNEST (*who has come down to left of* HELEN. *To* HELEN)—The morality of marriage.

JOHN (*turning to* ERNEST)—How dare you talk of morality? By what right do you sneer at my sister's marriage?

REX (*entering*)—Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm afraid I'm butting in.

JOHN (*nervously*)—Oh, no. We've just been having a pleasant little family talk. You see—you see our two distinguished scientists here have hesitated to marry, and for the best reason in the world. But it's all right now, Helen, it's all right! (*Joyously.*) Beginning to-morrow, his salary is doubled. (*To* HELEN.) You are reinstated, your salary is doubled; you are both to have a year abroad at full pay. And when Doctor Carmen retires, Doctor Hamilton is to be head of the whole Institute at ten thousand a year!

ERNEST—That is very kind, but——

HELEN—But you can't *bribe* us to marry. [*She crosses in front of* ERNEST *to* JOHN. *The* BUTLER *enters.*]

BUTLER—The bishop begs to know if he has made a mistake in the date. What shall I tell him, sir?

JOHN—Tell him just a moment more.

HELEN—What are we waiting for?

ERNEST—Come, we'll tell them now.

JOHN (*pleading*)—No! Please! Go to Paris if you must, but go now, go that way. (*Points off left.*) But don't let the family know.

ERNEST—But the family *must* know.

HELEN—Why, of course.

JEAN—Know what?

REX—What it's all about.

JUDGE (*rising and coming down center*)—Oh, it's perfectly simple. You see these two—(*smiles at lovers*) thought they did not believe in the promise of love, but I—heard them take it—(*smiling teasingly at lovers*) in the car coming out. They thought it was nobody's business, but none the less, they consulted the church—(*points to* THEODORE) the law—(*indicates self*) the next of kin—(*points to* JOHN). Why, from the first to last they have been not only honourable but really quite old-fashioned. And now I am sure—(*mellow, wheedling, lovable. he turns to lovers*) that just to please an old man who loves and sympathizes with you and has rebelled for a *quarter of a century* against the tyranny of marriage, only to acknowledge its triumph in the end—that you will not disrupt the peace of a happy united family, but do the good old-fashioned thing in the good old-fashioned way. [*All gather about and plead.*]

THEODORE—Yes, just to please us.

LUCY—To please the whole family.

JUDGE—Come, my children, it can do you no harm. [ERNEST *looks questioningly to* HELEN.]

HELEN—Surrender after all. No.

JUDGE—Not surrender—sacrifice. You've proved your courage, now prove your kindness. [*Goes up stage a little and listens to the scene.*]

LUCY—And we'll have a beautiful double wedding next month, in the new chapel.

JOHN—Jean and Rex will be married on the fifteenth, but Helen and Ernest now—Now, Theodore. [*Beckons to* THEODORE.]

THEODORE (*coming to center and opening his prayer-book, which he takes from vest pocket.*) "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight . . ." [JEAN *sobs and turns to* LUCY.]

HELEN—Wait, Theodore, are you going to marry Jean and Rex next month? Are you going to give the sanction of the church to that marriage? [THEODORE *turns away.*]

JOHN—Of course, he's Mr. Baker's chaplain.

ERNEST—Are you going to stand up and tell the world that God has joined these two together—God?

HELEN—Then you will be blaspheming love and God who made it. No, you shall not marry us.

ERNEST—You're right—we'll not be married at all. Some things are too sacred to be profaned. Come, Helen. [*Starts off with* HELEN.]

THEODORE (*to* ERNEST)—Profaned, by the church?

ERNEST—Come, Helen, the car's waiting. [*They start up.* JOHN *pantomimes* JUDGE to stop them.]

JUDGE (*up center, stopping* HELEN *and* ERNEST. *He produces an impressive silence, then*)—Which of us has a purer ideal of love, a higher sense of duty? Have you, Rex, Lucy, Theodore, Jean, John, have you? (*Each in turn characteristically declines to answer*)—You funny little cowards! You're afraid of life, afraid of truth, afraid of love. You worship lies and call it God.

THEODORE—But such as they will destroy marriage.

JUDGE (*loud, fast, with feeling*)—Such as they will save it! There never was, there never can be, a finer tribute to the divine spirit of true marriage than from this fearless pair you now accuse of seeking to destroy it. (*To* HELEN *and* ERNEST, *who are hand in hand.*) Helen, you know, because you've said it, that in the sight of God you are taking this man to be your husband——

HELEN—Why, of course. In the sight of God—I take Ernest to be my husband, but——

JUDGE—And you, Ernest?

ERNEST—Why, of course, in the sight of God—but——

JUDGE (*hand raised—august—authoritative*)—Then, since you, Helen, and you, Ernest, have made this solemn declaration before God, and in the presence of witnesses, I by the authority vested in me by the laws of this State do now pronounce you man and wife. [MR. *and* MRS. HAMILTON *turn and gaze at each other in bewilderment; then, as if horrified, they recoil from each other,* ERNEST *raving up stage to center door and back again.* HELEN *rushes over to left, where* JOHN *attempts to congratulate her. General babble.* JUDGE *comes down in triumph to the others over right. Great excitement all through this scene.*]

ERNEST (*after the noise has quieted down. To* JUDGE)—How dare you make this woman my wife! [JUDGE *attempts to shake his hand and* ERNEST *dashes up stage again.*]

HELEN—You *knew* I didn't want a husband!

JUDGE—You'll live to thank me for it.

JOHN (*grabs* HELEN *and rushes her over to the others*)—Saved, saved. Respectable at last. [*The family gather around* HELEN *and all kiss her. General babble.*]

ERNEST (*coming down the stage and pointing at* HELEN *now being kissed by the family*)—Look, look! A moment ago she was a bad woman. Now she is a good woman. Marriage is a hypocritical farce.

JUDGE (*to* ERNEST. *Raising his hand. All are silent*)—All you've said of marriage is true. There is only one thing worse—and that is what you tried to do. But bad as marriage is, until we reform it, it is the best we have to offer you. What are you going to do about it? (*Loud and laughing.*) Separate and get divorced?

ERNEST—Separate?

HELEN—Divorced?

ERNEST (*rushing to* HELEN, *laughing*)—Never.
HELEN (*rushing to* ERNEST, *laughing*)—Never. } [*Spoken together*]

JUDGE (*coming between* HELEN *and* ERNEST)—Just a minute— Dinner.

ERNEST (*offering arm with bow*)—Mrs. Hamilton.

JUDGE (*interrupts and takes* HELEN *himself*)—Take your own wife in to dinner? Shocking, Ernest, shocking. [*Crosses with* HELEN *toward door right, following the family, who are going into the house.*]

ERNEST (*tagging along behind*)—Didn't we tell you? Marriage always puts people asunder.

CURTAIN

I Am a Peach Tree

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By LI PO

Translated by Shigeyoshi Obata

I AM a peach tree blossoming in a deep pit.
Who is there I may turn to and smile?
You are the moon up in the far sky;
Passing, you looked down on me an hour; then went on forever

A sword with the keenest edge,
Could not cut the stream of water in twain
So that it would cease to flow.
My thought is like the stream; and flows and follows you on forever.

The Rival Dance-Halls

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

IT WAS sweet and cool after the rain, and the Old Cattleman and I, moved by an admiration for the open air, which was mutual, found ourselves together on the porch.

As in part recompense for his reminiscences of the several days before, I regaled my old friend with the history of a bank-failure, the details as well as the causes of which were just then forcing themselves upon me in the guise of business.

"The fact is," I said, as I came to the end of my story, "the fact is, the true cause of this bank's downfall was a rivalry—what one might call a business feud—which grew into being between it and a similar institution which had opened as its neighbour. In the competition which fell out they fairly cut each other's throat. They both failed."

"An' I takes it," remarked the Old Cattleman in comment, "one of these yere trade dooels that a-way goes on vindictive an' remorseless, same as if it's a personal fight between cow-folks over cattle."

"Quite right," I said. "Money is often more cruel than men; and a business vendetta is frequently mere murder without the incident of blood. I don't suppose the life of your Arizona town would show these trade wars. It would take Eastern—that is, older—conditions, to provoke and carry one on."

"No," replied the old gentleman, with an air of retrospection, "I don't recall nothin' of the sort in Wolfville. We're too much in a huddle, anyway; thar ain't room for no sech fracas, nohow. Now the nearest we-alls comes to anythin' of the kind is when the new dance-hall starts that time.

"Which I reckons," continued the Old Cattleman, as he began arranging a smoke, "which I now reckons this yere is the only catyclism in trade Wolfville suffers; the only time it comes to what you-all Eastern sports would call a show-down in commerce. Of course thar's the laundry war, but that's between females an' don't count. Females—while it's no sorter doubt they's the noblest an' most exhilaratin' work of their Redeemer—is nervous that a-way, an' due any time to let their ha'r down their backs, emit a screech, an' claw an' lay for each other for luck. An', as I says, if you confines the festivities to them females engaged, an' prevents the men standin' in on the play, it's shore to wind up in sobs an' forgiveness, an' tharfore it don't go.

"As I says, what I now relates is the only industrial trouble I recalls in Wolfville. I allers remembers it, 'cause, bein' as how I knows the party who's the aggravatin' cause tharof, it mortifies me the way he jumps into camp an' carries on.

"When I sees him first is ages before, when I freights with eight mules over the Old Fort Bascome Trail from Vegas to the Panhandle. This sharp—which he's a tenderfoot at the time, but plumb wolf by nacher—trails up to me in the Early Rose Saloon in Vegas one day, an' allows he'd like to make a deal an' go projectin' over into the Panhandle country with me for a trip.

"Freightin' that a-way three weeks alone on the trail is some harrowin' to the sperits of a gent who loves company like me, so I agrees, an' no delay to it.

"Which I'm yere to mention I regrets later I'm that easy I takes this person along. Not that he turns hostile, but he's allers havin' adventures, an' things keeps happenin' to him; an' final, I thinks he's shorely dead an' gone complete—the same, as I afterward learns, bein' error; an', takin' it up one trail an' down another, that trip breaks me offen foolin' with shorthorns complete, an' I don't go near 'em for years, more'n if they's stingin' lizards.

"Whatever does this yere maverick do to me? Well, nothin' much to me personal; but he keeps a-breedin' of events which pesters me.

"We're out about four days when them mishaps begins. I camps over one sun on the Concha to rest my mules. I'm loaded some heavy with six thousand pounds in the lead, an' mebby four thousand pounds in the trail wagon; an' I stops a day to give my stock a chance to roll an' breathe an' brace up. My off-wheel mule—a reg'lar shave-tail—is bad med'cine. Which he's not only eager to kick towerists an' others he takes a notion ag'inst; but he's likewise what you-alls calls a kleptomaniac, an' is out to steal an' sim'lar low-down plays.

"I warns this yere tenderfoot—his name's Smith, but I pulls on him when conversin' as 'Colonel'—I warns this shorthorn not to fuss 'round my Jerry mule, bein', as I states, a mule whose mood is ornery.

"'Don't go near him, Colonel,' says I; 'an' partic'lar don't go crowdin' 'round to get no r'ar views of him. You-all has no idee of the radius of that mule; what you might call his sweep. You never will till he's kicked you once or twice, an' the information ain't worth no sech price. So I don't reckon I'd fool with him, none whatever.

"'An' speshul, Colonel,' I goes on, for I shore aims to do my dooty by him, 'don't lay nothin' 'round loose where this yere Jerry mule can grab it off. I'm the last freighter on the plains to go slanderin' an' detractin' of a pore he'pless mule onless it's straight; but if you-all takes to leavin' keepsakes an' mementoes layin' about casooal an' careless that a-way, Jerry'll eat 'em; an' the first you saveys your keepsakes is within Jerry's interior, an' thar you be.

"'The fact is, stranger, this Jerry mule's a thief,' I says. 'If he's a human, Jerry would be lynched. But otherwise he's a sincere, earnest mule; an, uphill or at a quicksand crossin' Jerry goes into his collar like a lion; so I forgives him bein' a thief an' allows it's a peccadillo.'

"'Well, you bet!' says this tenderfoot Colonel, 'this yere Jerry better not come no peccadillos on me.'

"'If you-all maintains about twenty feet,' I replies, 'between Jerry's hind-hocks an' you; an' if you keeps your bric-a-brac in your war-bags, you an' Jerry'll get along like lambs. Now, I warns you, an' that's got to do. If Jerry an' you gets tangled up yereafter you-all ain't goin' to harbour no revenges ag'in him, nor make no ranikaboo plays to get even.'

"As I states, I'm camped on the Concha, an' the Colonel, who's allers out to try experiments an' new deals, puts it up he'll go down to the river an' take a swim. Tharupon he lines out for the water.

"Jerry's hangin' about camp—for he's sorter a pet mule—allowin' mebby I submits a ham-rind or some sech delicacy to him to chew on; an' he hears the Colonel su'gest he'll swim some. So when the Colonel p'ints for the Concha, Jerry sa'nters along after, figgerin', mighty likely, as how he'll pass the hour a-watchin' the Colonel swim.

"I'm busy on flapjacks at the time—which flapjacks is shore good food—an' I don't observe nothin' of Jerry nor the Colonel neither. They's away half an hour when I overhears ejac'lations, though I can't make out no words. I don't have to get caught in no landslide to tumble to a game, an' I'm aware at once that Jerry an' the Colonel has got their destinies mixed.

"Nacherally, I goes over to the field of strife, aimin' to save Jerry, or save the Colonel, whichever has the other down. When I bursts on the scene, the Colonel starts for me, splutterin' an' makin' noises an' p'intin' at Jerry, who stands thar with an air of innocence. The Colonel's upper lip hangs down queer, like an ant-eater's, an' he can't talk. It's all mighty amazin'.

"'What's all this toomult about?' I says.

"The short of the riot is this: The Colonel goes in for a swim, an' he lays out his false teeth that a-way on a stone. When he comes for his teeth they's shorely gone, an' thar stands Jerry puttin' it on he's asleep. Them teeth is filed away in Jerry.

"Which the Colonel raves 'round frightful, an' wants to kill Jerry an' amputate him, an' scout for the teeth. But I won't have it. I'm goin' to need Jerry down further on the quicksand fords of the Canadian; an', as I explains, them teeth is a wreck by now, an' no good if he gets 'em ag'in; Jerry munchin' of his food powerful.

"After a while I rounds up the Colonel an' herds him back to camp. Jerry has shore sawed off a sore affliction on that tenderfoot when he takes in them teeth; I can see that. His lip hangs like a blacksmith's apron, an' he can't talk a little bit; jest makes signs or motions, like he's Injun or deef.

"It's mebby two weeks later when Jerry gets another shot at the Colonel. It's the evenin' after the night Jerry sneaks into camp, soft-foot as a coyote, noses open the

grub-box, an' eats five bottles of whiskey; all we has. We've pitched camp, an' I've hobbled this Jerry mule an' his mate—the other wheeler—an' throwed 'em loose, an' is busy hobblin' my nigh-swing mule, when trouble begins fomentin' between my tenderfoot an' Jerry.

"The fact is it's done fomented. This Colonel bein' some heated about that whiskey, an' plumb sore on Jerry on account of them teeth, allows to himse'f he'll take a trace-chain an' warp Jerry once for luck.

"If this yere tenderfoot had been free with me, an' invited me into his confidence touchin' his designs, I'd took a lariat an' roped an' throwed Jerry for him, an' tied the felon down, an' let the Colonel wallop him an hour or so: but the Colonel's full of variety that a-way, or mebby he thinks I'll side with Jerry. Anyhow, he selects a trace-chain, an', without sayin' a word, dances all cautious towards his prey. Which this is relaxation for Jerry.

"While that Colonel tenderfoot is a rod away, Jerry turns his tail some sudden in his direction, an' the next instant that he'pless shorthorn stops both heels some'ers about the second button of his shirt. That settles it; the Colonel's an invalid immediate. I shorely has a time with him that night.

"The next day he can't walk, an' he can't ride in the wagon 'cause of the jolts. It all touches my heart, an' at last I ups an' make a hammock outen a Navajo blanket, which is good an' strong, an' swings the Colonel to the reach of the trail wagon.

"It's mostly a good scheme. Where the ground's level the Colonel comes on all right; but now an' then, when a wheel slumps into a rut, the Colonel can't he'p none but smite the ground where he's the lowest, an' it all draws groans an' laments from him a heap.

"One time, when the Colonel's agony makes him groan speshul strong, I sees Jerry bat his eyes like he enjoys it; an' then Jerry mentions somethin' to his mate over the chain. We're trottin' along the trail at the time, an', bein' he's the nigh-wheeler—which is the saddle-mule of a team—I'm ridin' Jerry *compadre*, an' when I notes how Jerry is that joyous about it I reaches across an' belts him some abrupt between the y'ears with the butt of a shot-filled black-snake. It rather lets the whey outen Jerry's glee, an' he don't get so much bliss from that tenderfoot's misfortunes as he did.

"It goes along all right ontil I swings down to the crossin' of the Canadian. It's about fourth-drink time in the afternoon, an' I'm allowin' to ford the Canadian that evenin' an' camp on t'other side. The river is high an' rapid from rain some'ers back on its head waters, an' it's wide an' ugly. It ain't more'n four foot deep, but the bottom is quicksand, an' that false, if I lets my wagons stop ten seconds anywhere between bank an' bank, I'm goin' to be shy wagons at the close. I'll be lucky if I win out the mules. It's shore a hard, swift crossin'.

"I swings down, as I says, to the river's aige with my mind filled up about the rush I've got to make. It's go through on the run or bog down. First I settles in my saddles, gives the outfit the word, an' then, pourin' the whip into the two leaders, I sends the whole eight into the water on the jump. The river is runnin' like a scared wolf, an' the little lead mules hardly touches bottom.

"As the trail wagon takes the water, an' the two leaders is plumb in to the y'ears, a howl develops to the r'ar. It's my pore tenderfoot in his hammock onder the trail wagon. He shrieks as the water gets to him; an' it all hits me like a bullet, for I plumb overlooks him, thinkin' of that quicksand crossin'.

"It's shore too late now; I'm in, an' I can't stop. To make things more complex, as the water cuts off the tenderfoot's yell like puffin' out a candle, a little old black mule, which is my off-p'inter, loses his feet an' goes down. I pours the leather into the team the harder, an' the others soars into their collars an' drug my black p'inter with 'em; only he's onder water. Of course I allows both the black p'inter an' the Colonel's shorely due to drown a whole lot.

"We gets across, the seven other mules an' me; an' the second he's skated out on the sand on his side, the drowned mule gets up an' sings as triumphant as I ever hears. Swimmin' onder the river don't wear on him a bit.

"Then I goes scoutin' for the Colonel, but he's vanished complete. Nacherally, I takes him for a dead-an'-gone gent; an' figgers if some eddy or counter-current don't get him, or he don't go aground on no sand-bar, his fellow-men will fish him out some'ers between me an' New Orleans, an' plant him an' hold services over him.

"Bein' as I can't be of no use where it's a clean-sweep play like this, I dismisses the Colonel from my mind. After hobblin'

an' throwin' loose my team, I lugs out the grub-box all sorrowful an' goes into camp.

"Which I should allers have played the Colonel for dead, if it ain't that years later he one day comes wanderin' into Wolfville. He ain't tender now; he's as hard as moss-agates, an' as worthless.

"I renews my acquaintance with him, an' he tells how he gets outen the Canadian that day; but beyond that we consoomes a drink or two together, I rather passes him up. Thar's a heap about him I don't take to.

"The Colonel lays 'round Wolfville mebby it's a week, peerin' an' spyin' about. He says he's lookin' for an openin'. An' I reckons he is, for at the end of a week he slaps up a joint outen tent-cloth an' fence-boards, an' opens a dance-hall squar' ag'inst Jim Hamilton's which is already that.

"This yere alone is likely to brood an' hatch trouble; but, as if takin' a straight header into Hamilton's game ain't enough, this Colonel of mine don't get no pianer; don't round-up no music of his own; but stands pat an' pulls off reels, an' quadrilles, an' green-corn dances to Hamilton's music goin' on next door.

"I'm through the Lincoln County War, an' has been romancin' about the frontier for years; but I never tracks up on no sech outrage in my life as this disgraceful Colonel openin' a hurdy-gurdy ag'in Hamilton's, an' maverickin' his music that a-way, an' dancin' tharunto.

"It's the second night, an' Hamilton concloods he'll see about it some. He comes into the Colonel's joint, ca'am an' considerate, an' gives it out thar's goin' to be trouble if the Colonel don't close his game or play in his own fiddlers.

"'Which if you-all don't close your game or hunt for your own music,' says Hamilton, 'I'm mighty likely to get my six-shooter an' close it for you.'

"'See yere,' says my Colonel—which he's shore been learnin' since I parts with him on the Canadian—'the first hold-up who comes foolin' 'round to break up a *baile* of mine, I'll shorely make him hard to find. What business you got fillin' up my place with your melodies? You rolls your tunes in yere like you owns the ranch; an' then you comes curvin' over an' talks of a gun-play 'cause, instead of layin' for you for that you disturbs my peace with them harmonies, I'm that good-nachered I yields the p'int an' dances to 'em. You-all pull your freight,' says the Colonel, 'or I'll fill you full of lead.'

"This argument of the Colonel's dazzles Hamilton to that degree he don't know whether he's got the high hand or not. He thinks a minute, an' then p'ints over to the Red Light for Enright an' Doc Peets. As he leaves the rival dance-hall, the Colonel, who's callin' off his dances, turns to the quadrille, which is pausin' pendin' the dispoote, an' shouts:

"'You bet I know my business! Right hand to your partner; grand right an' left!'

"When Hamilton turns away they's shore makin' things rock an' tremble; an' all to the strains of 'The Arkansaw Traveller,' which is bein' evolved next door at Hamilton's expense.

"'Which somethin's goin' to pop,' says Hamilton, mighty ugly to Enright an' the rest of us, as he pours a drink into his neck. 'I allows in the interests of peace that I canters over an' sees you-alls first. I ain't out to shake up Wolfville, nor give Red Dog a chance to criticize us none as a disorderly camp; but I asks you gents, as citizens an' members of the vig'lance committee, whether I'm to stand an' let this yere sharp round-up my music to hold his revels by, an' put it all over me nightly?'

"'I don't see no difference,' says Dan Boggs, 'between this convict a-stealin' of Hamilton's music, than if he goes an' stands up Old Monte an' the stage.'

"'The same bein' my idee exact,' says Texas Thompson. 'Yere's Hamilton caterin' to this camp with a dance-hall. It's a public good thing. If a gent's morose, an' his whiskey's slow placin' itse'f, he goes over to Hamilton's hurdy-gurdy an' finds relaxation an' relief. Now yere comes this stranger—an' I makes it fifty dollars even he's from Massachusetts—an' what does he do! Never antes nor sticks in a white chip, but purloins Hamilton's strains, an' pulls off his dances tharby. It's plumb wrong, an' what this party needs is hangin'.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says Cherokee Hall, who's in on the talk. 'Hamilton's all right, an' a squar' man. All he wants is jestice. Now, while I deems the conduct of this stranger low an' ornery; still, comin' down to the turn, he's on his trail all right. As this sharp says: Who gives Hamilton any license to go fillin' his hurdy-gurdy full of dance-music? S'pose this gent would come caperin' over an' set in a stack ag'in Hamilton for overloadin' his joint with pianer an' fiddle noises without his consent; an' puttin' it up he's out to drag the camp if Hamilton don't cease? The only way Hamilton gets 'round that kind of complaint

is, he don't own them walses an' quadrilles after they fetches loose from his fiddle; that they ain't his quadrilles no more, an' he's not responsible after they stampedes off into space.'

"'That's straight,' says Dave Tutt, 'you-alls can't run no brand on melodies. A gent can't own no music after he cuts it loose that a-way. The minute it leaves the bosoms of his fiddles, that's where he lets go. After that it belongs to any gent to dance by, cry by, set by, or fight by, as he deems meet an' pleasant at the time.'

"'What do you-alls say?' says Hamilton to Enright an' Peets. 'Does this yere piece of oppression on a leadin' citizen, perpetrated by a rank outsider, go? I shore waits for your reply with impatience, for I eetches to go back an' shoot up this new hurdy-gurdy from now till sun-up.'

"Enright takes Doc Peets down by the end of the bar—an' thar's no doubt about it, that Peets is the wisest longhorn west of the Missoury—an' they has a deep consultation. We-alls is waitin', some interested, to see what they says. It's shore a fine p'int this Colonel's makin' to jestify an' back his game.

"'Get a move on you, Enright!' at last says Dan Boggs, who is a hasty, eager man, who likes action; 'get a move on you, you an' Peets, an' settle this. You're queerin' the kyards an' delayin' the play.'

"'Well, gents,' says Enright at last, comin' back where we-alls is by the door, 'Peets an' me sees no need decidin' on them questions about who owns a tune after said tune has been played. But thar is a subject, that a-way, which requires consideration; an' which most likely solves this dance-hall deadlock. In all trade matters in a growin' camp like Wolfville, it's better to preserve a equilibrium. It's ag'in public interest to have two or three dance-halls, or two or three saloons, all in a bunch that a-way. It's better they be spraddled 'round wide apart, which is more convenient. So Peets an' me proposes as a roole for this yere camp that two hurdy-gurdies be forbid to be carried on within five hundred feet of each other. As it looks like nobody objects, we concloods it's adopted. Nacherally, the last hurdy-gurdy up has to move, which disposes of this yere trouble.'

"'Before I ends what I has to say,' goes on Enright, 'I wants to thank our townsman, Mister Hamilton, for consultin' of the Stranglers prior to a killin'. It shows he's a law-abidin' gent an' a credit to the camp. An' mighty likely he prolongs his stay on ear h. If he'd pranced in an' skelped this maraudin' stranger, I don't reckon we could avoid swingin' him at the end of a lariat without makin' a dangerous preceedent. As it is, his rival will be routed an' his life made sereen as yeretofore.'

"'As to the execution of this new roole,' concloods Enright, 'we leaves that to Jack Moore. He will wait on this party an' explain the play. He must up stakes an' move his camp; an' if he calls on another shindig after he's warned, we-alls takes our ponies an' our ropes an' yanks his outfit up by the roots. A gent of his enterprise, however, will come to a dead halt; an' his persecutions of Hamilton will cease.'

"'An' you-alls calls this yere a free American outfit!' says my Colonel, mighty scornful, when Jack Moore notifies him. 'If I don't line out for t'other end of camp yo-alls is allowin' to rope my joint an' pull it down! Well, that lets me out; I quits you. I'd be shorely degraded to put in my time with any sech low-flung passel of sports. You-all may go back an' tell your folks that as you leaves you hears me give the call to my guests, "All promenade to the bar"; an' the dancin' is done. Tomorrow I departs for Red Dog to begin life anew. Wolfville is too slow a camp for any gent with any swiftness to him.'"

Three countrymen were pursuing a Wiltshire thief through Brentford. The simplest of them seeing "The Wiltshire House" written under a sign, advised his companions to enter it, for there most probably they would find their countryman.

The second, who was wiser, laughed at this simplicity; but the third who was wiser still, answered, "Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own countrymen."

They accordingly went in and searched the house, and by that means missed overtaking the thief, who was at that time but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read. HENRY FIELDING.

I'm Not Myself at All!

By SAMUEL LOVER

O I'M not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all!
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowing, 'tis after you I'm goin',
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growin', Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin', and I asked the father's blessin',
"But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year but the half of me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierley."
O I'm not myself at all!

O I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely;
If you don't soon change your mind, not a bit of me you'll find—
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierley?
O I'm not myself at all!

O my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I've got so very thin, myself says 'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency;
So just let Father Taaffe make you my better-half,
And you will not the worse of the addition be—
O I'm not myself at all!

I'll not be myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might change your name—
And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same;
For if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter entirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother when we'd both be one another—
So listen now to reason, Molly Brierley.
O I'm not myself at all!

What Religions Have Promised

(*Concluded*)

What Æneas Found on the Hither Side of Acheron

They come into a joyous land, and greensward fair and sweet
Amid the happiness of groves, the blessed dwelling-place.
Therein a more abundant heaven clothes all the meadows' face
With purple light, and their own sun and their own stars they have
Here some in games upon the grass their bodies breathing gave;
Or on the yellow face of sand they strive and play the play;
Some beat the earth with dancing foot, and some, the song they say:
And there withal the Thracian man in flowing raiment sings
Unto the measure of the dance on seven-folded strings;
And now he smites with finger-touch, and now with ivory reed.
And here is Teucer's race of old, most lovely sons indeed;
High-hearted heroes born on earth in better days of joy:
Ilus there was, Assaracus, and he who builded Troy,
E'en Dardanus. Far off are seen their empty wains of war
And war-weed: stand the spears in earth, unyoked the horses are,
And graze the meadows all about; for even as they loved
Chariot and weapons, yet alive, and e'en as they were moved
To feed sleek horses, under earth doth e'en such joy abide.
Others he saw to right and left about the meadows wide
Feasting; or joining merry mouths to sing the battle won
Amidst the scented laurel grove, whence earthward rolleth on
The full flood that Eridanus athwart the wood doth pour.
Lo, they who in their country's fight sword-wounded bodies bore;
Lo, priests of holy life and chaste, while they in life had part;
Lo, God-loved poets, men who spake things worthy Phoebus' heart:
And they who bettered life on earth by new-found mastery;
And they whose good deeds left a tale for men to name them by:
And all they had their brows about with snowy fillets bound.

VIRGIL. (WILLIAM MORRIS).

The Valiant Norseman's Hereafter

"If it be as thou hast told me," said Gangler, "that all men who have fallen in fight since the beginning of the world are gone to Odin, in Valhalla, what has he to give them to eat, for methinks there must be a great crowd there?"

"What thou sayest is quite true," replied Har, "the crowd there is indeed great, but great though it be, it will still increase, and will be thought too little when the wolf cometh. But however great the band of men in Valhalla may be, the flesh of the boar Saehrimnir will more than suffice for their sustenance. For although this boar is sodden every morning he becomes whole again every night. But there are few, methinks, who are wise enough to give thee, in this respect, a satisfactory answer to thy question. . . ."

. . . "What have the heroes to drink," said Gangler, "in sufficient quantity to correspond to their plentiful supply of meat; do they only drink water?"

"A very silly question is that," replied Har; "dost thou imagine that All-Father would invite kings and jarls and other great men and give them nothing to drink but water! In

that case, methinks, many of those who had endured the greatest hardships, and received deadly wounds in order to obtain access to Valhalla, would find that they had paid too great a price for their water drink, and would indeed have reason to complain were they there to meet with no better entertainment. But thou wilt see that the case is quite otherwise. For the she-goat, named Heidrun, stands above Valhalla, and feeds on the leaves of the very famous tree called Laerath, and from her teats flows mead in such great abundance that every day a stoop, large enough to hold more than would suffice for all the heroes, is filled with it."

"Wondrous things are these which thou tellest me of," said Gangler, "and Valhalla must needs be an immense building, but methinks there must be often a great press of people at the door among such a number of people constantly thronging in and out?"

"Why dost thou not ask," replied Har, "how many doors there are, and what are their dimensions; then wouldst thou be able to judge whether there is any difficulty in going in and out. Know then, that there is no lack of either seats or doors. As it is said in Grimnismal:—

"'Five hundred doors
And forty more
Methinks are in Valhalla.
Eight hundred heroes through each door
Shall issue forth
Against the wolf to combat.'"

"A mighty band of men must be in Valhalla," said Gangler, "and methinks Odin must be a great chieftain to command such a numerous host. But how do the heroes pass their time when they are not drinking?"

"Every day," replied Har, "as soon as they have dressed themselves they ride out into the court and there fight until they cut each other to pieces. This is their pastime, but when meal-time approaches they remount their steeds and return to drink in Valhalla. . . . Thou hast thus reason to say that Odin is great and mighty, for there are many proofs of this. . . ." *Younger Edda of Snorri Sturleson.* (BLACKWELL).

HEAVEN AND HELL

"What will remain," said Gangler, "after heaven and earth and the whole universe shall be consumed, and after all the gods, and the heroes of Valhalla, and all mankind shall have perished? For ye have already told me that everyone shall continue to exist in some world or other, throughout eternity."

"There will be many abodes," replied Thridi, "some good, others bad. The best place of all to be in will be Gimli, in heaven, and all who delight in quaffing good drink will find a great store in the hall called Brimir, which is also in heaven in the region Okolni. There is also a fair hall of ruddy gold called Sindri, which stands on the mountains of Nida. In those halls righteous and well-minded men shall abide. In Nastrond there is a vast and direful structure with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, wattled together like wicker work. But the serpents' heads are turned towards the inside of the hall, and continually vomit forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder, or who forswear themselves." *The Younger Edda.*

PUNISHMENT FOR ANCIENT EGYPT

Your evil deeds have turned against you, your plottings have come upon you, your abominable acts have recoiled upon you, your destinies are for evil, and your doom hath been decreed before Ra; your unjust and perverted judgments are upon yourselves, and the wickedness of your words of cursing are upon you. Evil is the doom which has been decreed for you before my father. It is you who have committed sins, and who have wrought iniquity in the Great Hall; your corruptible bodies shall be cut in pieces, and your souls shall have no existence, and ye shall never again see Ra with his attributes as he journeyeth in the hidden land. Hail, Ra! Adored be Ra! Thine enemies are in the place of destruction. *Book of Gates* (BUDGE).

The New Testament Paradise

(1) *THE WORDS OF JESUS*

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. . . .

And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: . .

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: . . .

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

MATTHEW.

And Jesus answering said unto them, The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage:

But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage:

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. LUKE.

(2) *WHAT JOHN BEHELD IN A VISION*

And one of the elders answered saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. . . .

After this I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.

And immediately I was in the spirit: and, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne.

And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sard stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold. . . .

The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying,

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. . . .

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps:

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.

These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb.

And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God. BOOK OF REVELATION.

HELL

And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the best and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand,

The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb:

And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever: and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name.

BOOK OF REVELATION.

MOHAMMED'S OFFER TO HIS FOLLOWERS

These are they who shall approach near unto God: they shall dwell in gardens of delight. . . . Reposing on couches adorned with gold and precious stones; sitting opposite to one another thereon.

Youths which shall continue in their bloom for ever, shall go round about to attend them, with goblets, and beakers, and a cup of flowing wine: their heads shall not ache by drinking the same, neither shall their reason be disturbed: and with fruits of the sorts which they shall choose, and the flesh of birds of the kind which they shall desire.

And there shall accompany them fair damsels having large black eyes; resembling pearls hidden in their shells: as a reward for that which they shall have wrought. They shall not hear therein any vain discourse, or any charge of sin; but only the salutation, Peace! Peace! . . . And they shall repose themselves on lofty beds. Verily we have created the damsels of paradise by a peculiar creation: and we have made them virgins, beloved by their husbands, of equal age with them; for the delight of the companions of the right hand.

And the companions of the left hand (how miserable shall the companions of the left hand be!) shall dwell amidst burning winds, and scalding water, under the shade of a black smoke, neither cool nor agreeable. For they enjoyed the pleasures of life before this, while on earth; and obstinately persisted in a heinous wickedness. . . . This shall be their entertainment on the day of judgment. . . . Wherefore praise the name of thy Lord, the great God. THE KORAN.

MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY'S VERSION

"*Now*," cried the apostle, "is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation," —meaning, not that now men must prepare for a future-world salvation, or safety, but that now is the time in which to experience that salvation in spirit and in life. Now is the time for so-called material pains and material pleasures to pass away, for both are unreal, because impossible in Science. To break this earthly spell, mortals must get the true idea and divine Principle of all that really exists and governs the universe harmoniously. . . .

Through discernment of the spiritual opposite of materiality, even the way through Christ, Truth, man will reopen with the key of divine Science the gates of Paradise which human beliefs have closed, and will find himself unfallen, upright, pure and free, not needing to consult almanacs for the probabilities either of his life or of the weather, not needing to study brainology to learn how much of a man he is. . .

Universal salvation rests on progression and probation, and is unattainable without them. Heaven is not a locality, but a divine state of Mind in which all the manifestations

of Mind are harmonious and immortal, because sin is not there and man is found having no righteousness of his own, but in possession of "the mind of the Lord," as the Scripture says. . . . As man falleth asleep, so shall he awake. As death findeth mortal man, so shall he be after death, until probation and growth shall effect the needed change. Mind never becomes dust. No resurrection from the grave awaits Mind or Life, for the grave has no power over either.

No final judgment awaits mortals, for the judgment-day of wisdom comes hourly and continually, even the judgment by which mortal man is divested of all material error. As for spiritual error there is none. *Science and Health as a Key to the Scriptures.*

Swedenborg's Conception

The delights of heaven are both ineffable and innumerable; but he that is in the mere delight of the body or of the flesh can have no knowledge of or belief in a single one of these innumerable delights; for his interiors . . . look away from heaven toward the world, thus backwards. For he that is wholly in the delight of the body or of the flesh, or what is the same, in the love of self and of the world, has no sense of delight except in honour, in gain, and in the pleasures of the body and the senses; and these so extinguish and suffocate the interior delights that belong to heaven as to destroy all belief in them; consequently he is greatly astonished when he is told that when the delights of honour and of gain are set aside other delights are given, and still more when told that the delights of heaven that take the place of these are innumerable, and are such as cannot be compared with the delights of the body and the flesh, which are chiefly the delights of honour and of gain. All this makes clear why it is not known what heavenly joy is. . . .

There were some spirits who believed from an opinion adopted in the world that heavenly happiness consists in abstaining from work and getting satisfaction therefrom. This would mean every one desiring the happiness of others for himself, and what every one would wish for no one would have. Such a life would be an idle not an active life, and would stupefy all the powers of life; and every one ought to know that without activity of life, there can be no happiness of life, and that rest from this activity should be only for the sake of recreation, that one may return with more vigour to the activity of his life. They were then shown by many evidences that angelic life consists in performing the good works of charity, which are uses, and that the angels find all their happiness in use, from use, and in accordance with use. To those that held the opinion that heavenly joy consists in living an idle life and drawing breaths of eternal joy in idleness, a perception was given of what such a life is, that they might be ashamed of the idea; and they saw that such a life is extremely sad, and that all joy thus perishing they would in a little while feel only disgust for it. . . .

To show what the things are that appear to the angels . . . I will here mention one for the sake of illustration. By those who are intelligent gardens and parks full of trees and flowers of every kind are seen. The trees are planted in a most beautiful order combined to form arbors with arched approaches and encircling walks, all more beautiful than words can describe. There the intelligent walk and gather flowers and weave garlands with which they adorn little children. Moreover, there are kinds of trees and flowers there that are never seen and cannot exist on earth. The trees bear fruits that are in accordance with the good of love, in which the intelligent are. These things are seen by them because a garden or park and fruit trees and flowers correspond to intelligence and wisdom. That there are such things in heaven is acknowledged on the earth, but only by those who are in good, and who have not extinguished in themselves the light of heaven by means of natural light and its fallacies; for when such think about heaven they think and say that there are such things there as ear hath not heard and eye hath not seen. . . .

A choir at a distance was heard one morning, and from the choir's representations I was permitted to know that they were Chinese, for they exhibited a kind of woolly goat, then a cake of millet, and an ebony spoon, also the idea of a floating city. . . . Soon after I spoke with them, and at last about the Lord. When I called Him "Christ" I perceived a certain repugnance in them; but the reason was disclosed, namely, that they had

brought this from the world, from their having learned that Christians lived worse lives than they did, and were destitute of charity. But when I called him simply "Lord" they were interiorly moved. Afterwards they were taught by the angels that the Christian doctrine beyond every other in the world prescribes love and charity, but that there are few who live in accordance with it. There are heathen who have come to know while they lived in the world, both from intercourse and report, that Christians lead bad lives, are addicted to adultery, hatred, quarreling, drunkenness, and the like, which they themselves abhor because such things are contrary to their religion. These in the other life are more timid than others about accepting the truths of faith; but they are taught by the angels that the Christian doctrine, as well as the faith itself, teaches a very different life, but that the lives of Christians are less in accord with their doctrine than the lives of heathen. When they recognize this they receive the truths of faith, and adore the Lord, but less readily than others. . . .

It is a notable fact that the writings in the heavens flow naturally from their very thoughts, and this so easily that the thought puts itself forth, as it were, and the hand never hesitates in the choice of a word, because both the words they speak and those they write correspond to the ideas of their thought; and all correspondence is natural and spontaneous. There are also writings in the heavens that exists without the aid of the hand, from mere correspondence with the thoughts; but these are not permanent.

Heaven and its Wonders, and Hell.

The American Indian's Happy Hunting Ground

"I, Shaata, war chief of the Ojibwa, declare to you the truth concerning the homeward journey of the soul, as we have received it from our fathers. . . .

"Far to the west is the land where dwell together the souls of all the Indians who ever lived, both good and bad. The storms of winter do not sweep over its prairie; there is always good hunting; the old men tell their stories and young men woo the maidens; life is not different from this except that difficulties are not so great. The journey to that land is called Ke-wa-kun-ah—the Homeward Way. It is a long journey—we do not know how long it is. The spirit cannot see, for a shadow has fallen across its eyes, but it still hears the voices of those it leaves behind. For this reason the funeral orations of our people are addressed to the departing spirit, telling him not to be anxious about his family. Some of our tribes sing a funeral song as happy as the song of the birds, although they gash their bodies with knives to show their grief. The happy song is to cheer their friend on his way.

"After the spirit has traveled a short distance it comes to a bush bearing large red heart-berries. These are like strawberries, but so large that one will nourish him through his journey. He picks one of these berries and travels many days, until he reaches a stream that is deep and wide. His eyes are opened and beyond the stream he sees the lodges of his spirit friends; he hears the women singing as they make the pemmican; he sees the men preparing the frame for a large drum. There are all the familiar scenes of a village, but he must cross a swaying bridge to reach it. I have been told that the white men also speak of a river which the spirits must cross, and that some of their story-tellers have told of a bridge, but I tell you what our people have believed since the world was new."

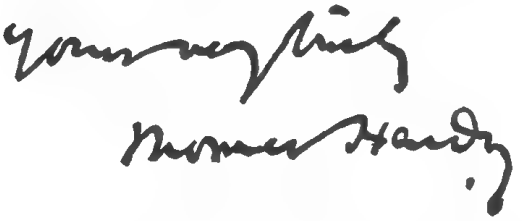
Ke-wa-kun-ah, The Homeward Way. Frances Densmore.

An Attempt at a Modern Christian Visualization

To be "in Heaven" may mean the consciousness that one's life on earth has harmonized with the general plans of God, so that in consequence one has become capable of sharing more completely in an understanding and appreciation of His life with its triumphs and sorrows. To be "in Hell" would be a state of self-reproach and mortification because one perceives that one's earthly life has through one's own fault been a reverse or an impediment to the onward progress of the universe that God is seeking to effect, which has had to be retrieved and made good by others, and to feel oneself unworthy and incapable of entering into intimate communion with God and with other souls. William Kelley Wright.

The Distracted Preacher

By THOMAS HARDY



I. How His Cold Was Cured

SOMETHING delayed the arrival of the Wesleyan minister, and a young man came temporarily in his stead. It was on the thirteenth of January 183– that Mr. Stockdale, the young man in question, made his humble entry into the village, unknown, and almost unseen. But when those of the inhabitants who styled themselves of his connection became acquainted with him, they were rather pleased with the substitute than otherwise, though he had scarcely as yet acquired ballast of character sufficient to steady the consciences of the hundred-and-forty Methodists of pure blood who, at this time, lived in Nether-Moynton, and to give in addition supplementary support to the mixed race which went to church in the morning and chapel in the evening or when there was a tea—as many as a hundred-and-ten people more, all told, and including the parish-clerk in the winter-time, when it was too dark for the vicar to observe who passed up the street at seven o'clock—which, to be just to him, he was never anxious to do.

It was owing to this overlapping of creeds that the celebrated population-puzzle arose among the denser gentry of the district around Nether-Moynton: how could it be that a parish containing fifteen score of strong full-grown Episcopalians, and nearly thirteen score of well-matured Dissenters, numbered barely two-and-twenty score adults in all?

The young man being personally interesting, those with whom he came in contact were content to waive for a while the graver question of his sufficiency. It is said that at this time of his life his eyes were affectionate, though without a ray of levity; that his hair was curly, and his figure tall; that he was, in short, a very lovable youth, who won upon his female hearers as soon as they saw and heard him, and caused them to say, "Why didn't we know of this before he came, that we might have gied him a warmer welcome!"

The fact was that, knowing him to be only provisionally selected, and expecting nothing remarkable in his person or doctrine, they and the rest of his flock in Nether-Moynton had felt almost as indifferent about his advent as if they had been the soundest church-going parishioners in the country, and he their true and appointed parson. Thus when Stockdale set foot in the place nobody had secured a lodging for him, and though his journey had given him a bad cold in the head, he was forced to attend to that business himself. On inquiry he learnt that the only possible accommodation in the village would be found at the house of one Mrs. Lizzy Newberry, at the upper end of the street.

It was a youth who gave this information, and Stockdale asked him who Mrs. Newberry might be.

The boy said that she was a widow-woman, who had got no husband, because he was dead. Mr. Newberry, he added, had been a well-to-do man enough, as the saying was, and a farmer; but he had gone off in a decline. As regarded Mrs. Newberry's serious side, Stockdale gathered that she was one of the trimmers who went to church and chapel both.

"I'll go there," said Stockdale, feeling that, in the absence of purely sectarian lodgings. he could do no better.

"She's a little particular, and won't hae gover'ment folks, or curates, or the pa'son's friends, or such like," said the lad dubiously.

"Ah, that may be a promising sign: I'll call. Or no; just you go up and ask first if she can find room for me. I have to see one or two persons on another matter. You will find me down at the carrier's."

In a quarter of an hour the lad came back, and said that Mrs. Newberry would have no objection to accommodate him, whereupon Stockdale called at the house. It stood within a garden-hedge, and seemed to be roomy and comfortable. He saw an elderly woman, with whom he made arrangements to come the same night, since there was no inn in the place, and he wished to house himself as soon as possible; the village being a local centre from which he was to radiate at once to the different small chapels in the neighbourhood. He forthwith sent his luggage to Mrs. Newberry's from the carrier's, where he had taken shelter, and in the evening walked up to his temporary home.

As he now lived there, Stockdale felt it unnecessary to knock at the door; and entering quietly he had the pleasure of hearing footsteps scudding away like mice into the back quarters. He advanced to the parlour, as the front room was called, though its stone floor was scarcely disguised by the carpet, which only overlaid the trodden areas, leaving sandy deserts under the furniture. But the room looked snug and cheerful. The firelight shone out brightly, trembling on the bulging mouldings of the table-legs, playing with brass knobs and handles, and lurking in great strength on the under surface of the chimney-piece. A deep arm-chair, covered with horsehair, and studded with a countless throng of brass nails, was pulled up on one side of the fireplace. The tea-things were on the table, the teapot cover was open, and a little handbell had been laid at that precise point towards which a person seated in the great chair might be expected instinctively to stretch his hand.

Stockdale sat down, not objecting to his experience of the room thus far, and began his residence by tinkling the bell. A little girl crept in at the summons, and made tea for him. Her name, she said, was Marther Sarer, and she lived out there, nodding towards the road and village generally. Before Stockdale had got far with his meal, a tap sounded on the door behind him, and on his telling the inquirer to come in, a rustle of garments caused him to turn his head. He saw before him a fine and extremely well-made young woman, with dark hair, a wide, sensible, beautiful forehead, eyes that warmed him before he knew it, and a mouth that was in itself a picture to all appreciative souls.

"Can I get you anything else for tea?" she said, coming forward a step or two, an expression of liveliness on her features, and her hand waving the door by its edge.

"Nothing, thank you," said Stockdale, thinking less of what he replied than of what might be her relation to the household.

"You are quite sure?" said the young woman, apparently aware that he had not considered his answer.

He conscientiously examined the tea-things, and found them all there. "Quite sure, Miss Newberry," he said.

"It is Mrs. Newberry," she said. "Lizzy Newberry. I used to be Lizzy Simpkins."

"O, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Newberry." And before he had occasion to say more she left the room.

Stockdale remained in some doubt till Martha Sarah came to clear the table. "Whose house is this, my little woman," said he.

"Mrs. Lizzy Newberry's, sir."

"Then Mrs. Newberry is not the old lady I saw this afternoon?"

"No. That's Mrs. Newberry's mother. It was Mrs. Newberry who comed in to you just by now, because she wanted to see if you was good-looking."

Later in the evening, when Stockdale was about to begin supper, she came again. "I have come myself, Mr. Stockdale," she said. The minister stood up in acknowledgment of the honour. "I am afraid little Marther might not make you understand. What will you have for supper?—there's cold rabbit, and there's a ham uncut."

Stockdale said he could get on nicely with those viands, and supper was laid. He had no more than cut a slice when tap-tap came to the door again. The minister had already learnt that this particular rhythm in taps denoted the fingers of his enkindling landlady, and the doomed young fellow buried his first mouthful under a look of receptive blandness.

"We have a chicken in the house, Mr. Stockdale—I quite forgot to mention it just now. Perhaps you would like Marther Sarer to bring it up?"

Stockdale had advanced far enough in the art of being a young man to say that he did not want the chicken, unless she brought it up herself; but when it was

uttered he blushed at the daring gallantry of the speech, perhaps a shade too strong for a serious man and a minister. In three minutes the chicken appeared, but, to his great surprize, only in the hands of Martha Sarah. Stockdale was disappointed, which perhaps it was intended that he should be.

He had finished supper, and was not in the least anticipating Mrs. Newberry again that night, when she tapped and entered as before. Stockdale's gratified look told that she had lost nothing by not appearing when expected. It happened that the cold in the head from which the young man suffered had increased with the approach of night, and before she had spoken he was seized with a violent fit of sneezing which he could not anyhow repress.

Mrs. Newberry looked full of pity. "Your cold is very bad to-night, Mr. Stockdale."

Stockdale replied that it was rather troublesome.

"And I've a good mind"—she added archly, looking at the cheerless glass of water on the table, which the abstemious minister was going to drink.

"Yes, Mrs. Newberry?"

"I've a good mind that you should have something more likely to cure it than that cold stuff."

"Well," said Stockdale, looking down at the glass, "as there is no inn here, and nothing better to be got in the village, of course it will do."

To this she replied, "There is something better, not far off, though not in the house. I really think you must try it, or you may be ill. Yes, Mr. Stockdale, you shall." She held up her finger, seeing that he was about to speak. "Don't ask what it is; wait, and you shall see."

Lizzy went away, and Stockdale waited in a pleasant mood. Presently she returned with her bonnet and cloak on, saying, "I am so sorry, but you must help me to get it. Mother has gone to bed. Will you wrap yourself up, and come this way, and please bring that cup with you?"

Stockdale, a lonely young fellow, who had for weeks felt a great craving for somebody on whom to throw away superfluous interest, and even tenderness, was not sorry to join her; and followed his guide through the back door, across the garden, to the bottom, where the boundary was a wall. This wall was low, and beyond it Stockdale discerned in the night shades several gray headstones, and the outlines of the church roof and tower.

"It is easy to get up this way," she said, stepping upon a bank which abutted on the wall; then putting her foot on the top of the stonework, and descending by a spring inside, where the ground was much higher, as is the manner of graveyards to be. Stockdale did the same, and followed her in the dusk across the irregular ground till they came to the tower door, which, when they had entered, she softly closed behind them.

"You can keep a secret?" she said, in a musical voice.

"Like an iron chest!" said he fervently.

Then from under her cloak she produced a small lighted lantern, which the minister had not noticed that she carried at all. The light showed them to be close to the singing-gallery stairs, under which lay a heap of lumber of all sorts, but consisting mostly of decayed framework, pews, panels, and pieces of flooring, that from time to time had been removed from their original fixings in the body of the edifice and replaced by new.

"Perhaps you will drag some of those boards aside?" she said, holding the lantern over her head to light him better. "Or will you take the lantern while I move them?"

"I can manage it," said the young man, and acting as she ordered, he uncovered, to his surprize, a row of little barrels bound with wood hoops, each barrel being about as large as the nave of a heavy wagon-wheel. When they were laid open Lizzy fixed her eyes on him, as if she wondered what he would say.

"You know what they are?" she asked, finding that he did not speak.

"Yes, barrels," said Stockdale simply. He was an inland man, the son of highly respectable parents, and brought up with a single eye to the ministry; and the sight suggested nothing beyond the fact that such articles were there.

"You are quite right, they are barrels," she said, in an emphatic tone of candour that was not without a touch of irony.

Stockdale looked at her with an eye of sudden misgiving. "Not smugglers' liquor?" he said.

"Yes," said she. "They are tubs of spirits that have accidentally come over in the dark from France."

In Nether-Moynton and its vicinity at this date people always smiled at the sort of sin called in the outside world illicit trading; and these little kegs of gin and brandy were as well known to the inhabitants as turnips. So that Stockdale's innocent ignorance, and his look of alarm when

he guessed the sinister mystery, seemed to strike Lizzy first as ludicrous, and then as very awkward for the good impression that she wished to produce upon him.

"Smuggling is carried on here by some of the people," she said in a gentle, apologetic voice. "It has been their practice for generations, and they think it no harm. Now, will you roll out one of the tubs?"

"What to do with it?" said the minister.

"To draw a little from it to cure your cold," she answered. "It is so 'nation strong that it drives away that sort of thing in a jiffy. Oh, it is all right about our taking it. I may have what I like; the owner of the tubs says so. I ought to have had some in the house, and then I shouldn't ha' been put to this trouble; but I drink none myself, and so I often forget to keep it indoors."

"You are allowed to help yourself, I suppose, that you may not inform where their hiding-place is?"

"Well, no; not that particularly; but I may take any if I want it. So help yourself."

"I will, to oblige you, since you have a right to it," murmured the minister; and though he was not quite satisfied with his part in the performance, he rolled one of the "tubs" out from the corner into the middle of the tower floor. "How do you wish me to get it out—with a gimlet, I suppose?"

"No, I'll show you," said his interesting companion; and she held up with her other hand a shoemaker's awl and a hammer. "You must never do these things with a gimlet, because the wood-dust gets in; and when the buyers pour out the brandy that would tell them that the tub had been broached. An awl makes no dust, and the hole nearly closes up again. Now tap one of the hoops forward."

Stockdale took the hammer and did so.

"Now make the hole in the part that was covered by the hoop."

He made the hole as directed. "It won't run out," he said.

"Oh yes it will," said she. "Take the tub between your knees, and squeeze the heads; and I'll hold the cup."

Stockdale obeyed; and the pressure taking effect upon the tub, which seemed to be thin, the spirit spirted out in a stream. When the cup was full he ceased pressing, and the flow immediately stopped. "Now we must fill up the keg with water," said Lizzy, "or it will cluck like forty hens when it is handled, and show that 'tis not full."

"But they tell you you may take it?"

"Yes, the *smugglers;* but the *buyers* must not know that the smugglers have been kind to me at their expense."

"I see," said Stockdale doubtfully. "I much question the honesty of this proceeding."

By her direction he held the tub with the hole upwards, and while he went through the process of alternately pressing and ceasing to press, she produced a bottle of water, from which she took mouthfuls, conveying each to the keg by putting her pretty lips to the hole, where it was sucked in at each recovery of the cask from pressure. When it was again full he plugged the hole, knocked the hoop down to its place, and buried the tub in the lumber as before.

"Aren't the smugglers afraid that you will tell?" he asked, as they recrossed the churchyard.

"Oh no; they are not afraid of that. I couldn't do such a thing."

"They have put you into a very awkward corner," said Stockdale emphatically. "You must, of course, as an honest person, sometimes feel that it is your duty to inform—really you must."

"Well, I have never particularly felt it as a duty; and, besides, my first husband ——" She stopped, and there was some confusion in her voice. Stockdale was so honest and unsophisticated that he did not at once discern why she paused: but at last he did perceive that the words were a slip, and that no woman would have uttered "first husband" by accident unless she had thought pretty frequently of a second. He felt for her confusion, and allowed her time to recover and proceed. "My husband," she said, in a self-corrected tone, "used to know of their doings, and so did my father, and kept the secret. I cannot inform, in fact, against anybody."

"I see the hardness of it," he continued, like a man who looked far into the moral of things. "And it is very cruel that you should be tossed and tantalized between your memories and your conscience. I do hope, Mrs. Newberry, that you will soon see your way out of this unpleasant position."

"Well, I don't just now," she murmured.

By this time they had passed over the wall and entered the house, where she brought him a glass and hot water, and left him to his own reflections. He looked after her vanishing form, asking himself whether he, as a respectable man, and a

minister, and a shining light, even though as yet only of the halfpenny-candle sort, were quite justified in doing this thing. A sneeze settled the question; and he found that when the fiery liquor was lowered by the addition of twice or thrice the quantity of water, it was one of the prettiest cures for a cold in the head that he had ever known, particularly at this chilly time of the year.

Stockdale sat in the deep chair about twenty minutes sipping and meditating, till he at length took warmer views of things, and longed for the morrow, when he would see Mrs. Newberry again. He then felt that, though chronologically at a short distance, it would in an emotional sense be very long before to-morrow came, and walked restlessly round the room. His eye was attracted by a framed and glazed sampler in which a running ornament of fir-trees and peacocks surrounded the following pretty bit of sentiment:—

"Rose-leaves smell when roses thrive,
Here's my work while I'm alive;
Rose-leaves smell when shrunk and shed,
Here's my work when I am dead.

"Lizzy Simpkins. Fear God. Honour the King.
"Aged 11 years."

"'Tis hers," he said to himself. "Heavens, how I like that name!"

Before he had done thinking that no other name from Abigail to Zenobia would have suited his young landlady so well, tap-tap came again upon the door; and the minister started as her face appeared yet another time, looking so disinterested that the most ingenious would have refrained from asserting that she had come to affect his feelings by her seductive eyes.

"Would you like a fire in your room, Mr. Stockdale, on account of your cold?"

The minister, being still a little pricked in the conscience for countenancing her in watering the spirits, saw here a way to self-chastisement. "No, I thank you," he said firmly; "it is not necessary. I have never been used to one in my life, and it would be giving way to luxury too far."

"Then I won't insist," she said, and disconcerted him by vanishing instantly.

Wondering if she was vexed by his refusal, he wished that he had chosen to have a fire, even though it should have scorched him out of bed and endangered his self-discipline for a dozen days. However, he consoled himself with what was in truth a rare consolation for a budding lover, that he was under the same roof with Lizzy; her guest, in fact, to take a poetical view of the term lodger; and that he would certainly see her on the morrow.

The morrow came, and Stockdale rose early, his cold quite gone. He had never in his life so longed for the breakfast hour as he did that day, and punctually at eight o'clock, after a short walk, to reconnoiter the premises, he reëntered the door of his dwelling. Breakfast passed, and Martha Sarah attended, but nobody came voluntarily as on the night before to inquire if there were other wants which he had not mentioned, and which she would attempt to gratify. He was disappointed, and went out, hoping to see her at dinner. Dinner time came; he sat down to the meal, finished it, lingered on for a whole hour, although two new teachers were at that moment waiting at the chapel-door to speak to him by appointment. It was useless to wait longer, and he slowly went his way down the lane, cheered by the thought that, after all, he would see her in the evening, and perhaps engage again in the delightful tub-broaching in the neighbouring church tower, which proceeding he resolved to render more moral by steadfastly insisting that no water should be introduced to fill up, though the tub should cluck like all the hens in Christendom. But nothing could disguise the fact that it was a queer business; and his countenance fell when he thought how much more his mind was interested in that matter than in his serious duties.

However, compunction vanished with the decline of day. Night came, and his tea and supper; but no Lizzy Newberry, and no sweet temptations. At last the minister could bear it no longer, and said to his quaint little attendant, "Where is Mrs. Newberry to-day?" judiciously handing a penny as he spoke.

"She's busy," said Martha.

"Anything serious happened?" he asked, handing another penny, and revealing yet additional pennies in the background.

"Oh no—nothing at all!" said she, with breathless confidence. "Nothing ever happens to her. She's only biding upstairs in bed because 'tis her way sometimes."

Being a young man of some honour, he would not question further, and assuming that Lizzy must have a bad headache, or other slight ailment, in spite of what the girl had said, he went to bed dissatisfied, not even setting eyes on old Mrs. Simpkins. "I said last night that I should see her to-morrow," he reflected; "but that was not to be!"

Next day he had better fortune, or worse, meeting her at the foot of the stairs in the morning, and being favoured by a visit or two from her during the day—once for the purpose of making kindly inquiries about his comfort, as on the first evening, and at another time to place a bunch of winter-violets on his table, with a promise to renew them when they drooped. On these occasions there was something in her smile which showed how conscious she was of the effect she produced, though it must be said that it was rather a humorous than a designing consciousness, and savoured more of pride than of vanity.

As for Stockdale, he clearly perceived that he possessed unlimited capacity for backsliding, and wished that tutelary saints were not denied to Dissenters. He set a watch upon his tongue and eyes for the space of one hour and a half, after which he found it was useless to struggle further, and gave himself up to the situation. "The other minister will be here in a month," he said to himself when sitting over the fire. "Then I shall be off, and she will distract my mind no more! . . . And then, shall I go on living by myself forever? No; when my two years of probation are finished, I shall have a furnished house to live in, with a varnished door and a brass knocker; and I'll march straight back to her, and ask her flat, as soon as the last plate is on the dresser!"

Thus a titillating fortnight was passed by young Stockdale, during which time things proceeded much as such matters have done ever since the beginning of history. He saw the object of attachment several times one day, did not see her at all the next, met her when he least expected to do so, missed her when hints and signs as to where she should be at a given hour almost amounted to an appointment. This mild coquetry was perhaps fair enough under the circumstances of their being so closely lodged, and Stockdale put up with it as philosophically as he was able. Being in her own house, she could, after vexing him or disappointing him of her presence, easily win him back by suddenly surrounding him with those little attentions which her position as his landlady put it in her power to bestow. When he had waited indoors half the day to see her, and on finding that she would not be seen, had gone off in a huff to the dreariest and dampest walk he could discover, she would restore equilibrium in the evening with "Mr. Stockdale, I have fancied you must feel draught o' nights from your bedroom window, and so I have been putting up thicker curtains this afternoon while you were out;" or, "I noticed that you sneezed twice again this morning, Mr. Stockdale. Depend upon it that cold is hanging about you yet; I am sure it is—I have thought of it continually; and you must let me make a posset for you."

Sometimes in coming home he found his sitting-room rearranged, chairs placed where the table had stood, and the table ornamented with the few fresh flowers and leaves that could be obtained at this season, so as to add a novelty to the room. At times she would be standing on a chair outside the house, trying to nail up a branch of the monthly rose which the winter wind had blown down; and of course he stepped forward to assist her, when their hands got mixed in passing the shreds and nails. Thus they became friends again after a disagreement. She would utter on these occasions some pretty and deprecatory remark on the necessity of her troubling him anew; and he would straightway say that he would do a hundred times as much for her if she should so require.

(*To be continued*)

Thy Dark Eyes to Mine—By FIONA MACLEOD

THY dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,
Lamps of desire!
O how my soul leaps
Leaps to their fire.

Sure, now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but a whisper
But the last echo even
Of one such kiss—

All of the Soul of me
Would leap afar—
If that called me to thee
Aye, I would leap afar,
A falling star!

A Happy Man

By ANTON TCHEKHOV

THE passenger train is just starting from Bologoe, the junction on the Petersburg-Moscow line. In a second-class smoking compartment five passengers sit dozing, shrouded in the twilight of the carriage. They have just had a meal, and now, snugly ensconced in their seats, they are trying to go to sleep. Stillness.

The door opens and in there walks a tall, lanky figure straight as a poker, with a ginger-coloured hat and a smart overcoat, wonderfully suggestive of a journalist in Jules Verne or on the comic stage.

The figure stands still in the middle of the compartment for a long while, breathing heavily, screwing up his eyes and peering at the seats.

"No, wrong again!" he mutters. "What the deuce! It's positively revolting! No, the wrong one again!"

One of the passengers stares at the figure and utters a shout of joy:

"Ivan Alexyevitch! what brings you here? Is it you?"

The poker-like gentleman starts, stares blankly at the passenger, and recognizing him, claps his hands with delight.

"Ha! Pyotr Petrovitch," he says "How many summers, how many winters! I didn't know you were in this train."

"How are you getting on?"

"I am all right; the only thing is, my dear fellow, I've lost my compartment and I simply can't find it. What an idiot I am! I ought to be thrashed!"

The poker-like gentleman sways a little unsteadily and sniggers.

"Queer things do happen!" he continues. "I stepped out just after the second bell to get a glass of brandy. I got it, of course. Well, I thought, since it's a long way to the next station, it would be as well to have a second glass. While I was thinking about it and drinking it the third bell rang. . . . I ran like mad and jumped into the first carriage. I am an idiot! I am the son of a hen!"

"But you seem in very good spirits," observes Pyotr Petrovitch. "Come and sit down! There's room and a welcome."

"No, no. . . . I'm off to look for my carriage. Good-bye!"

"You'll fall between the carriages in the dark if you don't look out! Sit down, and when we get to a station you'll find your own compartment. Sit down!"

Ivan Alexyevitch heaves a sigh and irresolutely sits down facing Pyotr Petrovitch. He is visibly excited, and fidgets as though he were sitting on thorns.

"Where are you travelling to?" Pyotr Petrovitch enquires.

"I? Into space. There is such a turmoil in my head that I couldn't tell where I am going myself. I go where fate takes me. Ha-ha! My dear fellow, have you ever seen a happy fool? No? Well, then, take a look at one. You behold the happiest of mortals! Yes! Don't you see something from my face?"

"Well, one can see you're a bit . . . a tiny bit so-so."

"I dare say I look awfully stupid just now. Ach! it's a pity I haven't a looking-glass, I should like to look at my counting-house. My dear fellow, I feel I am turning into an idiot, honour bright. Ha-ha! Would you believe it, I'm on my honeymoon. Am I not the son of a hen?"

"You? Do you mean to say you are married?"

"To-day, my dear boy. We came away straight after the wedding."

Congratulations and the usual questions follow.

"Well, you are a fellow!" laughs Pyotr Petrovitch. "That's why you are rigged out such a dandy."

"Yes, indeed. . . . To complete the illusion. I've even sprinkled myself with scent. I am over my ears in vanity! No care, no thought, nothing but a sensation of something or other . . . deuce knows what to call it . . . beatitude or something? I've never felt so grand in my life!"

Ivan Alexyevitch shuts his eyes and waggles his head.

"I'm revoltingly happy," he says. "Just think; in a minute I shall go to my compartment. There on the seat near the window is sitting a being who is, so to say, devoted to you with her whole being. A little blonde with a little nose . . . little fingers. . . . My little darling! My angel! My little poppet! Phylloxera of my soul! And her little foot! Good God! A little foot not like our beetle-crushers, but something miniature, fairylike, allegorical. I could pick it up and eat it, that little foot! Oh, but you don't understand! You're a materialist, of course, you begin analyzing at once, and one thing and another. You are a cold-hearted bachelor, that's what you are! When you get married you'll think of me. 'Where's Ivan Alexyevitch now?' you'll say. Yes; so in a minute I'm going to my compartment. There she is waiting for me with impatience . . . in joyful anticipation of my appearance. She'll have a smile to greet me. I sit down beside her and take her chin with my two fingers. . . ."

Ivan Alexyevitch waggles his head and goes off into a chuckle of delight.

"Then I lay my noddle on her shoulder and put my arm round her waist. Around all is silence, you know . . . poetic twilight. I could embrace the whole world at such a moment. Pyotr Petrovitch, allow me to embrace you!"

"Delighted, I'm sure." The two friends embrace while the passengers laugh in chorus. And the happy bridegroom continues:

"And to complete the idiocy, or, as the novelists say, to complete the illusion, one goes to the refreshment-room and tosses off two or three glasses. And then something happens in your head and your heart, finer than you can read of in a fairy tale. I am a man of no importance, but I feel as though I were limitless: I embrace the whole world!"

The passengers, looking at the tipsy and blissful bridegroom, are infected by his cheerfulness and no longer feel sleepy. Instead of one listener, Ivan Alexyevitch has now an audience of five. He wriggles and sputters, gesticulates, and prattles on without ceasing. He laughs and they all laugh.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, don't think so much! Damn all this analysis! If you want a drink, drink; no need to philosophize as to whether it's bad for you or not. . . . Damn all this philosophy and psychology!"

The guard walks through the compartment.

"My dear fellow," the bridegroom addresses him, "when you pass through the carriage No. 209 look out for a lady in a gray hat with a white bird and tell her I'm here!"

"Yes, sir. Only there isn't a No. 209 in this train; there's 219!"

"Well, 219, then! It's all the same. Tell that lady, then, that her husband is all right!"

Ivan Alexyevitch suddenly clutches his head and groans:

"Husband. . . . Lady. . . . All in a minute! Husband. . . . Ha-ha! I am a puppy that needs thrashing, and here I am a husband! Ach, idiot! But think of her! . . . Yesterday she was a little girl, a midget . . . it's simply incredible!"

"Nowadays it really seems strange to see a happy man," observes one of the passengers; "one as soon expects to see a white elephant."

"Yes, and whose fault is it?" says Ivan Alexyevitch, stretching his long legs and thrusting out his feet with their very pointed toes. "If you are not happy it's your own fault! Yes, what else do you suppose it is? Man is the creator of his own happiness. If you want to be happy you will be; but you don't want to be! You obstinately turn away from happiness."

"Why, what next! How do you make that out?"

"Very simple. Nature has ordained that at a certain stage in his life man should love. When that time comes you should love like a house on fire, but you won't heed the dictates of nature, you keep waiting for something. What's more, it's laid down by law that the normal man should enter upon matrimony. There's no happiness without marriage. When the propitious moment has come, get married. There's no use in shilly-shallying. . . . But you don't get married, you keep waiting for something! Then the Scriptures tell us that 'wine maketh glad the heart of man.' . . . If you feel happy and you want to feel better still, then go to the refreshment bar and have a drink. The great thing is not to be too clever, but to follow the

beaten track! The beaten track is a grand thing!"

"You say that man is the creator of his own happiness. How the devil is he the creator of it when a toothache or an ill-natured mother-in-law is enough to scatter his happiness to the winds? Everything depends on chance. If we had an accident at this moment you'd sing a different tune."

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorts the bridegroom. "Railway accidents only happen once a year. I'm not afraid of an accident, for there is no reason for one. Accidents are exceptional! Confound them! I don't want to talk of them! Oh, I believe we're stopping at a station."

"Where are you going now?" asks Pyotr Petrovitch. "To Moscow or somewhere further south?"

"Why, bless you! How could I go somewhere further south, when I'm on my way to the north?"

"But Moscow isn't in the north."

"I know that, but we're on our way to Petersburg," says Ivan Alexyevitch.

"We are going to Moscow, mercy on us!"

"To Moscow? What do you mean?" says the bridegroom in amazement.

"It's queer. . . . For what station did you take your ticket?"

"For Petersburg."

"In that case I congratulate you. You've got into the wrong train."

There follows a minute of silence. The bridegroom gets up and looks blankly round the company.

"Yes, yes," Pyotr Petrovitch explains. "You must have jumped into the wrong train at Bologoe. . . . After your glass of brandy you succeeded in getting into the down-train."

Ivan Alexyevitch turns pale, clutches his head, and begins pacing rapidly about the carriage.

"Ach, idiot that I am!" he says in indignation. "Scoundrel! The devil devour me! Whatever am I to do now? Why, my wife is in that train! She's there all alone, expecting me, consumed by anxiety. Ach, I'm a motley fool!"

The bridegroom falls on the seat and writhes as though someone had trodden on his corns.

"I am un-unhappy man!" he moans. "What am I to do, what am I to do?"

"There, there!" the passengers try to console him. "It's all right. . . . You must telegraph to your wife and try to change into the Petersburg express. In that way you'll overtake her."

"The Petersburg express!" weeps the bridegroom, the creator of his own happiness. "And how am I to get a ticket for the Petersburg express? All my money is with my wife."

The passengers, laughing and whispering together, make a collection and furnish the happy man with funds.

Courage

By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

IF WEALTH is gone—then something is gone!
Quick, make up thy mind,
And fresh wealth find.
If honour is gone—then much is gone!
Seek glory to find,
And people then will alter their mind.
If courage is gone—then all is gone!
'Twere better that thou hadst never been born.

Remembered from the Play

"Cyrano de Bergerac"

Roxane—But . . . Poetry?
Cyrano—Love hates that game of words!
It is a crime to fence with life—I tell you,
There comes one moment, once—and God help those
Who pass that moment by! when Beauty stands
Looking into the soul with grave, sweet eyes
That sicken at pretty words!
Roxane—If that be true—
And when the moment comes to you and me—
What words will you? . . .
Cyrano—All those, all those, all those
That blossom in my heart, I'll fling to you—
Armfuls of loose bloom! Love, I love beyond
Breath, beyond reason, beyond love's own power
Of loving! Your name is like a golden bell
Hung in my heart; and when I think of you,
I tremble, and the bell swings and rings—
Roxane! . . .
Roxane! . . . along my veins, *Roxane!* . . .

By Edmond Rostand (Brian Hooker translation). Coquelin in Paris, 1897; revived by Walter Hampden, New York, 1926.

"Riviera," by the Author of "Liliom"

Misch—Both of us are dogs. You are a mongrel, and I am a Chinese poodle. Everybody who works is a dog.
Martin—Only those who have money are men.
Luise—You are Socialists. I don't like that.
Martin—You are also a working-girl, my beautiful miss.
Luise—But I am not a Socialist. As long as I am young and pretty, I am a capitalist. When I'll grow old and ugly then I'll join the party and listen to the organizers.

By Ferenc Molnar, Vienna, 1925.

"Bride of the Lamb"

Rev. Albaugh (*a fanatical tent-evangelist*)—I want to put Jesus Christ on the map.

By William Hurlbut, New York, 1926.

"The Moon Is a Gong"

The Telescope Man (*Observing life*)—It's not like that. I was born in Brooklyn an' raised in the Bronx, an' I know. Every day they're tied tighter in ticker ribbon an' typewriter ribbon till they can't move, till they don't have time to look at the moon; though a dime is cheap at that for the use of a high-power telescope. An' they don't have time to look at each other, or in women's eyes, an' they have ground their lives little like sausage meat, an' crushed their lives in stone crushers an' clanked 'em out into smudgy black picayune letters in printin' presses. In all the offices there are red varnished desks an' yellow varnished desks an' typewriters clucking an' chirruping like canary birds, an' all day the gray ash drops from the cigars of fat men in swivel chairs, an' tickers roll out fours an' eights an dollar signs an' ciphers, reeling out millions that don't exist. In all the houses, in apartments like show-boxes, women in sacks an' old pink kimonos, women in yellow stained aprons with curlpapers in their hair that's henna red an' peroxide yellow, sweep up dust, an' fat men an' tall men an' lean men an' short men wear out their lives rubbing their pants on swivel chairs. An' the tickers wear out their cogs ticking millions that don't exist, fours an' eights an' dollar signs an' ciphers, an' the women sweep up dust an' redden their lips. . . . An' time slips through among the garbage cans in the canyon streets. Time is a great snake writhing through gray streets, wearing away angles of stone cornices, wearing ornaments off marble-faced sepulchers, wearing away the corners of the staring oblong windows of brownstone houses. Time is a gray ash dropping from the souls of fat men in swivel chairs. An' all the typewriters an' all the tickers an' all the little heels of errand girls tapping on hard pavements go clicking faster an' faster to catch up to the ticktack of the clocks. Time has his undertaking establishment on every block, an' drives his coffin nails faster than the steam riveters rivet or the stenographers type or the tickers tick out fours an' eights an' dollar signs an' ciphers. I was born in Brooklyn an' raised in the Bronx, an' I spent my evenings reading books in the public library, an' I know!

By John Dos Passos, New York, 1926.

"The Half-Caste"

Johnnie Martin—There are three kinds of women: the beautiful, the intellectual, and the majority.

By Jack McLellan, New York, 1926.

"What's the Big Idea?"

Peter Clausen—Marriage is a female life-insurance policy.

Ludwig Dilling—Love them and leave them—before you are left.

By Martha Hedman and Henry Arthur House, New York, 1926.

"Juno and the Paycock"

Juno Boyle—What can God do against the stupidity of men?

By Sean O'Casey, Dublin, 1925, New York, 1926.

"Squirrels"

Christine—Every young wife must have three children. The first child makes the young wife beautiful, the second makes the beautiful wife good, and the third one—makes the good wife young again.

By Jenö Miklós, Budapest, 1925.

"To-morrow Morning"

Bella—Heroes do not write any epics, my dear boy. Heroes—

Man—What do they do?

Bella—They die. And then come the crippled and the lame, and they write the immortal epic. And they make a living at it. Some of them live forever. Yes, my dear boy, only the sick live forever. The healthy all die.

By Frederick Karinthy, Budapest, 1918, Revived, 1926.

The Tenth Muse

As Wooed by Current Go-Getters

Received Immediately After a Death in the Family

DEAR MADAM:— ——— MARBLE & GRANITE CO.

The erection of a suitable monument to perpetuate the memory of a loved one who has gone on before is an act of love and devotion that should not be delayed.

We assure you that our material and prices are better and lower than usual, some as low as $20 and up.

You will be under no obligations to write and have me call with our designs and samples of marble and granite.

Footstone free with order.

Do it now! as it takes from 30 to 90 days to manufacture and deliver.

Have it up for Memorial Day in May. Respectfully Yours,

———— ————

"Literature is the Thought of Thinking Souls," Quoth Carlyle

"Her Man," by the Author of "Gilded Kisses." Begin it to-day in The *New York* ——.

"ADDS NEW BEAUTY"

The improvement in appearance made by a spotlessly clean, all-white toilet seat is certainly surprising. Its beauty and refinement are qualities every woman wants in her bathroom—a room she can be proud to have guests use.

A New York Photographer's Appeal

As You like to think
You Look—
Not as *we*
think you are!

Our Photographs are made to Suit Your Tastes,
Not ours.

"The Woman Soul Leadeth us Upward and On"

Why Was She the Bride? At last the hour arrived, the hour she had long dreamed of—just a few minutes, a few words, and he was hers forever. He chose her in spite of the fact that there were many others more beautiful and talented. Her secret was simple. Thirty days ago she had read an amazing new book entitled "Fascinating Womanhood" which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any other man. . . . Knowledge is power. Send your dime to-day.

"There Was a Moment of Silence"

A charming but distracting companion—this Lady to whom the tribute of silence is paid. Inscrutable eyes . . . a drooping hat. Adorable mouth . . . a perfect nose. Slim ankles . . . impeccable hose. A sweet, sweet frock! But most enchanting of all, that marvelous fragrance, what can it be? It reminds him of Paris. Ah . . . now he knows. It is Le Parfum——

Invitation to Moth Balls

That symphony in silver—the moth—may perish romantically, tragically in the flames. But its glory lives on—in the fluttering feet of fashion. The newest dancing sandals of shimmering beauty, are moth silver kid, with insets of colorful brocade, moth patterned. Exclusive with——Fifth Avenue, 18.50.

The Bonny Earl of Murray

Old Scotch Ballad

I

YE HIGHLANDS and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

II

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And whairfore did ye sae!
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

III

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
O he might hae been a king!

IV

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'!

V

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's luve!

VI

O lang will his Lady
Look owre the Castle Downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town!

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XXXVII

WHEN Abbé Midon and Martial de Sairmeuse held their conference, to discuss and to decide upon the arrangements for the Baron d'Escorval's escape, a difficulty presented itself which threatened to break off the negotiation.

"Return my letter," said Martial, "and I will save the baron."

"Save the baron," replied the *abbé*, "and your letter shall be returned."

But Martial's was one of those natures which becomes exasperated by the least shadow of suspicion.

The idea that any one should suppose him influenced by threats, when in reality, he had yielded only to Marie-Anne's tears, angered him beyond endurance.

"These are my last words, Monsieur," he said, emphatically. "Restore to me, now, this instant, the letter which was obtained from me by Chanlouineau's ruse, and I swear to you, by the honour of my name, that all which is possible for any human being to do to save the baron, I will do. If you distrust my word, good-evening."

The situation was desperate, the danger imminent, the time limited; Martial's tone betrayed an inflexible determination.

The *abbé* could not hesitate. He drew the letter from his pocket and handing it to Martial:

"Here it is, Monsieur," he said, solemnly, "remember that you have pledged the honour of your name."

"I will remember it, Monsieur le Curé. Go and obtain the ropes."

The *abbe's* sorrow and amazement were intense, when, after the baron's terrible fall, Maurice announced that the cord had been cut. And yet he could not make up his mind that Martial was guilty of the execrable act. It betrayed a depth of duplicity and hypocrisy which is rarely found in men under twenty-five years of age. But no one suspected his secret thoughts. It was with the most unalterable *sang-froid* that he dressed the baron's wounds and made arrangements for the flight. Not until he saw M. d'Escorval installed in Poignot's house did he breathe freely.

The fact that the baron had been able to endure the journey, proved that in this poor maimed body remained a power of vitality for which the priest had not dared to hope.

Some way must now be discovered to procure the surgical instruments and the remedies which the condition of the wounded man demanded.

But where and how could he procure them?

The police kept a close watch over the physicians and druggists in Montaignac, in the hope of discovering the wounded conspirators through them.

But the *curé*, who had been for ten years physician and surgeon for the poor of his parish, had an almost complete set of surgical instruments and a well-filled medicine-chest.

"This evening," said he, "I will obtain what is needful."

When night came, he put on a long blue blouse, shaded his face by an immense slouch hat, and directed his steps toward Sairmeuse.

Not a light was visible through the windows of the presbytery; Bibiane, the old housekeeper, must have gone out to gossip with some of the neighbours.

The priest effected an entrance into the house, which had once been his, by forcing the lock of the door opening on the garden; he found the requisite articles, and retired without having been discovered.

That night the *abbé* hazarded a cruel but indispensable operation. His heart trembled, but not the hand that held the knife, although he had never before attempted so difficult a task.

"It is not upon my weak powers that I rely: I have placed my trust in One who is on High."

His faith was rewarded. Three days later

the wounded man, after quite a comfortable night, seemed to regain consciousness.

His first glance was for his devoted wife, who was seated by his bedside; his first word was for his son.

"Maurice?" he asked.

"Is in safety," replied the *abbé*. "He must be on the way to Turin."

M. d'Escorval's lips moved as if he were murmuring a prayer; then, in a feeble voice:

"We owe you a debt of gratitude which we can never pay," he murmured, "for I think I shall pull through."

He did "pull through," but not without much suffering, not without difficulties that made those around him tremble with anxiety. Jean Lacheneur, more fortunate, was on his feet by the end of the week.

Forty days had passed, when one evening —it was the 17th of April—while the *abbé* was reading a newspaper to the baron, the door gently opened and one of the Poignot boys put in his head, then quickly withdrew it.

The priest finished the paragraph, laid down the paper, and quietly went out.

"What is it?" he inquired of the young man.

"Ah! Monsieur, Monsieur Maurice, Mademoiselle Lacheneur and the old corporal have just arrived; they wish to come up."

In three bounds the *abbé* descended the narrow staircase.

"Unfortunate creatures!" he exclaimed, addressing the three imprudent travelers, "what has induced you to return here?"

Then turning to Maurice:

"Is it not enough that *for* you, and *through* you, your father has nearly died? Are you afraid he will not be recaptured, that you return here to set the enemies upon his track? Depart!"

The poor boy, quite overwhelmed, faltered his excuse. Uncertainty seemed to him worse than death; he had heard of M. Lacheneur's execution; he had not reflected, he would go at once; he asked only to see his father and to embrace his mother.

The priest was inflexible.

"The slightest emotion might kill your father," he declared; "and to tell your mother of your return, and of the dangers to which you have foolishly exposed yourself, would cause her untold tortures. Go at once. Cross the frontier again this very night."

Jean Lacheneur, who had witnessed this scene, now approached.

"It is time for me to depart," said he, "and I entreat you to care for my sister, the place for her is here, not upon the highways."

The *abbé* deliberated for a moment, then he said, brusquely:

"So be it; but go at once; your name is not upon the proscribed list. You will not be pursued."

Thus, suddenly separated from his wife, Maurice wished to confer with her, to give her some parting advice; but the *abbé* did not allow him an opportunity.

"Go, go at once," he insisted. "Farewell!"

The good *abbé* was too hasty.

Just when Maurice stood sorely in need of wise counsel, he was thus delivered over to the influence of Jean Lacheneur's furious hatred. As soon as they were outside:

"This," exclaimed Jean, "is the work of the Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu! I do not even know where they have thrown the body of my murdered parent; you cannot even embrace the father who has been traitorously assassinated by them!"

He laughed a harsh, discordant, terrible laugh, and continued:

"And yet, if we ascended that hill, we could see the Château de Sairmeuse in the distance, brightly illuminated. They are celebrating the marriage of Martial de Sairmeuse and Blanche de Courtornieu. *We* are homeless wanderers without friends, and without a shelter for our heads: *they* are feasting and making merry."

Less than this would have sufficed to rekindle the wrath of Maurice. He forgot everything in saying to himself that to disturb this *fête* by his appearance would be a vengeance worthy of him.

"I will go and challenge Martial now, on the instant, in the presence of the revellers," he exclaimed.

But Jean interrupted him.

"No, not that! They are cowards; they would arrest you. Write; I will be the bearer of the letter."

Corporal Bavois heard them; but he did not oppose their folly. He thought it all perfectly natural, under the circumstances, and esteemed them the more for their rashness.

Forgetful of prudence, they entered the first shop, and the challenge was written and confided to Jean Lacheneur.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

To disturb the merrymaking at the Château de Sairmeuse; to change the joy of the bridal-day into sadness; to cast a gloom over the nuptials of Martial and Mlle. Blanche de Courtornieu.

This, in truth, was all that Jean Lacheneur hoped to do.

As for believing that Martial, triumphant and happy, would accept the challenge of Maurice, a miserable outlaw, he did not believe it.

While awaiting Martial in the vestibule of the château, he armed himself against the scorn and sneers which he would probably receive from this haughty nobleman whom he had come to insult.

But Martial's kindly greeting had disconcerted him a little.

But he was reassured when he saw the terrible effect produced upon the marquis by the insulting letter.

"We have cut him to the quick," he thought.

When Martial seized him by the arm and led him upstairs, he made no resistance.

While they traversed the brightly lighted drawing-rooms and passed through the crowd of astonished guests, Jean thought neither of his heavy shoes nor of his peasant dress.

Breathless with anxiety, he wondered what was to come.

He soon knew.

Leaning against the gilded door-post, he witnessed the portentous scene in the little *salon*.

He saw Martial de Sairmeuse, frantic with passion, cast into the face of his father-in-law Maurice d'Escorval's letter.

One might have supposed that all this did not affect him in the least, he stood so cold and unmoved, with compressed lips and downcast eyes; but appearances were deceitful. His heart throbbed with wild exultation; and if he cast down his eyes, it was only to conceal the joy that sparkled there.

He had not hoped for so prompt and so ample a revenge.

Nor was this all.

After brutally repulsing Blanche, his newly-wedded wife, who attempted to detain him, Martial again seized Jean Lacheneur's arm.

"Now," said he, "follow me!"

Jean followed him still without a word.

They again crossed the grand hall, but instead of going to the vestibule Martial took a candle that was burning upon a side table, and opened a little door leading to the private staircase.

"Where are you taking me?" inquired Jean Lacheneur.

Martial, who had already ascended two or three steps, turned.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

The other shrugged his shoulders, and coldly replied:

"If you put it in that way, let us go on."

They entered the room which Martial had occupied since taking possession of the château. It was the same room that had once belonged to Jean Lacheneur; and nothing had been changed. He recognized the brightly flowered curtains, the figures on the carpet, and even an old arm-chair where he had read many a novel in secret.

Martial hastened to a small writing-desk, and took from it a paper which he slipped into his pocket.

"Now," said he, "let us go. We must avoid another scene. My father and—my wife will be seeking me. I will explain when we are outside."

They hastily descended the staircase, passed through the gardens, and soon reached the long avenue.

Then Jean Lacheneur suddenly paused.

"To come so far for a simple yes or no is, I think, unnecessary," said he. "Have you decided? What answer am I to give Maurice d'Escorval?"

"Nothing! You will take me to him. I must see him and speak with him in order to justify myself. Let us proceed!"

But Jean Lacheneur did not move.

"What you ask is impossible!" he replied.

"Why?"

"Because Maurice is pursued. If he is captured, he will be tried and undoubtedly condemned to death. He is now in a safe retreat, and I have no right to disclose it."

Maurice's safe retreat was, in fact, only a neighbouring wood, where in company with the corporal, he was awaiting Jean's return.

But Jean could not resist the temptation to make this response, which was far more insulting than if he had simply said:

"We fear informers!"

Strange as it may appear to one who knew Martial's proud and violent nature, he did not resent the insult.

"So you distrust me!" he said, sadly.

Jean Lacheneur was silent—another insult.

"But," insisted Martial, "after what you have just seen and heard you can no longer suspect me of having cut the ropes which I carried to the baron."

"No! I am convinced that you are innocent of that atrocious act."

"You saw how I punished the man who dared to compromise the honour of the name of Sairmeuse. And this man is the father of the young girl whom I wedded to-day."

"I have seen all this; but I must still reply: 'Impossible.'"

Jean was amazed at the patience, we should rather say, the humble resignation, displayed by Martial de Sairmeuse.

Instead of rebelling against this manifest injustice, Martial drew from his pocket the paper which he had just taken from his desk, and handing it to Jean:

"Those who have brought upon me the shame of having my word doubted shall be punished for it," he said grimly. "You do not believe in my sincerity, Jean. Here is a proof, which I expect you to give to Maurice, and which cannot fail to convince even you."

"What is this proof?"

"The letter written by my hand, in exchange for which my father assisted in the baron's escape. An inexplicable presentiment prevented me from burning this compromising letter. To-day, I rejoice that such was the case. Take it, and use it as you will."

Any one save Jean Lacheneur would have been touched by the generosity of soul. But Jean was implacable. His was a nature which nothing can disarm, which nothing can mollify; hatred in his heart was a passion which, instead of growing weaker with time, increased and became more terrible.

He would have sacrificed anything at that moment for the ineffable joy of seeing this proud and detested marquis at his feet.

"Very well, I will give it to Maurice," he responded, coldly.

"It should be a bond of alliance, it seems to me," said Martial, gently.

Jean Lacheneur made a gesture formidable in its irony and menace.

"A bond of alliance!" he exclaimed. "You are too fast, Monsieur le Marquis! Have you forgotten all the blood that flows between us? You did not cut the ropes; but who condemned the innocent Baron d'Escorval to death? Was it not the Duc de Sairmeuse? An alliance! You have forgotten that you and yours sent my father to the scaffold! How have you rewarded the man whose heroic honesty gave you back a fortune? By murdering him, and by ruining the reputation of his daughter."

"I offered my name and my fortune to your sister."

"I would have killed her with my own hand had she accepted your offer. Let this prove to you that I do not forget. If any great disgrace ever tarnishes the proud name of Sairmeuse, think of Jean Lacheneur. My hand will be in it."

He was so frantic with passion that he forgot his usual caution. By a violent effort he recovered his self-possession, and in calmer tones he added:

"And if you are so desirous of seeing Maurice, be at the Reche to-morrow at mid-day. He will be there."

Having said this, he turned abruptly aside, sprang over the fence skirting the avenue, and disappeared in the darkness.

"Jean," cried Martial, in almost supplicating tones; "Jean, come back—listen to me!"

No response.

A sort of bewilderment had seized the young marquis, and he stood motionless and dazed in the middle of the road.

A horse and rider on their way to Montaignac, that nearly ran over him, aroused him from his stupour, and the consciousness of his acts, which he had lost while reading the letter from Maurice, came back to him.

Now he could judge of his conduct calmly.

Was it indeed he, Martial, the phlegmatic sceptic, the man who boasted of his indifference and his insensibility, who had thus forgotten all self-control?

Alas, yes. And when Blanche de Courtornieu, now and henceforth the Marquise de Sairmeuse, accused Marie-Anne of being the cause of his frenzy, she had not been entirely wrong.

Martial, who regarded the opinion of the entire world with disdain, was rendered frantic by the thought that Marie-Anne despised him, and considered him a traitor and a coward.

It was for her sake, that in his outburst of rage, he resolved upon such a startling justification. And if he besought Jean to lead him to Maurice d'Escorval, it was because he hoped to find Marie-Anne not far off, and to say to her:

"Appearances were against me, but I am innocent; and I have proved it by unmasking the real culprit."

It was to Marie-Anne that he wished this famous letter to be given, thinking that she, at least, could not fail to be surprized at his generosity.

His expectations had been disappointed; and now he realized what a regrettable scandal he had created.

"It will be the devil to arrange!" he explained; "but nonsense! it will be forgotten in a month. The best way will be to face those gossips at once: I will return immediately."

He said: "I will return," in the most deliberate manner; but in proportion as he neared the château, his courage failed him.

The guests must have departed ere this,

and Martial concluded that he would probably find himself alone with his young wife, his father, and the Marquis de Courtornieu. What reproaches, tears, anger and threats he would be obliged to encounter.

"No," he muttered. "I am not such a fool! Let them have a night to calm themselves. I will not appear until to-morrow."

But where should he pass the night? He was in evening dress and bareheaded; he began to feel cold. The house belonging to the duke in Montaignac would afford him a refuge.

"I shall find a bed, some servants, a fire, and a change of clothing there—and to-morrow, a horse to return."

It was quite a distance to walk; but in his present mood this did not displease him.

The servant who came to open the door when he rapped, was speechless with astonishment on recognizing him.

"You, Monsieur!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I. Light a good fire in the drawing-room for me, and bring me a change of clothing."

The valet obeyed, and soon Martial found himself alone, stretched upon a sofa before the cheerful blaze.

"It would be a good thing to sleep and forget my troubles," he said to himself.

He tried; but it was not until early morning that he fell into a feverish slumber.

He awoke about nine o'clock, ordered breakfast, concluded to return to Sairmeuse, and he was eating with a good appetite, when suddenly:

"Have a horse saddled instantly!" he exclaimed.

He had just remembered the rendezvous with Maurice. Why should he not go there?

He set out at once, and thanks to a spirited horse, he reached the Reche at half-past eleven o'clock.

The others had not yet arrived; he fastened his horse to a tree near by, and leisurely climbed to the summit of the hill.

This spot had been the site of Lacheneur's house. The four walls remained standing, blackened by fire.

Martial was contemplating the ruins, not without deep emotion, when he heard a sharp crackling in the underbrush.

He turned; Maurice, Jean, and Corporal Bavois were approaching.

The old soldier carried under his arm a long and narrow package, enveloped in a piece of green serge. It contained the swords which Jean Lacheneur had gone to Montaignac during the night to procure from a retired officer.

"We are sorry to have kept you waiting," began Maurice, "but you will observe that it is not yet mid-day. Since we scarcely expected to see you—"

"I was too anxious to justify myself not to be here early," interrupted Martial.

Maurice shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"It is not a question of self-justification, but of fighting," he said, in a tone rude even to insolence.

Insulting as were the words and the gesture that accompanied them, Martial never so much as winced.

"Sorrow has rendered you unjust," said he, gently, "or Monsieur Lacheneur here has told you nothing."

"Jean has told me all."

"Well, then?"

Martial's coolness drove Maurice frantic.

"Well," he replied, with extreme violence, "my hatred is unabated even if my scorn is diminished. You have owed me an opportunity to avenge myself, Monsieur, ever since the day we met on the square at Sairmeuse in the presence of Mademoiselle Lacheneur. You said to me on that occasion: 'We shall meet again.' Here we stand now face to face. What insults must I heap upon you to decide you to fight?"

A flood of crimson dyed Martial's face. He seized one of the swords which Bavois offered him, and assumed an attitude of defence.

"You will have it so," said he in a husky voice. "The thoughts of Marie-Anne can no longer save you."

But the blades had scarcely crossed before a cry from Jean and from Corporal Bavois arrested the combat.

"The soldiers!" they exclaimed; "let us fly!"

A dozen soldiers were indeed approaching at the top of their speed.

"Ah! I spoke the truth!" exclaimed Maurice. "The coward came, but the *gendarmes* accompanied him."

He bounded back, and breaking his sword over his knee, he hurled the fragments in Martial's face, saying:

"Here, miserable wretch!"

"Wretch!" repeated Jean and Corporal Bavois, "traitor! coward!"

And they fled, leaving Martial thunderstruck.

He struggled hard to regain his composure. The soldiers were very near; he ran to meet them, and addressing the officer in command, he said, imperiously:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," replied the sergeant, respectfully, "you are the son of the Duc de Sairmeuse."

"Very well! I forbid you to follow those men."

The sergeant hesitated at first; then, in a decided tone, he replied.

"I cannot obey you, sir. I have my orders."

And addressing his men:

"Forward!" he exclaimed. He was about to set the example, when Martial seized him by the arm.

"At least you will not refuse to tell me who sent you here?"

"Who sent us? The colonel, of course, in obedience to orders from the *grand prévôt*, Monsieur de Courtornieu. He sent the order last night. We have been hidden in that grove since daybreak. But release me—*tonnerre!* would you have my expedition fail entirely?"

He hurried away, and Martial, staggering like a drunken man, descended the slope, and remounted his horse.

But he did not repair to the Château de Sairmeuse; he returned to Montaignac, and passed the remainder of the afternoon in the solitude of his own room.

That evening he sent two letters to Sairmeuse. One to his father, the other to his wife.

CHAPTER XXXIX

HUGE as Martial imagined the scandal to be which he had created, his conception of it by no means equalled the reality.

Had a thunderbolt burst beneath that roof, the guests at Sairmeuse could not have been more amazed and horrified.

A shudder passed over the assembly when Martial, quivering in his passion, flung the crumbled letter full in the face of the Marquis de Courtornieu.

And when the marquis sank half-fainting into an armchair some young ladies of extreme sensibility could not repress a cry of fear.

For twenty seconds after Martial disappeared with Jean Lacheneur, the guests stood as motionless as statues, pale, mute, stupefied.

It was Blanche who broke the spell.

While the Marquis de Courtornieu was panting for breath—while the Duc de Sairmeuse was trembling and speechless with suppressed anger, the young marquise made an heroic attempt to come to the rescue.

With her hand still aching from Martial's brutal clasp, a heart swelling with rage and hatred, and a face whiter than her bridal veil, she had strength to restrain her tears and to compel her lips to smile.

"Really, this is placing too much importance on a trifling misunderstanding which will be explained to-morrow," she said, almost gaily, to those nearest her.

And stepping into the middle of the hall she made a sign to the musicians to play a country dance.

But when the first measure floated through the air, the company, as if by unanimous consent, hastened toward the door.

One might have supposed the château on fire—the guests did not withdraw, they actually fled.

An hour before, the Marquis de Courtornieu and the Duc de Sairmeuse had been overwhelmed with the most obsequious homage and adulation.

But now there was not one in that assembly daring enough to take them openly by the hand.

Just when they believed themselves allpowerful they were rudely precipitated from their lordly eminence. Disgrace and perhaps punishment were to be their portion.

Heroic to the last, the bride endeavoured to stay the tide of retreating guests.

Stationing herself near the door, with her most bewitching smile upon her lips, Madame Blanche spared neither flattering words nor entreaties in her efforts to reassure the deserters.

Vain attempt! Useless sacrifice! Many ladies were not sorry of an opportunity to repay the young Marquise de Sairmeuse for the disdain and the caustic words of Blanche de Courtornieu.

Soon all the guests, who had so eagerly presented themselves that morning, had disappeared, and there remained only one old gentleman who, on account of his gout, had deemed it prudent not to mingle with the crowd.

He bowed in passing before the young marquise, and blushing at this insult to a woman, he departed as the others had done.

Blanche was now alone. There was no longer any necessity for constraint. There were no more curious witnesses to enjoy her sufferings and to make comment upon them. With a furious gesture she tore her bridal veil and the wreath of orange flowers from her head, and trampled them under foot.

A servant was passing through the hall; she stopped him.

"Extinguish the lights everywhere!" she

ordered, with an angry stamp of her foot as if she had been in her own father's house, and not at Sairmeuse.

He obeyed her, and then, with flashing eyes and dishevelled hair, she hastened to the little *salon* in which the *dénouement* had taken place.

A crowd of servants surrounded the marquis, who was lying like one stricken with apoplexy.

"All the blood in his body has flown to his head," remarked the duke, with a shrug of his shoulders.

For the duke was furious with his former friends.

He scarcely knew with whom he was most angry, Martial or the Marquis de Courtornieu.

Martial, by this public confession, had certainly imperilled, if he had not ruined, their political future.

But, on the other hand, had not the Marquis de Courtornieu represented a Sairmeuse as being guilty of an act of treason, revolting to any honourable heart?

Buried in a large armchair, he sat watching, with contracted brows, the movements of the servants, when his daughter-in-law entered the room.

She paused before him, and with arms folded tightly across her breast, she said, angrily:

"Why did you remain here while I was left alone to endure such humiliation? Ah! had I been a man! All our guests have fled, Monsieur—all!"

M. de Sairmeuse sprang up.

"Ah, well! what if they have? Let them go to the devil!"

Of the guests that had just left his house there was not one whom the duke really regretted—not one whom he regarded as an equal. In giving a marriage-feast for his son, he had bidden all the gentry of the neighbourhood. They had come—very well! They had fled—*bon voyage!*

If the duke cared at all for their desertion, it was only because it presaged with ominous eloquence the disgrace that was to come.

Still he tried to deceive himself.

"They will return, Madame; you will see them return, humble and repentant! But where can Martial be?"

The lady's eyes flashed, but she made no reply.

"Did he go away with the son of that rascal, Lacheneur?"

"I believe so."

"It will not be long before he returns—"

"Who can say?"

M. de Sairmeuse struck the marble mantel heavily with his clenched fist.

"My God!" he exclaimed; "this is an overwhelming misfortune."

The young wife believed that he was anxious and angry on her account. But she was mistaken. He was thinking only of his disappointed ambition.

Whatever he might pretend, the duke secretly confessed his son's superiority and his genius for intrigue, and he was now extremely anxious to consult him.

"He has wrought this evil; it is for him to repair it! And he is capable of it if he chooses," he murmured.

Then, aloud, he resumed:

"Martial must be found—he must be found——"

With an angry gesture, Blanche interrupted him.

"You must seek Marie-Anne if you wish to find my husband."

The duke was of the same opinion, but he dared not avow it.

"Anger leads you astray, Marquise," said he.

"I know what I know."

"Martial will soon make his appearance, believe me. If he went away, he will soon return. They shall go for him at once, or I will go for him myself——"

He left the room with a muttered oath, and Blanche approached her father, who still seemed to be unconscious.

She seized his arm and shook it roughly, saying, in the most peremptory tone:

"Father! father!"

This voice, which had so often made the Marquis de Courtornieu tremble, was far more efficacious than *eau de cologne.* He opened one eye the least bit in the world, then quickly closed it; but not so quickly that his daughter failed to discover it.

"I wish to speak with you," she said; "get up."

He dared not disobey, and slowly and with difficulty, he raised himself.

"Ah! how I suffer!" he groaned; "how I suffer!"

His daughter glanced at him scornfully; then, in a tone of bitter irony, she remarked:

"Do you think I am in Paradise?"

"Speak," sighed the marquis. "What do you wish to say?"

The bride turned haughtily to the servants.

"Leave the room!" she said, imperiously.

They obeyed, and, after she had locked the door:

"Let us speak of Martial," she began.

At the sound of this name, the marquis bounded from his chair with clenched fists.

"Ah, the wretch!" he exclaimed.

"Martial is my husband, father."

"And you!—after what he has done—you dare to defend him?"

"I do not defend him; but I do not wish him to be murdered."

At that moment the news of Martial's death would have given the Marquis de Courtornieu infinite satisfaction.

"You heard, father," continued Blanche, "the rendezvous appointed to-morrow, at mid-day, on the Reche. I know Martial; he has been insulted, and he will go there. Will he encounter a loyal adversary? No. He will find a crowd of assassins. You alone can prevent him from being assassinated."

"I! and how?"

"By sending some soldiers to the Reche, with orders to conceal themselves in the grove—with orders to arrest these murderers at the proper moment."

The marquis gravely shook his head.

"If I do that," said he, "Martial is quite capable——"

"Of anything! yes, I know it. But what does it matter to you, since I am willing to assume the responsibility?"

M. de Courtornieu vainly tried to penetrate the bride's real motive.

"The order to Montaignac must be sent at once," she insisted.

Had she been less excited she would have discerned the gleam of malice in her father's eye. He was thinking that this would afford him an ample revenge, since he could bring dishonour upon Martial, who had shown so little regard for the honour of others.

"Very well; since you will have it so," he said, with feigned reluctance.

His daughter made haste to bring him ink and pens, and with trembling hands he prepared a series of minute instructions for the commander at Montaignac.

Blanche herself gave the letter to a servant, with directions to depart at once; and it was not until she had seen him set off on a gallop that she went to her own apartments—the apartments in which Martial had gathered together all that was most beautiful and luxurious.

But this splendour only aggravated the misery of the deserted wife, for that she was deserted she did not doubt for a moment. She was sure that her husband would not return; she did not expect him.

The Duc de Sairmeuse was searching the neighbourhood with a party of servants, but she knew that it was labour lost; that they would not encounter Martial.

Where could he be? Near Marie-Anne most assuredly—and at the thought a wild desire to wreak her vengeance on her rival took possession of her heart.

Martial, at Montaignac, had ended by going to sleep.

Blanche, when daylight came, exchanged the snowy bridal robes for a black dress, and wandered about the garden like a restless spirit.

She spent most of the day shut up in her room, refusing to allow the duke, or even her father, to enter.

In the evening, about eight o'clock, they received tidings from Martial.

A servant brought two letters; one, sent by Martial to his father, the other, to his wife.

For a moment or more Blanche hesitated to open the one intended for her. It would determine her destiny; she was afraid.

At last she broke the seal and read:

"MADAME LA MARQUISE—Between you and me all is ended; reconciliation is impossible.

"From this moment you are free. I esteem you enough to hope that you will respect the name of Sairmeuse, from which I cannot relieve you.

"You will agree with me, I am sure, in thinking a quiet separation preferable to the scandal of a divorce suit.

"My lawyer will pay you an allowance befitting the wife of a man whose income amounts to three hundred thousand francs.

"MARTIAL DE SAIRMEUSE."

Blanche staggered beneath this terrible blow. She was indeed deserted, and deserted, as she supposed, for another.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "that creature! that creature! I will kill her!"

CHAPTER XL

THE twenty-four hours which Blanche had spent in measuring the extent of her terrible misfortune, the duke had spent in raving and swearing.

He had not even thought of going to bed.

After his fruitless search for his son he returned to the château, and began a continuous tramp to and fro in the great hall.

He was almost sinking from weariness when his son's letter was handed him.

It was very brief.

Martial did not vouchsafe any explanation; he did not even mention the rupture between his wife and himself.

"I cannot return to Sairmeuse," he wrote, "and yet it is of the utmost importance that I should see you.

"You will, I trust, approve my determinations when I explain the reasons that have guided me in making them.

"Come to Montaignac, then, the sooner the better. I am waiting for you."

Had he listened to the prompting of his impatience, the duke would have started at once. But how could he thus abandon the Marquis de Courtornieu, who had accepted his hospitality, and especially Blanche, his son's wife?

He must, at least, see them, speak to them, and warn them of his intended departure.

He attempted this in vain. Mme. Blanche had shut herself up in her own apartments, and remained deaf to all entreaties for admittance. Her father had been put to bed, and the physician who had been summoned to attend him, declared the marquis to be at death's door.

The duke was therefore obliged to resign himself to the prospect of another night of suspense, which was almost intolerable to a character like his.

"To-morrow, after breakfast, I will find some pretext to escape, without telling them I am going to see Martial," he thought.

He was spared this trouble. The next morning, at about nine o'clock, while he was dressing, a servant came to inform him that M. de Courtornieu and his daughter were awaiting him in the drawing-room.

Much surprized, he hastened down.

When he entered the room, the marquis, who was seated in an armchair, rose, leaning heavily upon the shoulder of Aunt Medea.

Mme. Blanche came rapidly forward to meet the duke, as pale as if every drop of blood had been drawn from her veins.

"We are going, Monsieur le Duc," she said, coldly, "and we wish to make our adieux."

"What! you are going? Will you not——"

The young bride interrupted him by a sad gesture, and drawing Martial's letter from her bosom, she handed it to M. de Sairmeuse, saying.

"Will you do me the favour to peruse this, Monsieur?"

The duke glanced over the short epistle, and his astonishment was so intense that he could not even find an oath.

"Incomprehensible!" he faltered; "incomprehensible!"

"Incomprehensible, indeed," repeated the young wife, sadly, but without bitterness. "I was married yesterday; to-day I am deserted. It would have been generous to have reflected the evening before and not the next day. Tell Martial, however, that I forgive him for having destroyed my life, for having made me the most miserable of creatures. I also forgive him for the supreme insult of speaking to me of his fortune. I trust he may be happy. Adieu, Monsieur le Duc, we shall never meet again. Adieu!"

She took her father's arm, and they were about to retire, when M. de Sairmeuse hastily threw himself between them and the door.

"You shall not depart thus!" he exclaimed. "I will not suffer it. Wait, at least, until I have seen Martial. Perhaps he is not as culpable as you suppose——"

"Enough!" interrupted the marquis; "enough! This is one of those outrages which can never be repaired. May your conscience forgive you, as I, myself, forgive you. Farewell!"

This was said so perfectly, with such entire harmony of intonation and gesture, that M. de Sairmeuse was bewildered.

With an absolutely wonderstruck air he watched the marquis and his daughter depart, and they had been gone some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to exclaim:

"Old hypocrite! does he believe me his dupe?"

His dupe! M. de Sairmeuse was so far from being his dupe, that his next thought was:

"What is to follow this farce? He says that he pardons us—that means that he has some crushing blow in store for us."

This conviction filled him with disquietude. He really felt unable to cope successfully with the perfidious marquis.

"But Martial is a match for him!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I must see Martial at once."

So great was his anxiety that he lent a helping hand in harnessing the horses he had ordered, and when the carriage was ready, he announced his determination to drive himself.

As he urged the horses furiously on he tried to reflect, but the most contradictory ideas seethed in his brain, and he lost all power to consider the situation calmly.

He burst into Martial's room like a tornado.

"I think you must certainly have gone mad, Marquis," he exclaimed. "That is the only valid excuse you can offer."

But Martial, who had been expecting this visit, had prepared himself for it.

"Never, on the contrary, have I felt more calm and composed in mind," he replied. "Allow me to ask you one question. Was it you who sent the soldiers to the rendezvous which Maurice d'Escorval had appointed?"

"Marquis!"

"Very well! Then it was another act of infamy on the part of the Marquis de Courtornieu."

The duke made no reply. In spite of his faults and his vices, this haughty man possessed the characteristic of the old French nobility—fidelity to his word and undoubted valour.

He thought it perfectly natural, even necessary, that Martial should fight with Maurice; and he thought it a contemptible act to send armed soldiers to seize an honest and confiding opponent.

"This is the second time," pursued Martial, "that this scoundrel has attempted to bring dishonour upon our name; and if I desire to convince people of the truth of this assertion, I must break off all connection with him and his daughter. I have done this. I do not regret it, since I married her only out of deference to your wishes, and because it seemed necessary for me to marry, and because all women, save one who can never be mine, are alike to me."

Such utterances were not at all calculated to reassure the duke.

"This sentiment is very noble, no doubt," said he; "but it has none the less ruined the political prospects of our house."

An almost imperceptible smile curved Martial's lips.

"I believe, on the contrary, that I have saved them," he replied.

"It is useless for us to attempt to deceive ourselves; this whole affair of the insurrection has been abominable, and you have good reason to bless the opportunity of freeing yourself from the responsibility of it which this quarrel gives you. With a little address, you can throw all the odium upon the Marquis de Courtornieu, and keep for yourself only the prestige of valuable service rendered."

The duke's face brightened.

"Zounds, Marquis!" he exclaimed; "that is a good idea! In the future I shall be infinitely less afraid of Courtornieu."

Martial remained thoughtful.

"It is not the Marquis de Courtornieu whom I fear," he murmured, "but his daughter—my wife."

CHAPTER XLI

One must have lived in the country to know with what inconceivable rapidity news flies from mouth to mouth.

Strange as it may seem, the news of the scene at the château reached Father Poignot's farmhouse that same evening.

It had not been three hours since Maurice, Jean Lacheneur and Bavois left the house, promising to recross the frontier that same night.

Abbé Midon had decided to say nothing to M. d'Escorval of his son's return, and to conceal Marie-Anne's presence in the house. The baron's condition was so critical that the merest trifle might turn the scale.

About ten o'clock the baron fell asleep, and the *abbé* and Mme. d'Escorval went downstairs to talk with Marie-Anne. As they were sitting there Poignot's eldest son entered in a state of great excitement.

After supper he had gone with some of his acquaintances to admire the splendours of the *fête*, and he now came rushing back to relate the strange events of the evening to his father's guests.

"It is inconceivable!" murmured the *abbé*.

He knew but too well, and the others comprehended it likewise, that these strange events rendered their situation more perilous than ever.

"I cannot understand how Maurice could commit such an act of folly after what I had just said to him. The baron's most cruel enemy has been his own son. We must wait until to-morrow before deciding upon anything."

The next day they heard of the meeting at the Reche. A peasant who, from a distance, had witnessed the preliminaries of the duel which had not been fought, was able to give them the fullest details.

He had seen the two adversaries take their places, then the soldiers run to the spot, and afterward pursue Maurice, Jean and Bavois.

But he was sure that the soldiers had not overtaken them. He had met them five hours afterward, harassed and furious; and the officer in charge of the expedition declared their failure to be the fault of the Marquis de Sairmeuse, who had detained them.

That same day Father Poignot informed the *abbé* that the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu were at variance. It was the talk of the country. The

marquis had returned to his château, accompanied by his daughter, and the duke had gone to Montaignac.

The *abbé's* anxiety on receiving this intelligence was so poignant that he could not conceal it from Baron d'Escorval.

"You have heard something, my friend," said the baron.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing."

"Some new danger threatens us."

"None, I swear it."

The priest's protestations did not convince the baron.

"Oh, do not deny it!" he exclaimed. "Night before last, when you entered my room after I awoke, you were paler than death, and my wife had certainly been crying. What does all this mean?"

Usually, when the *curé* did not wish to reply to the sick man's questions, it was sufficient to tell him that conversation and excitement would retard his recovery; but this time the baron was not so docile.

"It will be very easy for you to restore my tranquillity," he said. "Confess now, that you are trembling lest they discover my retreat. This fear is torturing me also. Very well, swear to me that you will not allow them to take me alive, and then my mind will be at rest."

"I cannot take such an oath as that," said the *curé*, turning pale.

"And why?" insisted M. d'Escorval. "If I am recaptured, what will happen? They will nurse me, and then, as soon as I can stand upon my feet, they will shoot me down. Would it be a crime to save me from such suffering? You are my best friend; swear to render me this supreme service. Would you have me curse you for saving my life?"

The *abbé* made no response; but his eye, voluntarily or involuntarily, turned with a peculiar expression to the box of medicine standing upon the table near by.

Did he wish to be understood as saying: "I will do nothing; but you will find a poison there"?

M. d'Escorval understood it in this way, for it was with an accent of gratitude that he murmured:

"Thanks!"

Now that he felt that he was master of his life he breathed more freely. From that moment his condition, so long desperate, began to improve.

"I can defy all my enemies from this hour," he said, with a gaiety which certainly was not feigned.

Day after day passed and the *abbé's* sinister apprehensions were not realized; he, too, began to regain confidence.

Instead of causing an increase of severity, Maurice's and Jean Lacheneur's frightful imprudence had been, as it were, the point of departure for a universal indulgence.

One might reasonably have supposed that the authorities of Montaignac had forgotten, and desired to have forgotten, if that were possible, Lacheneur's conspiracy, and the abominable slaughter for which it had been made the pretext.

They soon heard at the farm that Maurice and the brave corporal had succeeded in reaching Piedmont.

No allusion was made to Jean Lacheneur, so it was supposed that he had not left the country; but they had no reason to fear for his safety, since he was not upon the proscribed list.

Later, it was rumoured that the Marquis de Courtornieu was ill, and that Mme. Blanche did not leave his bedside.

Soon afterward, Father Poignot, on returning from Montaignac, reported that the duke had just passed a week in Paris, and that he was now on his way home with one more decoration—another proof of royal favour—and that he had succeeded in obtaining an order for the release of all the conspirators who were now in prison.

It was impossible to doubt this intelligence, for the Montaignac papers mentioned this fact, with all the circumstances on the following day.

The *abbé* attributed this sudden and happy change entirely to the rupture between the duke and the marquis, and this was the universal opinion in the neighbourhood. Even the retired officers remarked,

"The duke is decidedly better than he is supposed to be, and if he has been severe, it is only because he was influenced by that odious Marquis de Courtornieu."

Marie-Anne alone suspected the truth. A secret presentiment told her that it was Martial de Sairmeuse who had shaken off his wonted apathy, and was working these changes and using and abusing his ascendency over the mind of his father.

"And it is for your sake," whispered an inward voice, "that Martial is thus working. What does this careless egotist care for these obscure peasants, whose names he does not even know? If he protects them, it is only that he may have a right to protect you, and those whom you love!"

With these thoughts in her mind, she

could not but feel her aversion to Martial diminish.

Was not such conduct truly heroic in a man whose dazzling offers she had refused? Was there not real moral grandeur in the feeling that induced Martial to reveal a secret which might ruin the political fortunes of his house, rather than be suspected of an unworthy action? And still the thought of this *grande passion* which she had inspired in so truly great a man never once made her heart quicken its throbbing.

Alas! nothing was capable of touching her heart now; nothing seemed to reach her through the gloomy sadness that enveloped her.

She was but the ghost of the formerly beautiful and radiant Marie-Anne. Her quick, alert tread had become slow and dragging, often she sat for whole days motionless in her chair, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, her lips contracted as if by a spasm, while great tears rolled silently down her cheeks.

Abbé Midon, who was greatly disquieted on her account, often attempted to question her.

"You are suffering, my child," he said, kindly. "What is the matter?"

"I am not ill, Monsieur."

"Why do you not confide in me? Am I not your friend? What do you fear?"

She shook her head sadly and replied:

"I have nothing to confide."

She said this, and yet she was dying of sorrow and anguish.

Faithful to the promise she had made Maurice, she had said nothing of her condition, or of the marriage solemnized in the little church at Vigano. And she saw with inexpressible terror, the approach of the moment when she could not longer keep her secret. Her agony was frightful; but what could she do!

Fly? but where should she go? And by going, would she not lose all chance of hearing from Maurice, which was the only hope that sustained her in this trying hour?

She had almost determined on flight when circumstances — providentially, it seemed to her—came to her aid.

Money was needed at the farm. The guests were unable to obtain any without betraying their whereabouts, and Father Poignot's little store was almost exhausted.

Abbé Midon was wondering what they were to do, when Marie-Anne told him of the will which Chanlouineau had made in her favour, and of the money concealed beneath the hearthstone in the best chamber.

"I might go to the Borderie at night," suggested Marie-Anne, "enter the house, which is unoccupied, obtain the money and bring it here. I have a right to do so, have I not?"

But the priest did not approve this step.

"You might be seen," said he, "and, who knows—perhaps arrested. If you were questioned, what plausible explanation could you give?"

"What shall I do, then?"

"Act openly; you are not compromised. Make your appearance in Sairmeuse tomorrow as if you had just returned from Piedmont; go to the notary, take possession of your property, and install yourself at the Borderie."

Marie-Anne shuddered.

"Live in Chanlouineau's house," she faltered. "I alone!"

"Heaven will protect you, my dear child. I can see only advantages in your installation at the Borderie. It will be easy to communicate with you; and with ordinary precautions there can be no danger. Before your departure we will decide upon a place of rendezvous, and two or three times a week you can meet Father Poignot there. And, in the course of two or three months you can be still more useful to us. When people have become accustomed to your residence at the Borderie, we will take the baron there. His convalescence will be much more rapid there, than here in this cramped and narrow loft, where we are obliged to conceal him now, and where he is really suffering for light and air."

So it was decided that Father Poignot should accompany Marie-Anne to the frontier that very night; there she would take the diligence that ran between Piedmont and Montaignac, passing through the village of Sairmeuse.

It was with the greatest care that the *abbé* dictated to Marie-Anne the story she was to tell of her sojourn in foreign lands. All that she said, and all her answers to questions must tend to prove that Baron d'Escorval was concealed near Turin.

The plan was carried out in every particular; and the next day, about eight o'clock, the people of Sairmeuse were greatly astonished to see Marie-Anne alight from the diligence.

"Monsieur Lacheneur's daughter has returned!"

The words flew from lip to lip with marvelous rapidity, and soon all the inhabitants of the village were gathered at the doors and windows.

They saw the poor girl pay the driver, and enter the inn, followed by a boy bearing a small trunk.

In the city, curiosity has some shame; it hides itself while it spies into the affairs of its neighbours; but in the country it has no such scruples.

When Marie-Anne emerged from the inn, she found a crowd awaiting her with open mouths and staring eyes.

And more than twenty people making all sorts of comments, followed her to the door of the notary.

He was a man of importance, this notary, and he welcomed Marie-Anne with all the deference due an heiress of an unencumbered property, worth from forty to fifty thousand francs.

But jealous of his renown for perspicuity, he gave her clearly to understand that he, being a man of experience, had divined that love alone had dictated Chanlouineau's last will and testament.

Marie-Anne's composure and resignation made him really angry.

"You forget what brings me here," she said; "you do not tell me what I have to do!"

The notary, thus interrupted, made no further attempts at consolation.

"*Peste!*" he thought, "she is in a hurry to get possession of her property—the avaricious creature!"

Then aloud:

"The business can be terminated at once, for the justice of the peace is at liberty to-day, and he can go with us to break the seals this afternoon."

So, before evening, all the legal requirements were complied with, and Marie-Anne was formally installed at the Borderie.

She was alone in Chanlouineau's house—alone! Night came on and a great terror seized her heart. It seemed to her that the doors were about to open, that this man who had loved her so much would appear before her, and that she would hear his voice as she heard it for the last time in his grim prison-cell.

She fought against these foolish fears, lit a lamp, and went through this house—now hers—in which everything spoke so forcibly of its former owner.

Slowly she examined the different rooms on the lower floor, noting the recent repairs which had been made and the conveniences which had been added, and at last she ascended to that room above which Chanlouineau had made the tabernacle of his passion.

Here, everything was magnificent, far more so than his words had led her to suppose. The poor peasant who made his breakfast off a crust and a bit of onion had lavished a small fortune on the decorations of this apartment, designed as a sanctuary for his idol.

"How he loved me!" murmured Marie-Anne, moved by that emotion, the bare thought of which had awakened the jealousy of Maurice.

But she had neither the time nor the right to yield to her feelings. Father Poignot was doubtless, even then, awaiting her at the rendezvous.

She lifted the hearth-stone, and found the sum of money which Chanlouineau had named.

The next morning, when he awoke, the *abbé* received the money.

Now, Marie-Anne could breathe freely; and this peace, after so many trials and agitations, seemed to her almost happiness.

Faithful to the *abbé's* instructions, she lived alone; but, by frequent visits, she accustomed the people of the neighbourhood to her presence.

Yes, she would have been almost happy, could she have had news of Maurice. What had become of him? Why did he give no sign of life? What would she not have given in exchange for some word of counsel and of love from him?

The time was fast approaching when she would require a confidant; and there was no one in whom she could confide.

In this hour of extremity, when she really felt that her reason was failing her, she remembered the old physician at Vigano, who had been one of the witnesses to her marriage.

"He would help me if I called upon him for aid," she thought.

She had no time to temporize or to reflect; she wrote to him immediately, giving the letter in charge of a youth in the neighbourhood.

"The gentleman says you may rely upon him," said the messenger on his return.

That very evening Marie-Anne heard some one rap at her door. It was the kind-hearted old man who had come to her relief.

He remained at the Borderie nearly a fortnight.

When he departed one morning, before daybreak, he took away with him under his large cloak an infant—a boy—whom he had sworn to cherish as his own child.

(*To be continued*)

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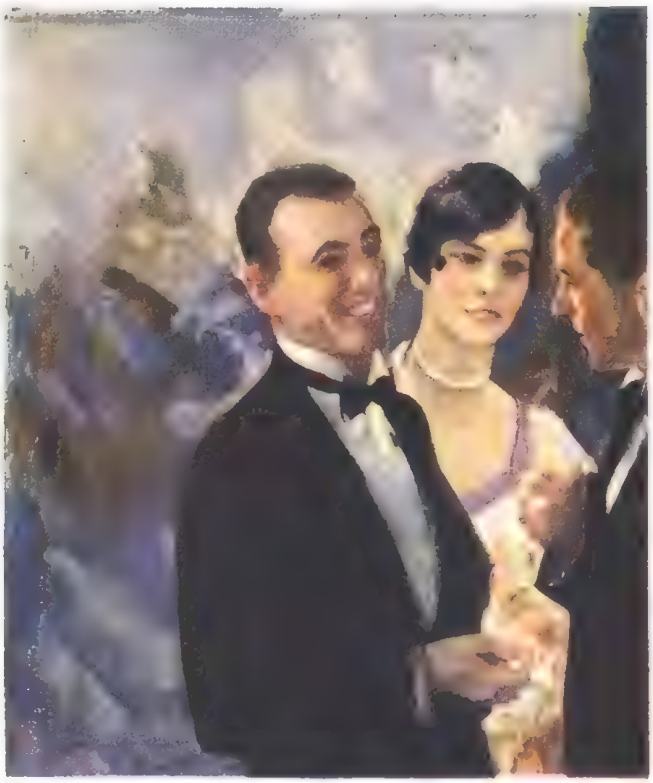

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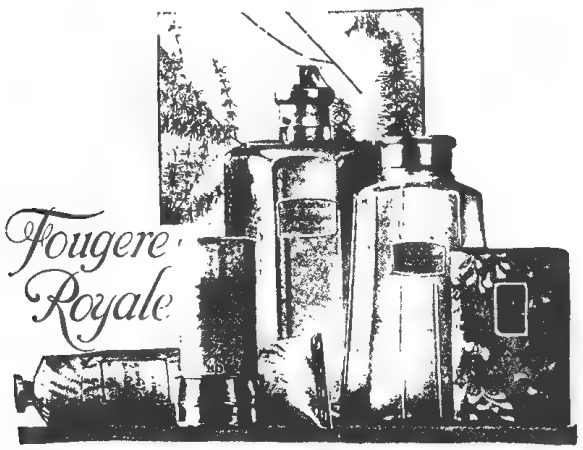

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THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

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Investment Questions and Answers

An Investment List I am a subscriber to your magazine and have read your comments on investments and would now kindly ask your advice on the purchase of $5,000 of high grade bonds or preferred stocks to net me 6 per cent. They shall form part of my estate. Also please pass on the bonds that I hold now and recommend changes if necessary:

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Would you advise to sell the Interborough bonds. I bought them when issued, so I would suffer quite a loss.

We have no suggestions of changes to make in your bond list although your State of Bremen 7s do not rank among the highest grade foreign government securities. The situation in regard to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company is still in doubt but it seems reasonable to expect that the first mortgage bonds of that company will be taken care of whatever happens to the transit situation in New York. The Vacuum Oil 7s due 1936 were called for retirement at 104 and interest at the Equitable Trust Company, New York, on April 1st. This means that you should send in these bonds through your bank and reinvest that money at once. For the investment of $5,000 at this time we would suggest some of the real estate mortgage bonds advertised in THE GOLDEN BOOK and such railroad issues as the following:

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Atlantic & Yadkin 1st 4s, 1949 (So. Ry.)
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Cuba Railroad imp. & eqpt. 5s, 1960
Little Rock & Hot Springs Western 1st 4s, 1939 (Mo. Pacific)
Manila R. R. Southern Lines 1st 4s, 1959
Peoria & Eastern cons. 4s, 1940 (C. C. C. & St. L.)
St. Louis Iron Mt. & Southern, River & Gulf Div., 4s, 1933 (Mo. Pacific)

Accumulating A Competency During the next fifteen years we expect to have from fifty to seventy dollars a month to invest in cumulative bonds by buying them on the instalment plan. With interest at 5½ per cent., compounded semi-annually for a period of fifteen years, and with the total then reinvested and left undisturbed for another fifteen years would the stipulated monthly investment be sufficient to give us a "nest egg" of $30,000 at the end of the full thirty years? Is it not better to invest in several different companies, rather than to put all one's money in a single type of investment?

In reply to your letter we are glad to inform you that $600 a year or $50 a month invested at 5½ per cent. compound interest will produce approximately $13,453 in 15 years, and that amount if left invested at 5½ per cent. compound interest for 15 years more will increase to approximately $30,000, which is the amount you have in mind. For the accumulation of funds it is never a good plan to put all of one's savings in any one security, or any one class of security. Diversification means greater safety. There are so many excellent fields to select from that would give wide distribution of funds, both as to the classes of securities and the geographic location, that investors should find it an easy task to further safeguard their investment estates by applying this first rule of sound investment.

Government Bonds I have a few thousand dollars I want to invest very safely for my old age. Please tell me of some very safe bonds which are always good—and whether it is wise to put what little I have all "in one basket." Are Liberty Bonds better than foreign bonds?

Liberty Loan bonds would be the safest security that you could buy. They would, however, give you a yield on your money of only about 3¾ per cent. You could buy Federal Land Bank bonds to yield 4½ per cent. or Joint Stock Land Bank bonds to yield nearly 5 per cent. which would also seem to us entirely suitable for your purpose. In the foreign field you would take more risk, but bonds like those of Argentine, Norway, Dutch East Indies and State of Queensland, which would give you an average yield of nearly 6 per cent., might also prove sufficiently safe for your purpose. If you decide to invest in such bonds, it would be well to diversify the fund and not place all of your money in one basket or in one country.

Investment for an Elderly Couple What would you consider to be the safest investment for an elderly couple to make of say $10,000 where the interest would be at least at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum?

The safest way that an elderly couple could invest $10,000 to bring a return of 6 per cent. or more would be to buy annuities from a leading life insurance company. The rate of return which these give depends upon the age of the purchaser. At age 60, for instance, in the case of a man, it is about 9.54 per cent. per $1,000 invested and in the case of a woman, of the same age, 8.38 per cent. Such an investment, however, uses up the capital put into it at the death of the annuitant, and would not be suitable if there is some one to whom you and your wife wish to leave your money. If there is no such person, however, and you wish to secure

(*Continued on page 42*)

"Two incomes are better than one"

When ships come in

No matter from what source your own personal earnings are derived—whether from a business, a profession or a salary—an additional income from good bonds, built up by investing regularly a part of current earnings, will prove an effective anchor to windward—a protection against emergencies.

It is our business to select and offer desirable bond investments for your surplus funds. We maintain offices in more than fifty leading cities of the country at which investment advisers are always available for counsel.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS · ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

(Continued from page 40)

information from insurance companies offering the best rates on annuities we should be glad to supply you with the names of several of them. Otherwise we shall be glad to suggest securities for you to buy.

A. B. & A. Stock I would appreciate your opinion as to whether the purchase of Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic R. R. common under $3.00 would be a good speculative investment to the extent of a few hundred dollars. What is the nature of their financial difficulties and is there any prospects of the receivership being eliminated in the near future? Any information will be appreciated.

It would seem to be a long shot to buy any Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad stock. This road is in the hands of receivers and has been for a long time past. A proposal has been made by the Atlantic Coast Line to assume the obligations of the receiver, organize a new company and exchange its preferred stock for the defaulted bonds of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic at the rate of $60 of stock for $100 of bonds, it to hold all of the common stock of the new company which will control the property. This leaves the old stockholders out entirely and it seems very doubtful if any better plan than this can be worked out.

Two Hotel Bonds Will you kindly give me your candid opinion regarding the bond issues described in the enclosed circulars as investments maturing in five years? I want as high a yield as possible consistent with safety.

Of the two hotel bonds, about which you inquired in your letter, the Birmingham, Alabama issue seems to the writer by far the better. The other issue is on a hotel to be erected in a Florida real estate development which has failed to develop to anywhere near the expectations of its promoters, and it would seem to us the future of such a hotel is highly doubtful. The Birmingham hotel project seems to have good possibilities for success.

FORMAN BONDS
Insurance Company
GUARANTEED

Guaranteed Safety

was never so important as it is today

The financial developments of recent weeks have strikingly emphasized the good fortune of investors whose investment structures are stabilized with "anchors of safety"—Forman Insurance Company Guaranteed Bonds.

When you consider that these bonds yield a *sure* income of 6 to 6½ per cent. with safety so unqualified that it *can* be guaranteed, you gain a new appreciation of their solid worth and their stability in times of fluctuating values.

Learn more about this guaranteed safety. Investigate these bonds which combine complete protection with an attractive yield.

Send the coupon for complete information and illustrated literature describing current offerings.

A New Booklet

"The Significance of Guaranteed Safety" is an authoritative new booklet which will be sent free to interested investors who mail the coupon below.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Investment Bonds since 1885
112 W. Adams Street, CHICAGO
100 E. 42nd Street, NEW YORK
Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines Springfield Peoria, Ill.

MAIL NOW

GEORGE M. FORMAN & CO., Department 1356
112 West Adams St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me without obligation your new booklet "The Significance of Guaranteed Safety" together with list of current offerings yielding 6½ and 6 per cent.

Name .....

Address .....

SHREWD INVESTORS BUY HIGH GRADE SOUTHERN BONDS

Southern Manufactured Products *during the past fifteen years* Have Trebled in Value

THE aggregate value of manufactured products in the Southern States for 1925 is officially estimated at $9,500,000,000. The increase in the fifteen years since 1910 has amounted to $6,342,000,000.

Southern textile mills are consuming more than two-thirds of the American cotton manufactured in this country. Well over one billion dollars is now invested in the South in this industry alone.

Caldwell & Company, with a background of many years of Southern financial experience, and with an organization extending into every part of the South, as well as into the great northern and eastern centers of accumulated wealth, has utilized its experience and resources in helping to supply capital to finance this rapid normal Southern development. It surrounds its underwritings with the conservative safeguards characteristic of sound investment banking throughout the country.

This organization places comprehensive facilities at the service of individual and institutional investors wherever situated to supply authoritative information regarding Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds.

We will take pleasure in sending you a complimentary copy of a little book on Southern investment conditions, "How Much Should Your Money Earn."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Caldwell & Company

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds

838 Union Street Nashville, Tenn.

Chicago Detroit Pittsburgh Cincinnati Kansas City St. Louis
Louisville Washington Chattanooga Memphis Knoxville Greensboro
New Orleans Birmingham Jackson St. Petersburg Jacksonville Dallas

Rogers Caldwell & Company, Inc., New York

Utility Bonds for the General Investor

For strong security, stability of business and good earnings—buy sound Public Utility Bonds. Interest from 5½% to 7% annually—with safety of principal.

Send for our free booklet, *"Public Utility Securities as Investments"*—also our current list of utility bonds.

Ask for 16-2453

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INCORPORATED
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8% First Mortgage Bonds
SOUNDLY SECURED

Build Income Quickly

The occasional purchase of even a $100 8% bond quickly builds a substantial income. Filer-Cleveland First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds are safe for they are secured by income-paying, city business property, independently, authoritatively appraised at practically 100% more than amount of the mortgage loan. There has never been a delay in payment of semi-annual interest or principal. They afford a larger income without sacrificing safety. References: All Miami banks. Mail coupon or write for 24-page "8% and Safety" booklet, giving complete information.

THE FILER-CLEVELAND COMPANY
Suite 3406, 139 N. E. First St., Miami, Florida.

Name .....

Address .....

Resources Over $12,000,000

Your assurance of the safety of United First Mortgage Bonds.

These resources consist of first mortgages, capital and surplus—evidence of the stability of the United States Mortgage Bond Company.

Every investor in United Bonds has always received interest and principal when due. A record of the past that guarantees the future.

Select those bonds which have back of them definite financial stability and security. Write for the list of investment opportunities in United Bonds.

Or you can buy United First Mortgage Bonds guaranteed as to Principal and Interest. Complete information on request.

6½% UNITED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO. LTD.
Howard C. Wade, President
334 U. S. Mortgage Bond Bldg., Detroit, Michigan
Capital $1,000,000 — *In Canada* — Resources more than $12,000,000
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This Book May Save All You Have

HUNDREDS of years of infallible investment experience are crystallized in a Booklet that you can read through in five minutes.

Its principles apply equally well to the safeguarding of a hundred dollars or a million. It has helped individuals, Banks, Insurance Companies, Trust Estates.

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THE Fidelity MORTGAGE COMPANY
FIDELITY MORTGAGE BLDG.
1940 EAST SIXTH STREET
CLEVELAND

"Don't be Satisfied with Recommendations"

they say

"If a bond is so safe it doesn't need a guarantee, then what objection can there be to guaranteeing it?"

Successful Investors leave nothing to chance

INVESTORS who have learned the secret of steady accumulation of wealth have the following axiom:

"However safe a bond may be, it would be safer if the house of issue would unconditionally guarantee it with its entire resources." And they point out further that if a bond is so safe that it doesn't need a guarantee, what possible objection can there be to guaranteeing it?

The advantages and greater degree of safety of bonds guaranteed by a strong investment house must be apparent to all.

In the first place, such a house will use the utmost care and every possible precaution to insure the fundamental safety of its bonds, for it accepts loans with the full knowledge that its own resources, down to the last dollar, are irrevocably pledged. Such a house will turn a deaf ear to any loans, however attractive from the standpoint of profits, which has the slightest element of risk.

60 Years without loss

Adair First Mortgage Investments have stood the test of time. For over 60 years every dollar of principal and interest has been promptly paid when due. Adair Bonds probably need a guarantee as little as any investment in the world—but the House of Adair has placed its guarantee on Adair Bonds as the strongest possible evidence of its faith in each and every bond.

Insurance Pledge

Every Adair Bond is eligible for insurance at the option of the investor in one of the oldest and strongest surety companies in America, with resources over $27,000,000.

You buy bonds for safety and income. Why be satisfied with anything less than unqualified safety? Why leave anything to chance?

Send for free booklet

For investors who are not yet aware of the great desirability of the new, improved, guaranteed mortgage bond, the instructive booklet, "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed," illustrated with charts and diagrams, will be gladly sent upon request. Mail the coupon now.

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS $2,500,000
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ADAIR REALTY & MORTGAGE CO., *Inc.*

270 Madison Avenue NEW YORK — *Boatmen's Bank Building* ST. LOUIS

Ownership Identical

Gentlemen:—Kindly send me without obligation a copy of your booklet, "Why Your Real Estate Bonds Should Be Guaranteed." Dept. GB-15.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Address coupon to nearest office

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of THE GOLDEN BOOK
Without Cost or Obligation to You

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

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1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Buying Bonds by Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
9. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
10. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
11. Security Bonds—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
12. Miller First Mortgage Bonds—G. L. Miller & Co.
13. Municipal Bonds—National City Co.
14. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
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INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK June, 1926
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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has more wired homes and uses more electricity per capita than any large city in the world. And one Electric Light and Power Company gets all this business.

This company has paid 146 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Write for the new Year Book.

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The Central Station Serving Chicago

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BEFORE being admitted to the financial department of THE GOLDEN BOOK, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. This rule has obtained for a great many years. The advertisements you see on these pages are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worthwhile investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Send for their literature. Get acquainted. These people are good to know.

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:OLDEN BOOK INVESTMENT BUREAU
5 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

John Davey, Father of Tree Surgery, who not only gave the world a new science but also a new philosophy

1926 is the Silver Jubilee Year of Davey Tree Surgeons

3000 people gathered in the State Armory at Akron (12 miles from Kent) on March 6, to participate in a great Silver Jubilee Celebration of The Davey Tree Expert Company—all for the purpose of paying a fitting tribute to John Davey, Father of Tree Surgery, who made a magnificent contribution to civilization.

25 years ago John Davey brought forth his first book, "The Tree Doctor," that was intended to awaken America to the appalling neglect and abuse of her invaluable trees. It was not his original purpose to found a great business, but rather to do a great service for his adopted country that he loved.

The Davey organization was a natural and logical outgrowth of the public demand that was created for the services of skilled and reliable Tree Surgeons. While the Davey organization itself is 25 years old, the science of Tree Surgery was born nearly a half century ago in the mind and heart of John Davey, who saw with understanding eyes the tragic and unnecessary loss of priceless trees. John Davey taught the philosophy of the tree as a living thing, as of elemental value to all life, as of incomparable beauty and loveliness. His was a voice crying in the wilderness, "Save your trees!"

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.
509 City Bank Bldg.,
Kent, Ohio

NEXT TO THINKING MATTER

WE know a man whose interest in publications beguiled him into a curious minor hobby. Wherever he traveled, he watched for a discarded copy of a certain QUALITY GROUP magazine.

It came to be a sort of game, which he played slyly and persistently. During many years of it, he saw people reading the magazine on the trains, but he never saw a copy thrown away. It was always poked back into the bag or carried off under the arm.

At last one September day his long vigil was rewarded. At a terminal, in a Pullman chair, he spied a copy of that magazine, quite abandoned. He pounced upon it. It was dated September; but September of the year previous! Twelve months had passed before it had worn out its welcome.

Timely as THE QUALITY GROUP magazines are, they are also timeless.

What gives them this tenacious hold on life?

First, of course, the sturdiness of their contents. Then their high price, which makes them appreciated. And, not least, their standard size.

Each of them is shaped like a book and acts like a book. It graces the table; it stands up firmly on the shelf.

In thousands of homes, files of these magazines serve as an auxiliary library, constantly referred to, reread and borrowed.

The "handed-round" circulation of any one of them is probably as great as the total sale of the entire group.

They are not bought as an expedient "to pass the time" but as an exercise for the intelligence. They never cater to people who don't know what to do with their time or their brains, but rather to those who are hard put to it to find time enough for doing all that their brains suggest.

Ask any author, and he will tell how he values this indefinite survival of his writings, the surplus number of readers, and the earnestness with which they read.

The same value is there for the advertiser.

When you advertise in THE QUALITY GROUP you are ***next to thinking matter.***

THE QUALITY GROUP

285 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY	REVIEW OF REVIEWS
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE	SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

"Please don't feel hurt"

"BUT somehow or other, I simply must tell you.

"I know this is something that most people might not talk about. Yet I feel it is my duty to tell you."

"Well, what is it?" her friend demanded.

The other was about to whisper something to her. But then she drew back.

"It may seem foolish," she said, "but I just can't bring myself to say it. You *must* know it yourself!"

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

Why are 1923 cars worth so much less than 1924 cars?

THE market value of the average 1923 model is far below that of the 1924 model. Between the cars of those years there is a much greater difference in value than one year's difference in date of production usually means.

The answer, of course, is that 1924 saw the general adoption of four-wheel brakes and balloon tires, practically obsoleting models not so equipped. History is beginning to repeat itself between the cars of 1926 conventional chassis design and those of the years to come.

The advanced engineering ushered in by The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis, achieving a much lower center of gravity and thus accomplishing greater safety and roadability, has set new standards.

The basic changes in chassis construction, inaugurated by The NEW STUTZ, will be copied by manufacturers of other fine cars. Then the market or trade-in value of those models built on old conventional lines will suffer, just as that of 1923 cars has suffered in comparison with 1924 four-wheel braking, balloon-tire equipped cars.

Protect your investment by buying a car that will be modern and up-to-date two years from now.

Even though you may not be able to get immediate delivery of a NEW STUTZ, remember that in buying this car today you are really getting an automobile that is years in advance of current conventional design.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, Inc., Indianapolis

The
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Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

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Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

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New Wonders of the West

See Zion National Park — Bryce Canyon — Cedar Breaks
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Nowhere else can you see such a rich variety of scenic wonders as in this 450-mile tour by comfortable motor-bus through the enchanting canyon country of Utah-Arizona. There is something of all that is superlatively beautiful, original in form, abysmal in depth, majestic in height and gorgeous in color, plus wild desert horses, deer-filled forests, cliff dwellings, scenes of Mormon history and Indian warfare.

Low summer fares. Through sleeping cars to Cedar City; then take the complete 5-day motor-bus tour and see it all, or a shorter 3 or 4-day tour to Zion, Bryce and Cedar Breaks only. Personally escorted all-expense tours. Comfortable lodges. A memorable vacation in itself, or an easy side trip on tours to Salt Lake City, Yellowstone, California or the Pacific Northwest. Season June 1 to October 1.

Handsome Book in natural colors tells about this new wonderland. Ask for it.

Address nearest Union Pacific Representative, or General Passenger Agent (Dept. K)
at Omaha, Neb. : Salt Lake City, Utah : Portland, Ore. : Los Angeles, Cal.

UNION PACIFIC

Pour le Bain—and *after* the Bath

There is always such a pleasant sense of the *Fragrance of Cleanliness* in the use of Roger & Gallet's Bath Tablets. Little squares of feminine luxury they are—*pour le Bain.* And *after* the bath, a fragrant, refreshing and cooling Talc gives just the right finishing touch.

All of these articles come in most artistic boxes, in the fragrance of *Le Jade* or *Fleurs d'Amour.*

Roger & Gallet face powders are famous the world over for their softness, their refined and lasting fragrance, and their absolute purity. In *Compact* form, in *Le Jade* and *Fleurs d'Amour.* In loose powder, in a great variety of perfumes.

ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs—Paris
709 Sixth Avenue
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Bath Tablets
Effervescent—highly perfumed—12 little squares in a box in *Le Jade* or *Fleurs d'Amour*

"Fashions in Fragrance"
our colorful little book of Parisian toilette specialties. Complimentary on request.

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

What and Why and When
How and Where and Who
?

I had six honest serving men
(They taught me all I knew),
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who?
—*Kipling*

SUCCESSFUL living is largely measured by the extent to which our lives have been lives of questioning.

Are you interested in successful home management? Successful health and diet? Successful travel and pastime—in fact, successful activity of every kind?

If you are, you will want to read Success Magazine regularly. In a year's time, Success answers many Whos and Whats and Whys and Wherefores.

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Human achievements, in the form of interesting and inspiring personality stories, are a regular feature each month,—some real close-ups of people who have done things.

Here is just a taste of the good things scheduled for the next few months.

Wallace Irwin contributes a fast-moving mystery serial, full of excitement, packed with situations hard to solve.

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Rotogravure—Eight beautiful pages every month.

Clifford Poppleton continues his intensely practical series of home financing and maintenance.

Judge Atwell asks "If you were ... what would you do with the criminal?" ... it and see what *your* answer would be.

Dr. Marden—an inspiring editorial ... each issue.

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☐ 1 year $2.50
(saving 50 cents)

G.B..1

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Street.....

City..... State.....

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Played by Organist from Electric Keyboard

The Memorial Sublime

Through no other means can you confer on your church and community a greater beneficence. Beautiful memorial booklet on request.

Standard Sets $6000 and up

J. C. DEAGAN, Inc.
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Be Popular Play Jazz—

It sets them going. Young folks are enamored by those tantalizing tunes. Be the Jazz King with your

BUESCHER True Tone

SAXOPHONE

Teach yourself, 3 free lessons give you quick easy start. Try any instrument in your own home 6 days free. See what you can do. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings details.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (61)
1453 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Bungalow Camps *in the* ***Canadian Pacific Rockies***

SADDLE UP! CLIMB WAY UP!

YOU need a holiday with mountains—glaciers—horses—real people—real food and oceans of pep due to clear air, cold water, hard exercise and sky-high altitude.

9 Bungalow Camps for people who want to take these mountains without frills—or hotel prices. Some people take them in turn; some outfit with guides for long trips; some join the Trail Riders of the Rockies. . . . Why not try this holiday that has no hangover? Send for Bungalow Camp Booklet. For information and rates, mention B. C. 4.

Canadian Pacific
Hotel Department
Windsor Station, Montreal
Or local Canadian Pacific Offices

The Home Beautiful Contains a Grand

BRAMBACH
BABY GRAND
$650 *and up fob NY*

No richer gift than this

GLORIOUS music on the bridal day . . . pleasure and happiness for a lifetime. All this you give—and more—when the gift's a Brambach Baby Grand.

The Brambach was the pioneer in the Small Baby Grands. Today it is acclaimed by music lovers the world over.

Compact, beautifully-proportioned, this instrument is an achievement in piano making which only Brambach's 103 years of experience could produce. It is less than five feet in length, yet has all the responsiveness and tonal excellence of far more expensive instruments.

Thousands of American homes now enjoy this beautiful Baby Grand. And its popularity is easily understood when you consider its beauty, quality and dependability.

Mail coupon below for further information and for a paper pattern showing how little floor-space is required by this beautiful Baby Grand. The pattern will be mailed with our compliments.

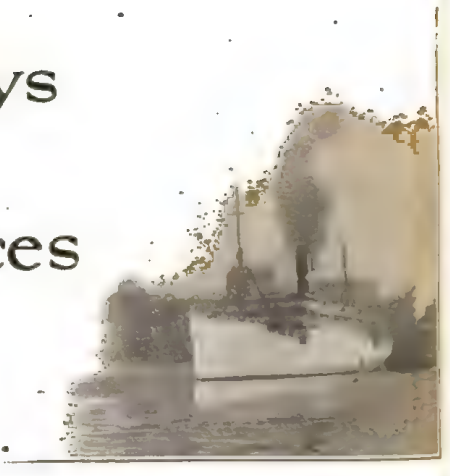
BRAMBACH PIANO COMPANY
Mark P. Campbell, Pres.
619 West 51st Street, New York City

YES, you may send me the descriptive paper pattern and full information regarding the Brambach Baby Grand.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Golden Ways To Golden Places



Ships That Pass Without Class

SHIPS have clung to aristocracy perhaps rather beyond the day of aristocracy. Said Kipling:

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—
The Man-O'War's 'er 'usband, an 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me, a-flyin' up an' down.

There seems thus to be a tradition of the majesty of a ship, that makes humans do obeisance, even though she is their creation. Thus, Byron:

She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier.

Even Southey applied the same word:

She comes majestic with her swelling sails.

It is not difficult therefore to see why class persisted on ships plying between old worlds where "class," until recent years, was quite the ruling consideration, and the new world where class was still a little awing. Travel in those days was, to use the words of Sir William Napier "under the cold shade of aristocracy." It was formal; it was almost ceremonial. To the humanitarian, a ship with its "classes" so definitely decked on fixed levels, was often a little uncomfortable; it seemed like a living cross-section of life under outworn social distinctions. But everywhere in the world now "class" is rather less reverenced to-day, and America is no longer self-conscious on the subject.

The result in ocean travel of some experiments in elimination of "class" has been a revelation, even to old wiseacres in shipping. The "one-cabin" ships are now thoroughly established as meeting a real need in trans-Atlantic travel. The "tourist" cabin experiments have likewise proved remarkably popular and seem here to stay.

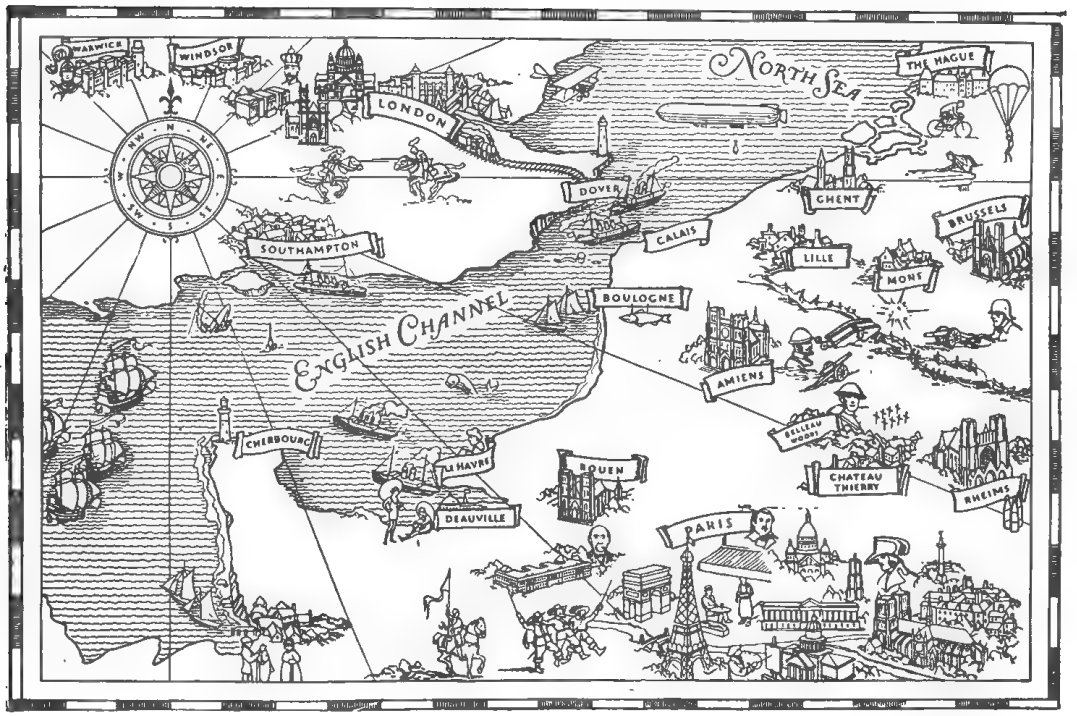
Particularly welcome has been this development to the very large body of students, educators, teachers, and cultured folk generally, to whom lavishness and ceremony mean little, but who are perhaps the most enthusiastic, appreciative travelers of all. So definite has been the interest of educational circles in this form of travel that a number of organizations have been formed for the purpose of bringing together each year congenial students and cultured groups for travel. Although various steamship lines differ on their arrangements, it is nevertheless not uncommon for the "third class" or "tourist class" passengers to have precisely the same food as first class passengers, and have the freedom of all the facilities of the boat, the same as the first class passengers. These privileges are denied second class passengers. This new type of tourist passenger at third class rates is on a high plane of cultivation and the standard is guarded against those who do not congenially "belong." Thus money as a measure of class is not recognized.

Even the giant liners, with their fast service, have most successfully tried the tourist third class cabin plan. Their passengers in this class enjoy many of the same facilities that the first class passengers enjoy. Other ships carry "third tourist" passengers exclusively.

It is obvious that a still greater number of Americans are going abroad than ever before, as the wealth and culture of the United States spreads over larger numbers of its population. A well known American publicist has, indeed, for several years promoted the idea of "fordized" trans-Atlantic travel; with ships operating cafeterias instead of elaborate dining room service, and offering low fares. The new tourist cabin and one-cabin service seems to be meeting this need very effectively for a democratic travel-loving country.

The great prophet-poet of the common people, Walt Whitman, in his "Song of the Rolling Earth" visioned the new democracy of the ocean, perhaps, in his lines:

Whoever you are, motion and reflection are especially for you,
The divine ship sails the divine sea for you.



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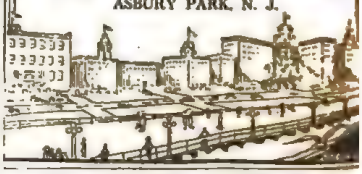

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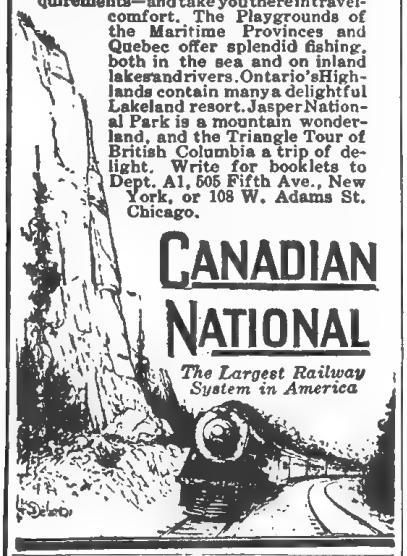

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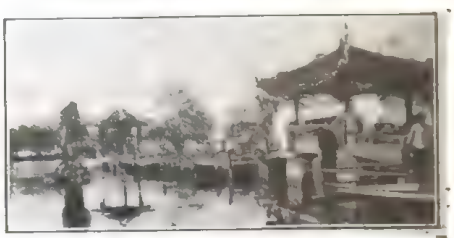

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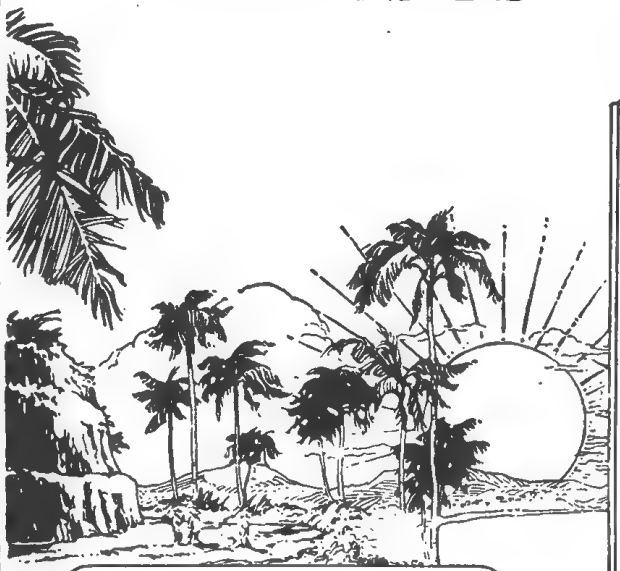

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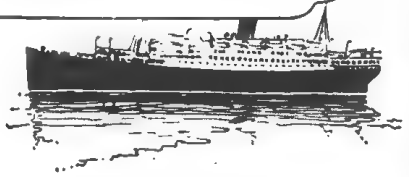

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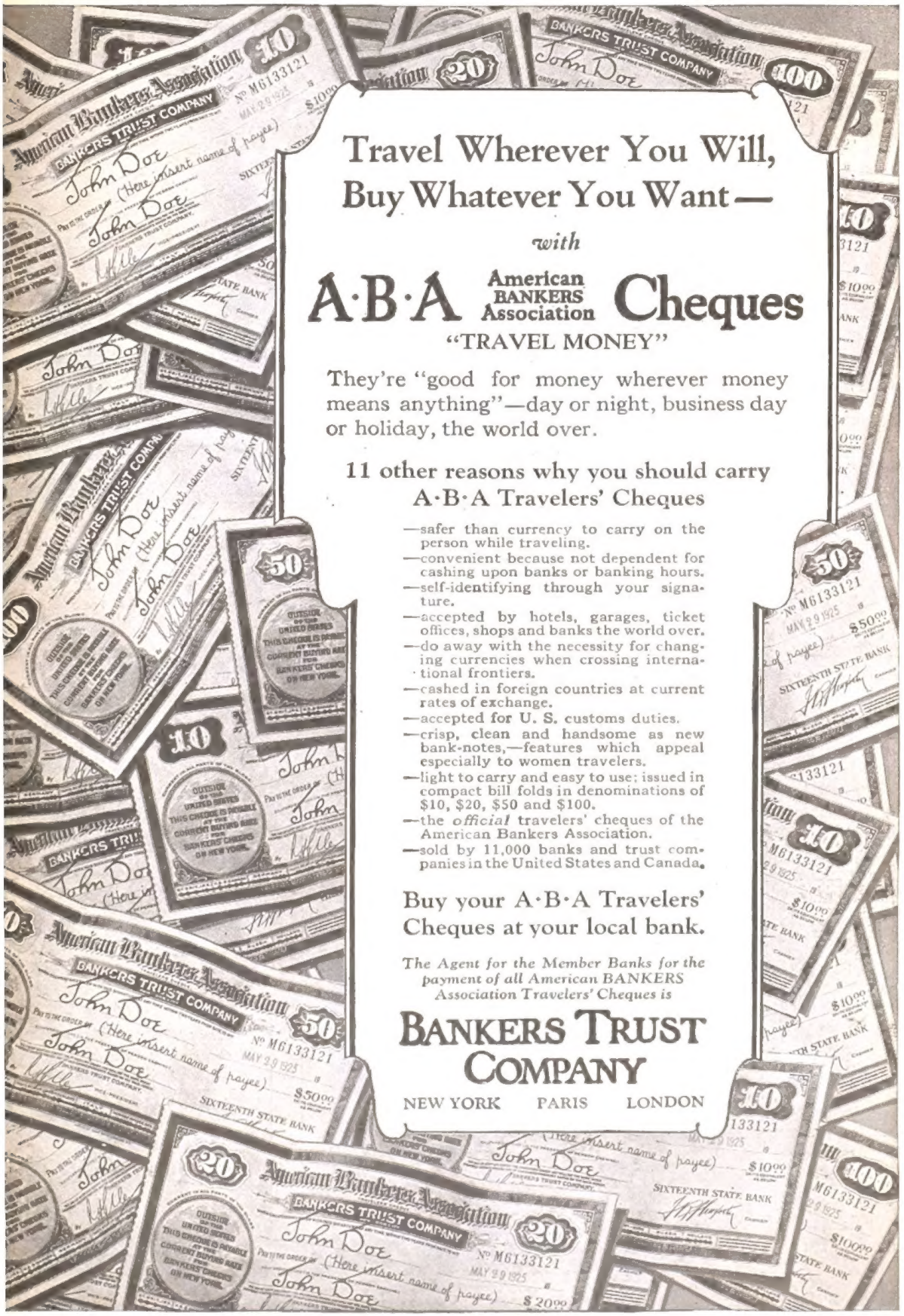

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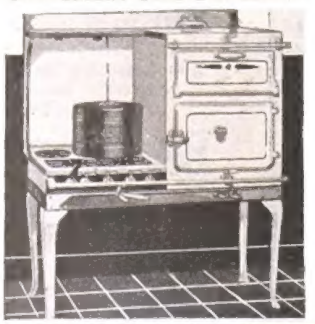

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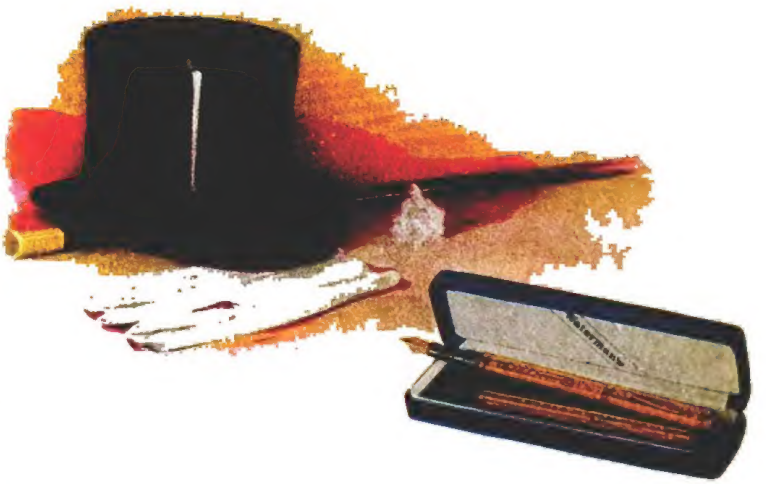

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